Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1939

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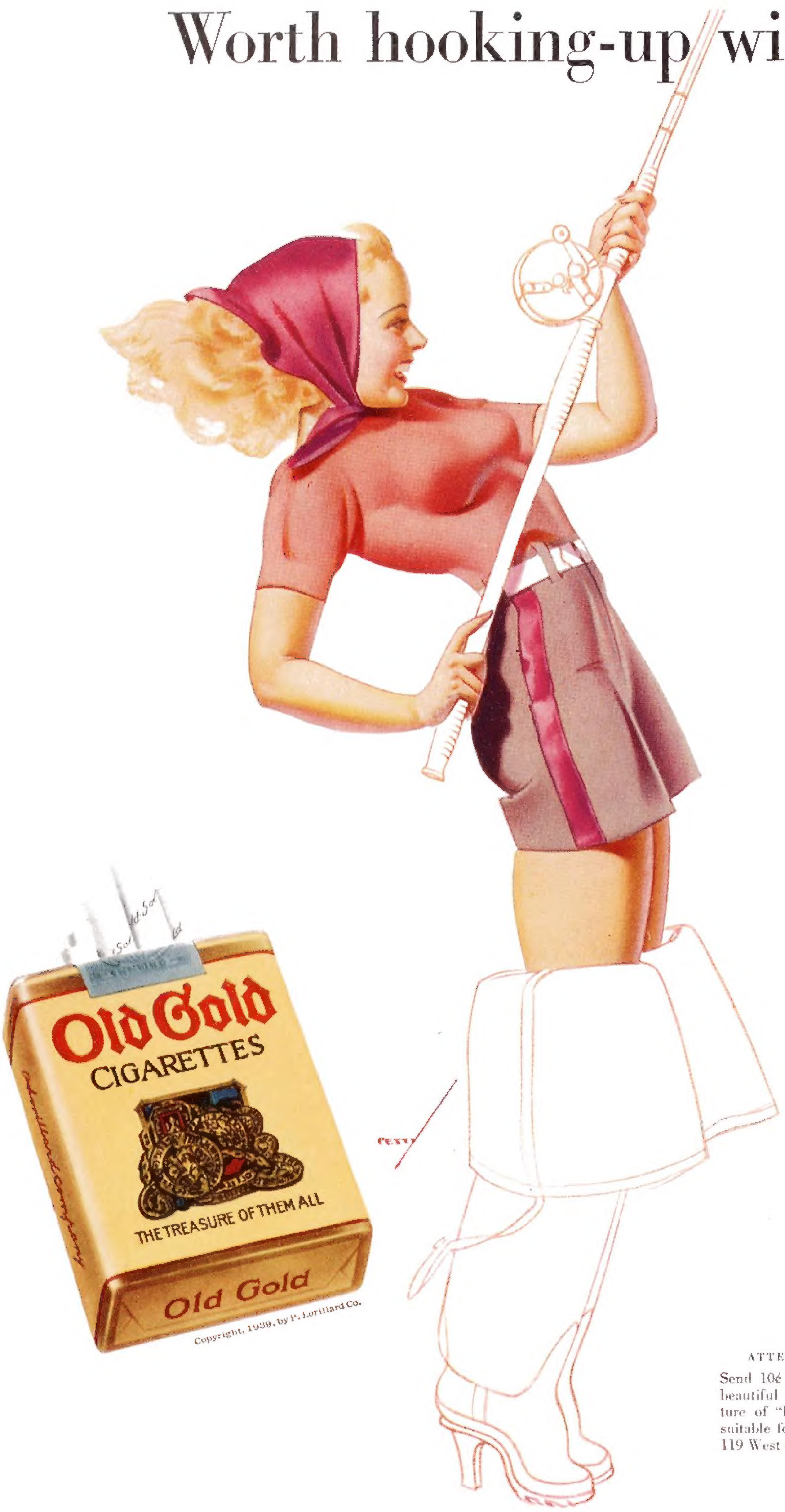
Worth hooking-up with!



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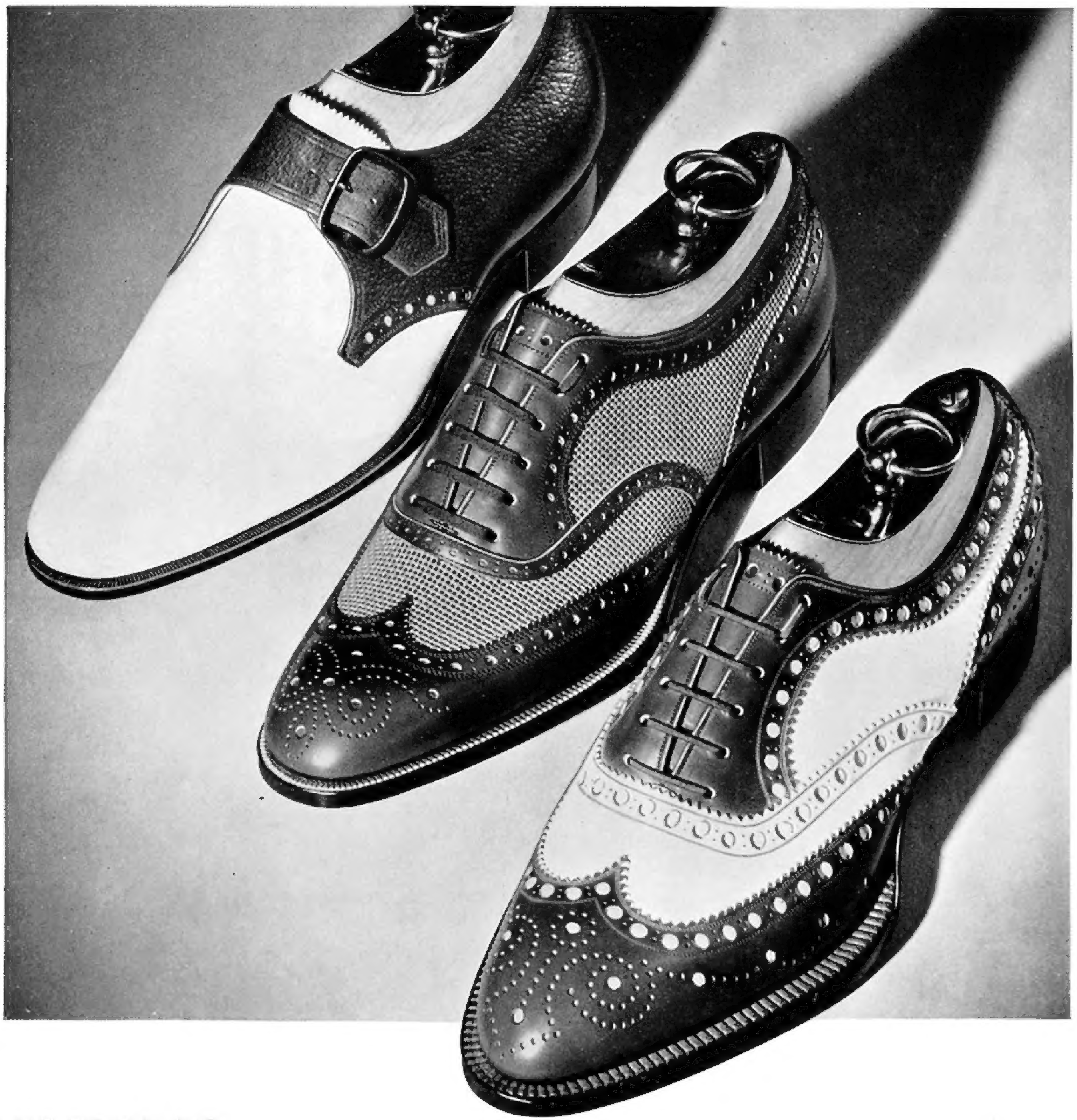

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Esquire
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Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Grafstrom, Goodman, and Saalburg .... beginning on page 128

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

X-Ray of an issue in the formation

Article: Why I Am Faithful to My Wife. First impulse: Sorry, can't use this. Realize it's a lot better than plenty of stuff we have used, but it's so contrary to what's expected of us. This is supposed to be a smart sophisticated magazine, for people with modern minds and streamlined inhibitions. This would seem pretty stodgy to them, wouldn't it? The viewpoint's dated, the title's anything but intriguing, and, as any editor knows, there's no news-value in contentment. Did you ever see a headline about a wife *not* shooting her husband? Sorry, try us again on something nearer our vein—maybe a neat little essay on *How to Keep Her From Finding Out.* Second guess: Is there anything so dated as sin?

Article: What Men Don't Like About Women. Sorry, too obviously what's expected of us. Reeks with recognition value (can't imagine an adult John Doe reading it through without once or twice chuckling "Boy, if that isn't Jane all over!") but like all epigrammatic misogynism from Schopenhauer and de Gourmont on down or up, essentially unfair and untrue, as all generalizations are, because it goes too far. Sorry (Who was it said something about somebody or other who would "murder his mother to make a phrase," or something like that. Besides, a lot of women do read this magazine, whether we like to admit it or not, and there's no sense in going out of our way to offend readers. They're hard enough to hang onto at fifty cents a head in times like these. And women are so damned unfair, they don't reason *ad hoc*, like men, but always *ad hominem*, and it'd be just our luck to have some important advertiser's wife read that stuff and ads don't grow on trees in these troubled times, and . . .). *Second guess:* Caution is the occupational disease of magazine editors . . .

Article: The Censor Marches On . . . Swell stuff, but not for us. Not our fight, after all. Too bad if this civilized country can't take a civilized attitude toward books and plays and art at this late date. But not our problem. Esquire's been banned in Germany, Italy, Japan and (for a while after *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*) in Cuba—but never in America. And this series of articles would be bad for us, too, because a lot of the cases show up some of the reformers, who are obviously sincere, if misguided, as meddlesome busybodies and a commercial magazine can't afford to get the reformers down on it. And so many of the cases deal with charges of obscenity, and even if the charge was disproved, one can't run the risk of appearing to condone that sort of thing! There's a rising tide of intolerance in recent years, and all we'd do is get the intolerant and narrow-minded down on us, which is never hard, without rallying the tolerant and broad-minded, who are notoriously hard to rouse anyway. A battle for the book-publishers, rather than for us. Sorry, afraid we have to pass it up. *Second guess:* Have we ever published anything that anybody could possibly construe as obscene? Never. Do we ever intend to? No. And isn't every bolstering of the institution of censorship a threat against the institution of free speech and a free press? Well, then—that's *everybody's* problem.

Story: Uncle Randolph's Buried Treasure. Grand, but on the sweet side and really a boy's story; this is a magazine for men. Sorry. *Second guess.* Wasn't every man a boy once?

Story: No Peace with the Sea. Good action-stuff, and the suspense is terrific. But that war's over now, and besides we've recognized Franco, so maybe the implications might be embarrassing, and—*Second guess:* Sure, we've recognized Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy as legal governments, too, but for how long?

Story: The Garden of Femadia. Fine writing and a theme that's more or less an Esquire natural: a country run entirely by women. But it's "literature" and like the King who wouldn't tolerate any music he couldn't stamp his foot to, a lot of the slap-happies always bombard the *Sound & Fury* columns whenever there's a story that's over the head of a guy who can't read without moving his lips. So. *Second guess:* So what. The cover has never said that it's a magazine for morons.

Story: The Monument. As fine a story as we ever ran, and a man's story if ever there was one. Good basic human appeal, too, because it takes a sock at the boss, and breathes there a man who's never wanted to? But the moral practically boils down to this: don't drink anything that comes out of an unfamiliar bottle. That sounds like a veiled plug for our liquor advertisers. How about our vaunted editorial integrity? *Second guess: Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Article: I Say It's False. Sure-fire gag and a sound topical comment too. Anybody of any intelligence who's been near a radio in the last year *ought* to get a kick out of it. But it's a pretty routine comic device and after the first few paragraphs the pattern gets as obvious as exposed plumbing. Might get monotonous. Sorry. *Second guess:* How often in these last five years have we laughed out loud while reading a script? Okay. It's in.

ESQUIRE
June, 1939
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.
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Vol. XI, No. 6
Whole No. 67
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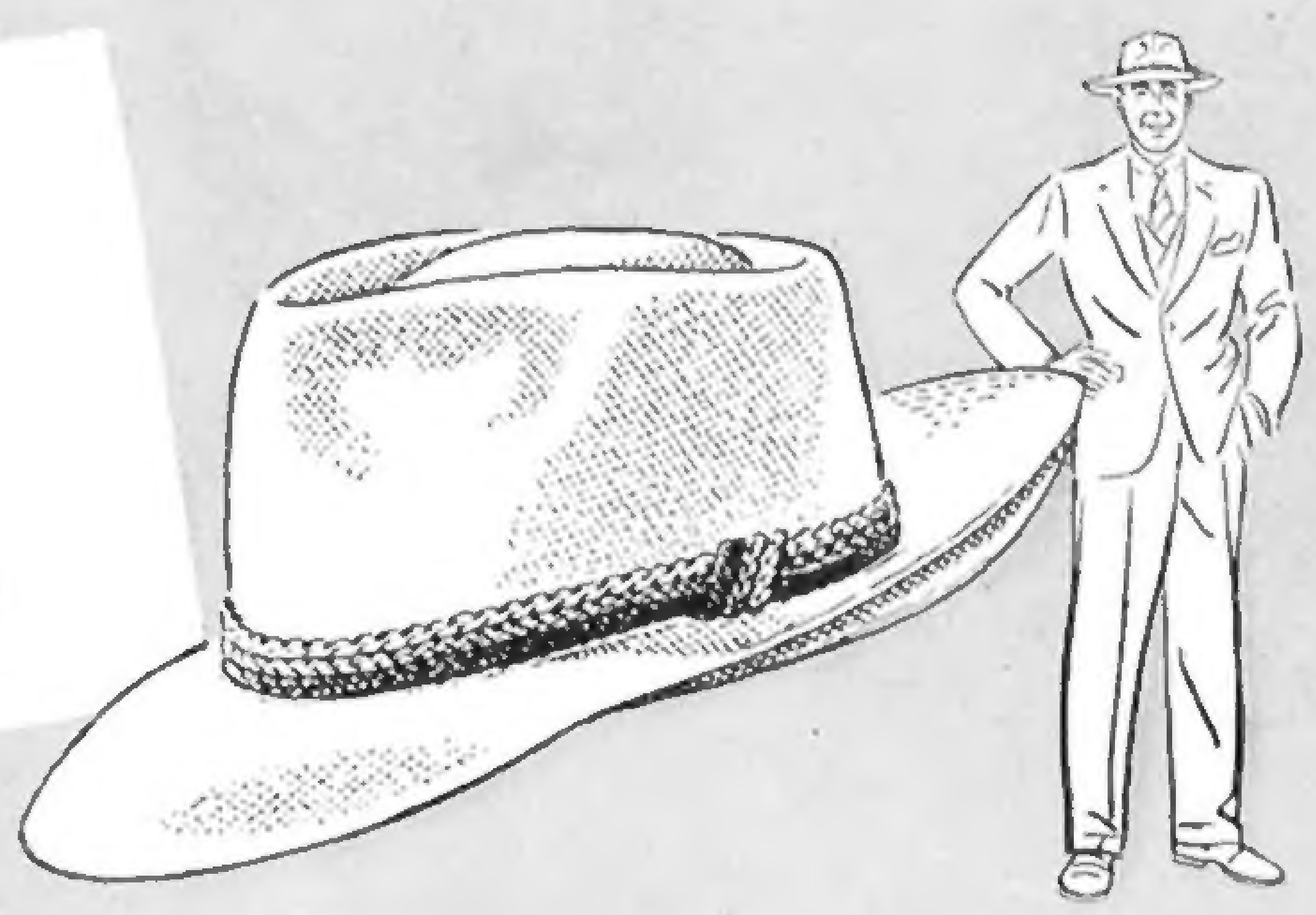

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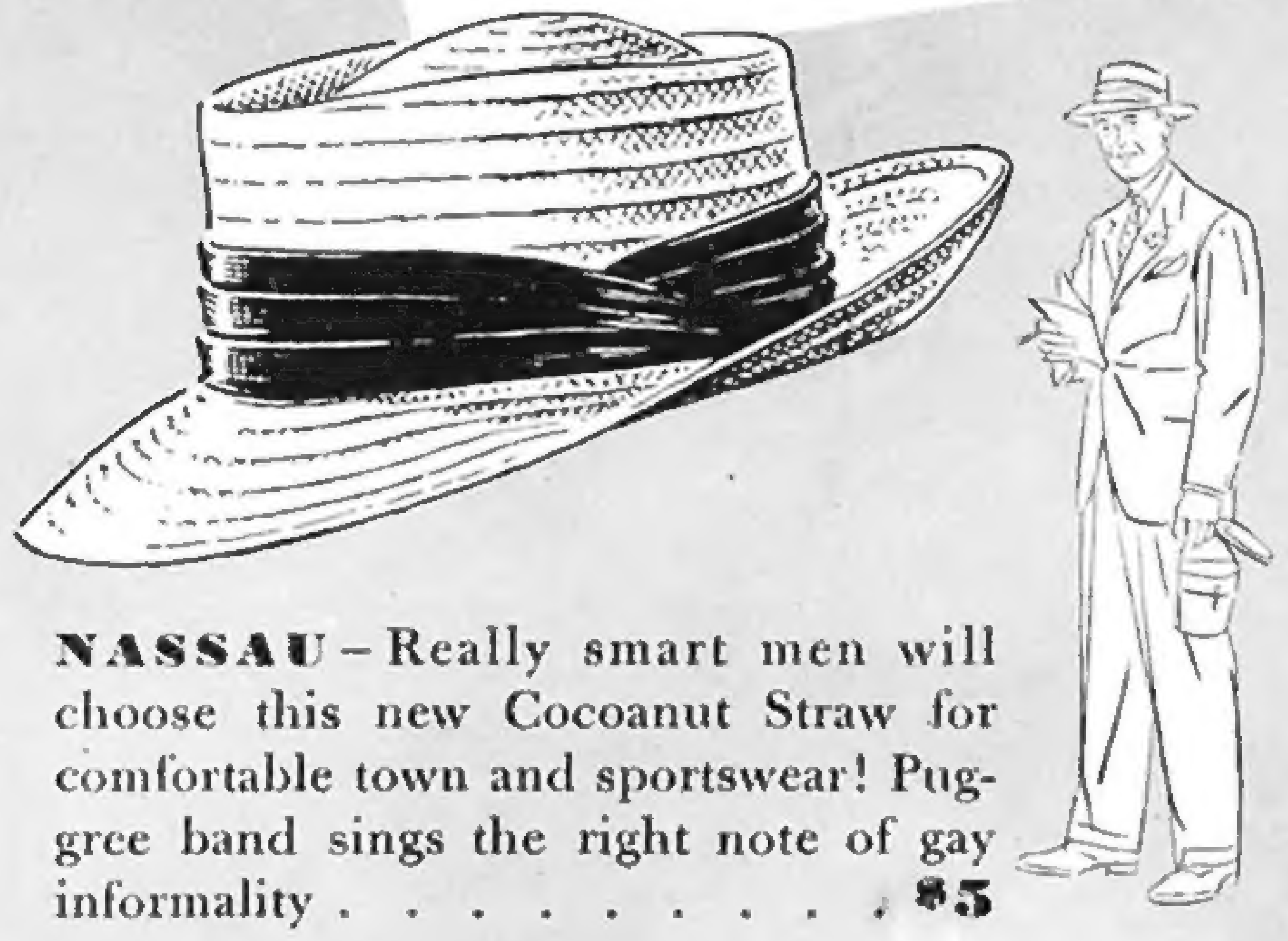

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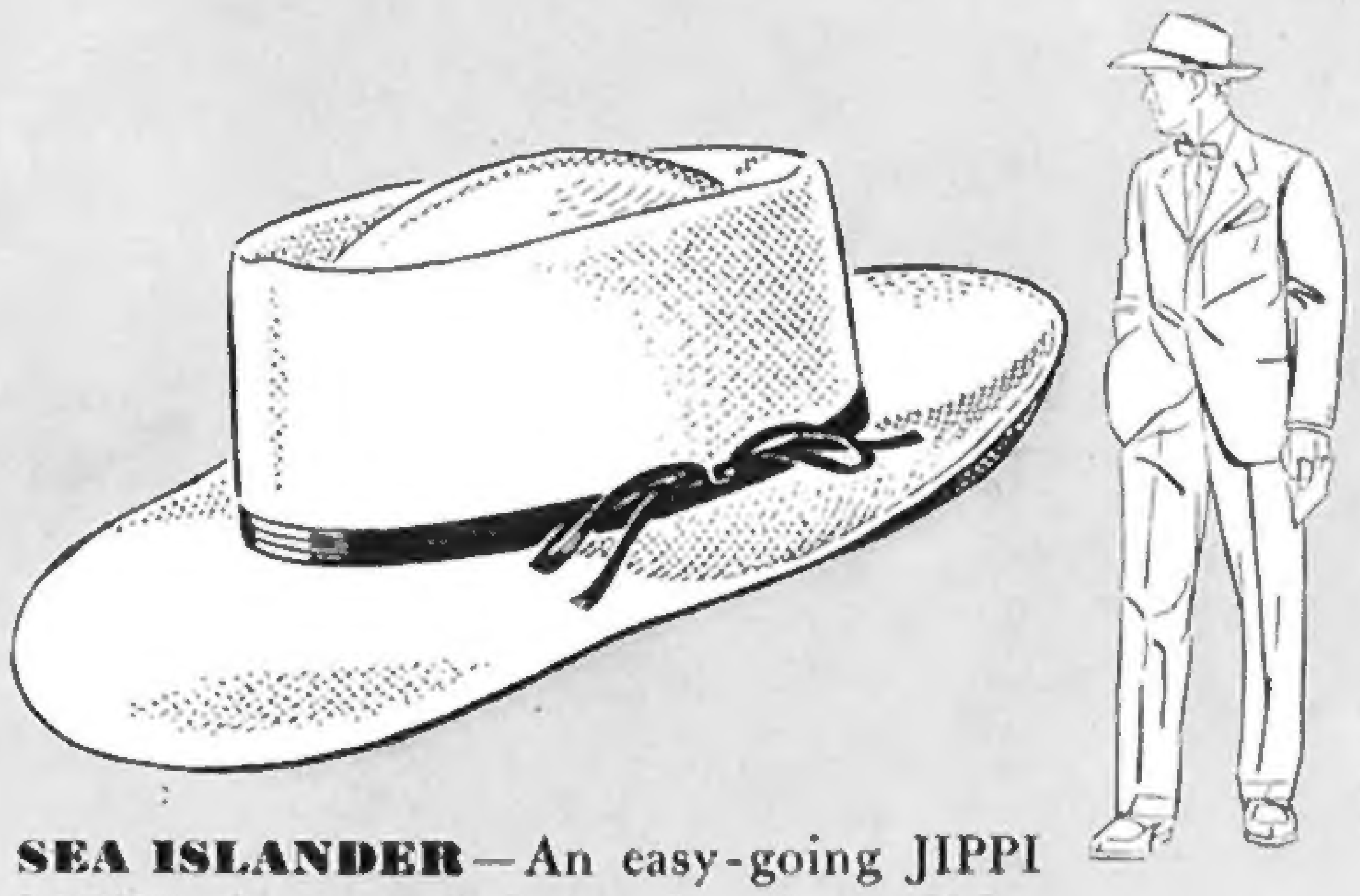

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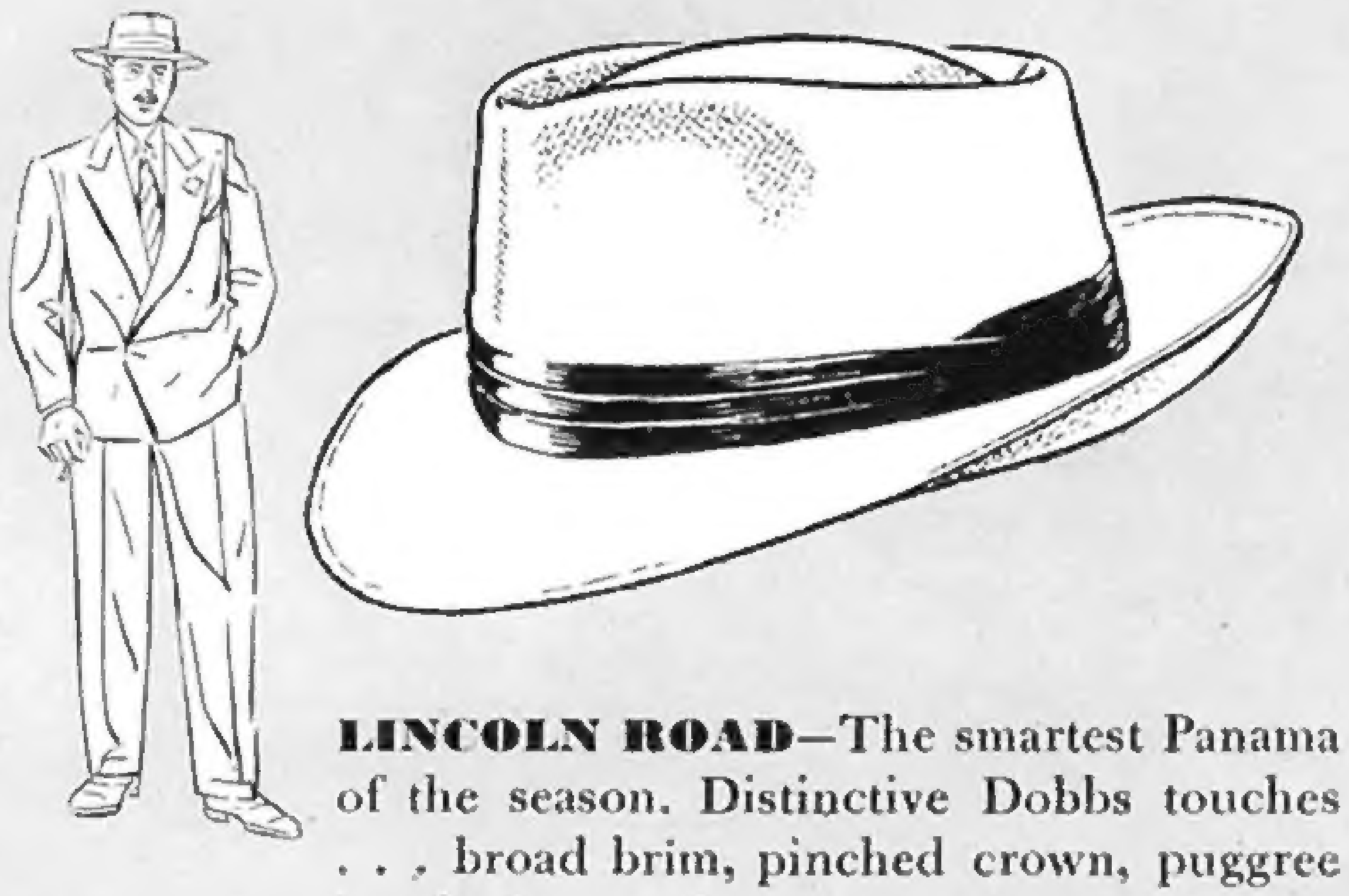

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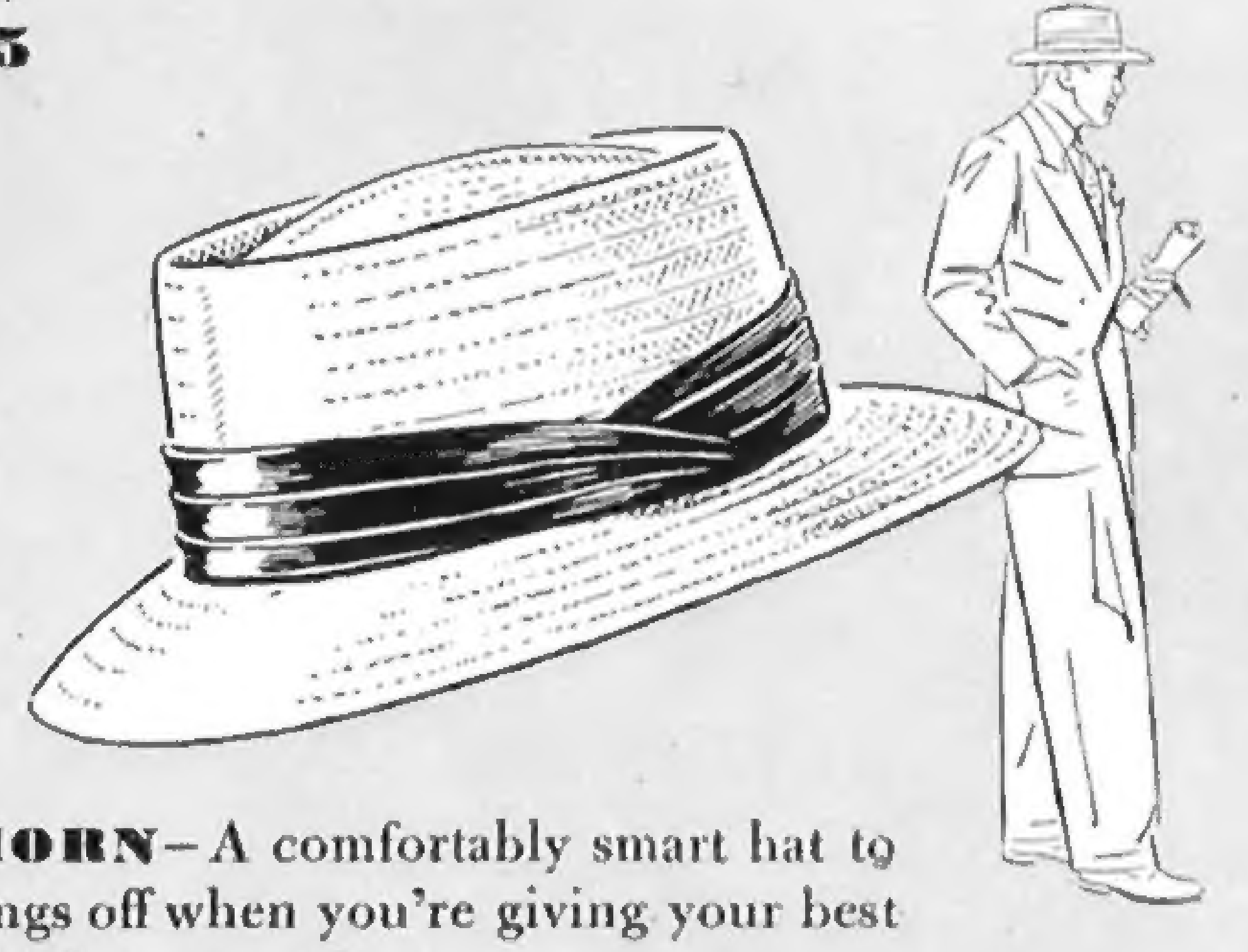

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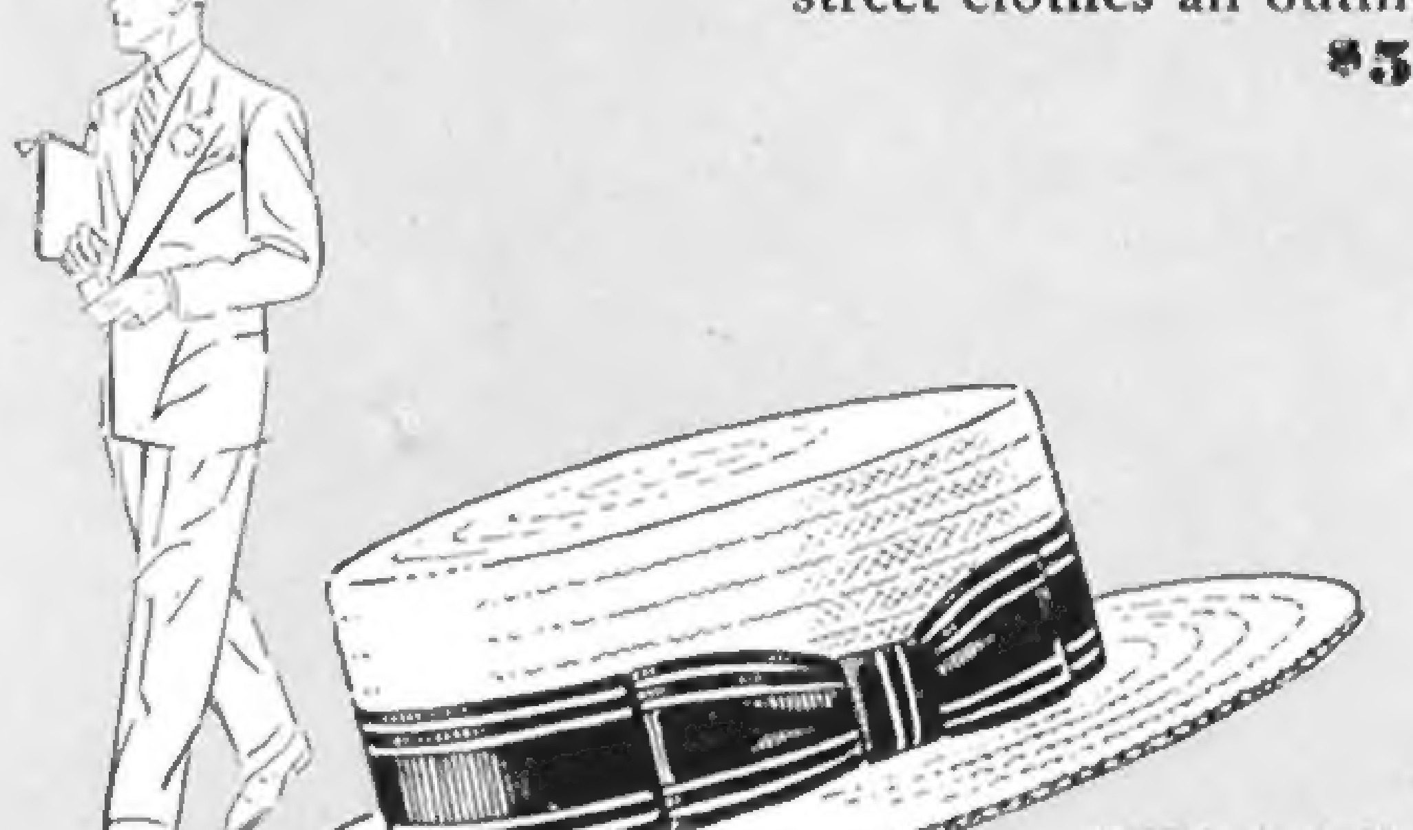

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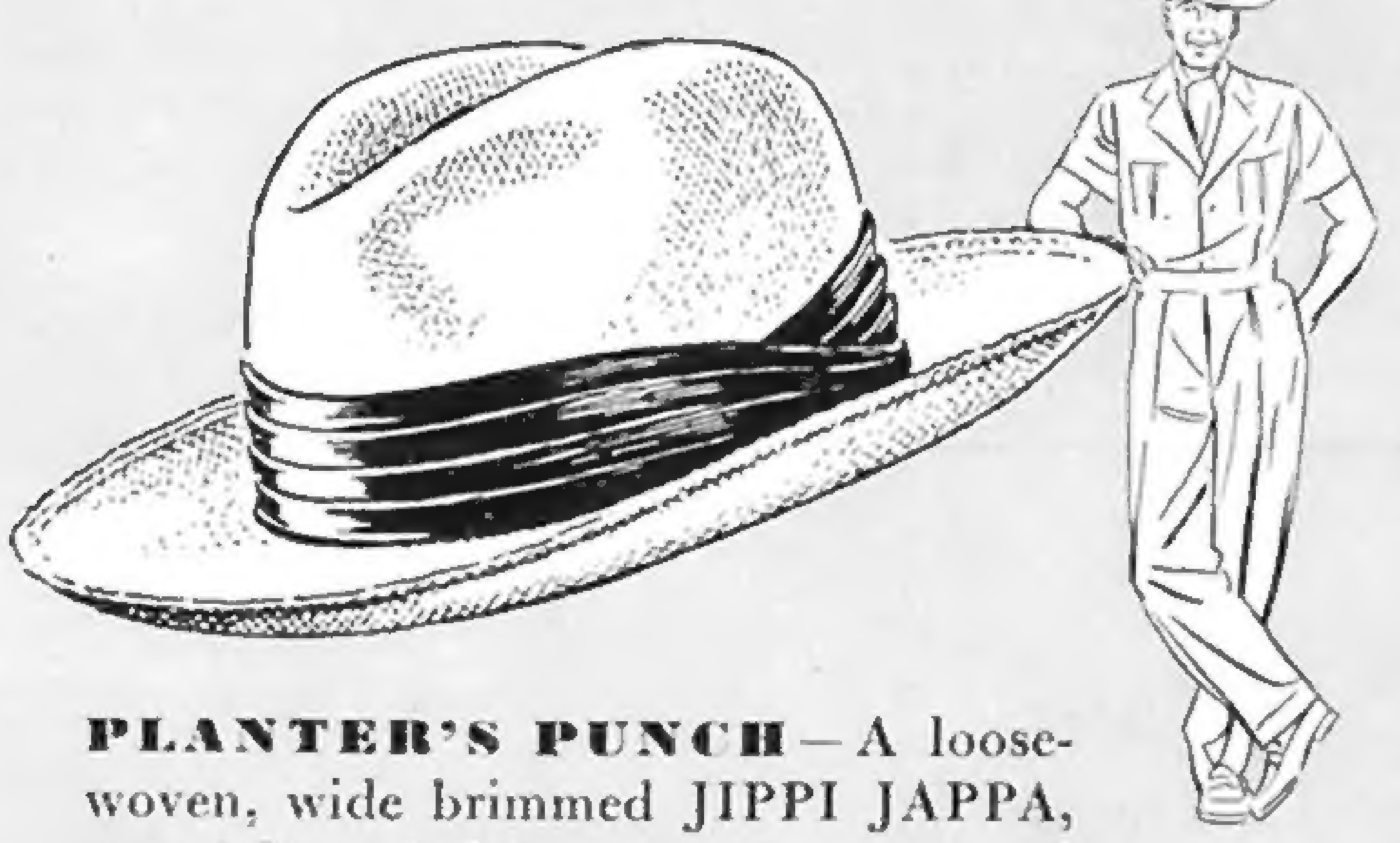

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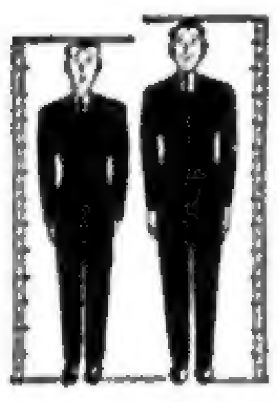

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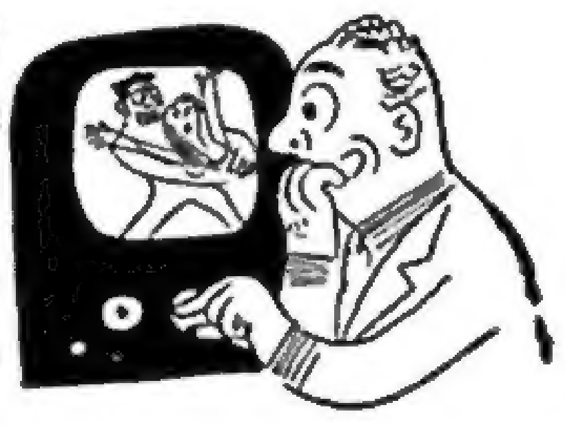
TELEVISION. Long awaited, but always just a step around the corner, television has finally arrived. Ever since 1817, when a Swedish pharmacist discovered a strange element he named selenium, television enthusiasts have worked steadily to eliminate its perplexing engineering problems. This year, New York witnessed the results of this century of experimenting and planning when for the first time, a major radio company went "on the air" with a regular television program. On April 30th, coincidental with the World's Fair opening, a two hour weekly schedule of public telecasts began.

It is true that the field is still definitely limited, for in the east, television on a weekly basis is available only to those living within a fifty mile radius of Manhattan. Its costs are also somewhat above the level that permits mass consumption. But the price of television sets is rapidly being lowered, and they now range anywhere from $100 to $1000, depending upon the size of the image and several other factors. The usual radio outlets, including department and radio stores, carry them. The experimental sets were rather formidable with an array of fourteen tuning knobs, but the 1939 model is practically as simple to operate as the ordinary radio set. The clarity with which both image and voice come in is an unfailing source of surprise to those seeing a telecast for the first time. Newspapers and magazine photographs are misleading, as the camera catches the lines on the screen, which move too quickly for the eye to see. In addition, the screen's light values are too weak to produce a strong photographic impression.

Experimentations with program material have covered a wide range of possibilities. This summer, the more important ceremonies out in Flushing Meadows will be a major part of the schedule, television doing what amounts to a newsreel job on the Fair. These outside pick-ups are handled by a telemobile unit consisting of two large vans, one a transmitter, the other a control room. There will also be some studio productions and telecasts from Radio City. In the past, scripts and entertainers from the theatre, cinema and radio have been used. Simple program material has been the rule—one-act plays, newsreels, vaudeville and the like. Finding the type of material most suited to the medium, and finding it in sufficient variety and scope has been the crux of the problem.

Experts, readying television for public consumption, have had to iron out many other problems of a less prominent nature. Make-up, which today is similar to that used in the movies, in 1930 involved painting the face white and the lips black. Although several inventors have claimed success in the production of color television, a few peculiarities remain. Red photographs as a light grey, and a young dancer, recently performing before the camera in a wide red sash, appeared on the screen with her midriff completely bare. Television does not however, as some would seem to believe, have any x-ray potentialities.



Because the possibility of broadcasting full length film features is limited, television will have little effect on the movies. Its use of motion picture material should expand rather than curb the popularity of the movies. It is a separate and distinct medium, and with little interference to existing forms of public diversion, may well become the most comprehensive means of wholesale entertainment and education.

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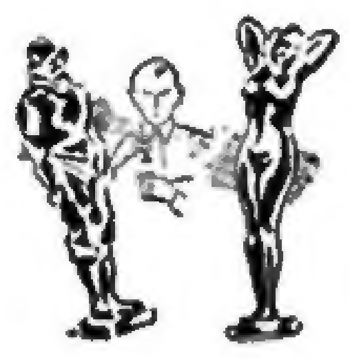

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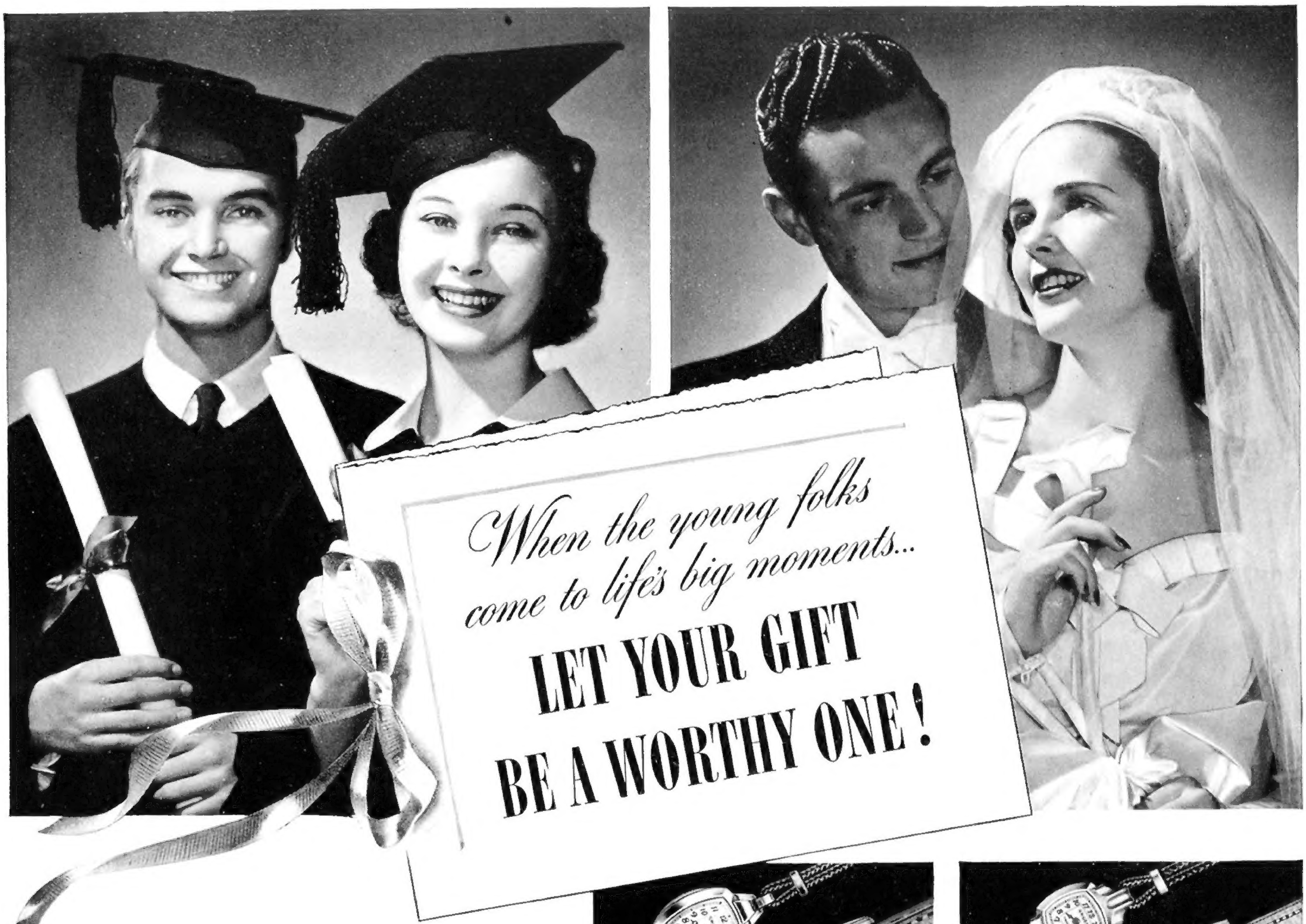
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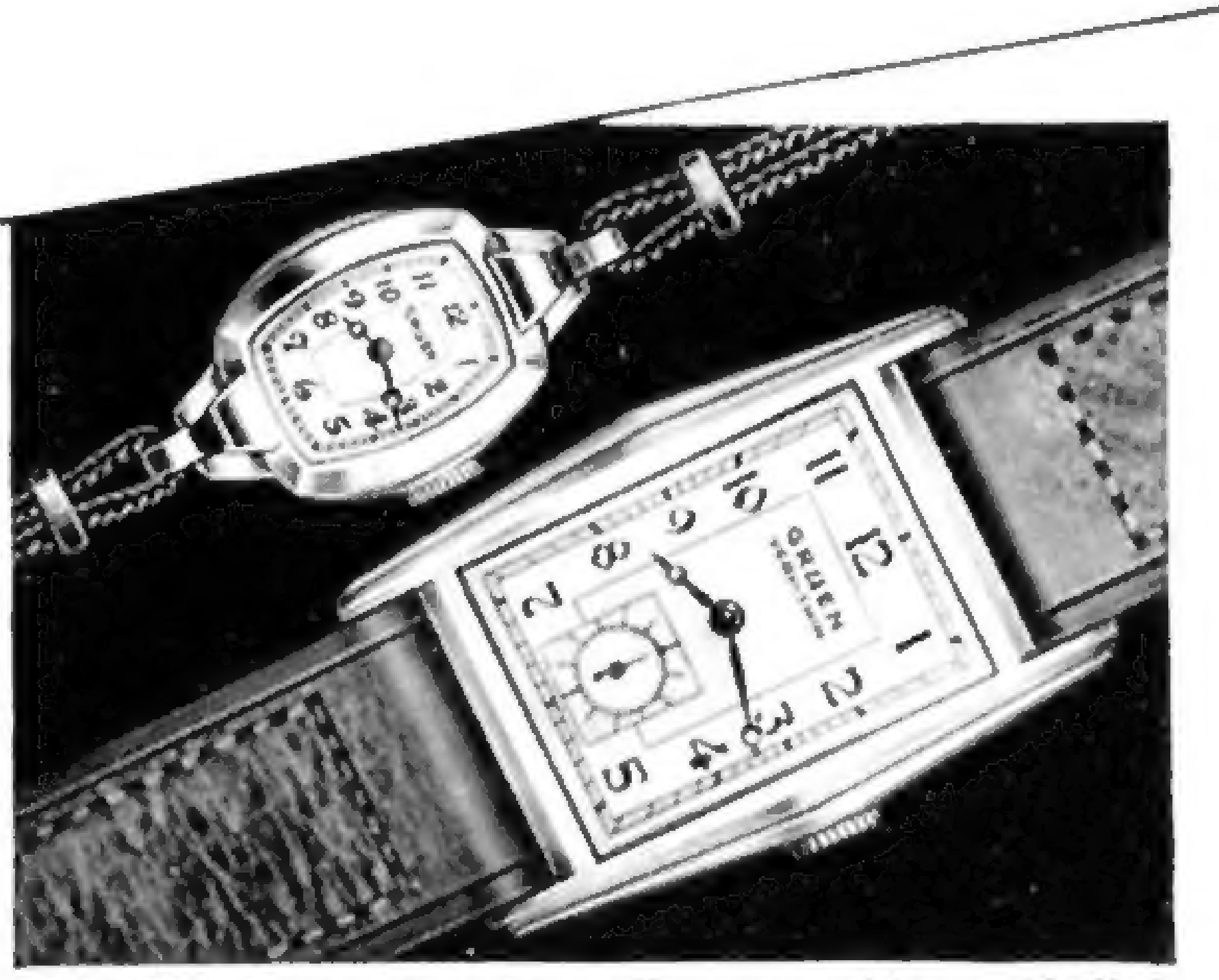
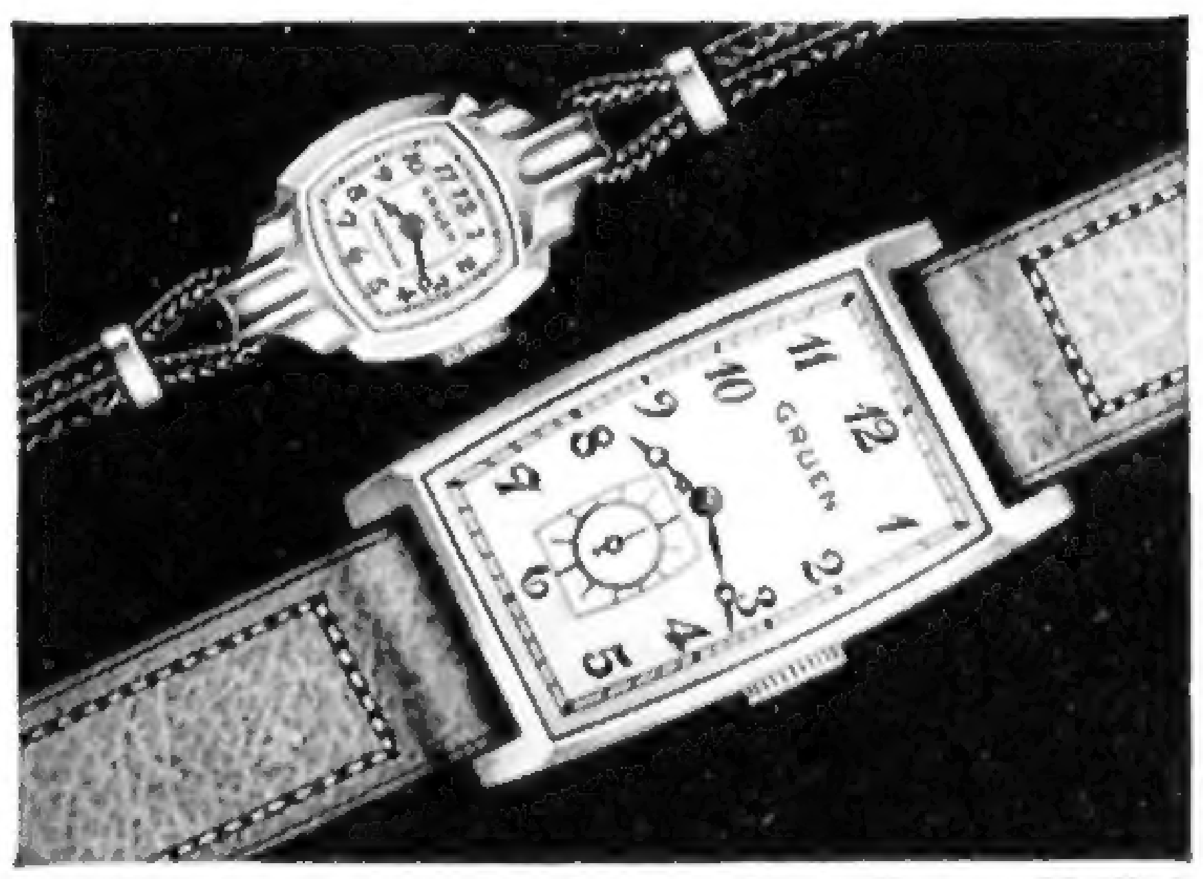
Gruen watches range from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

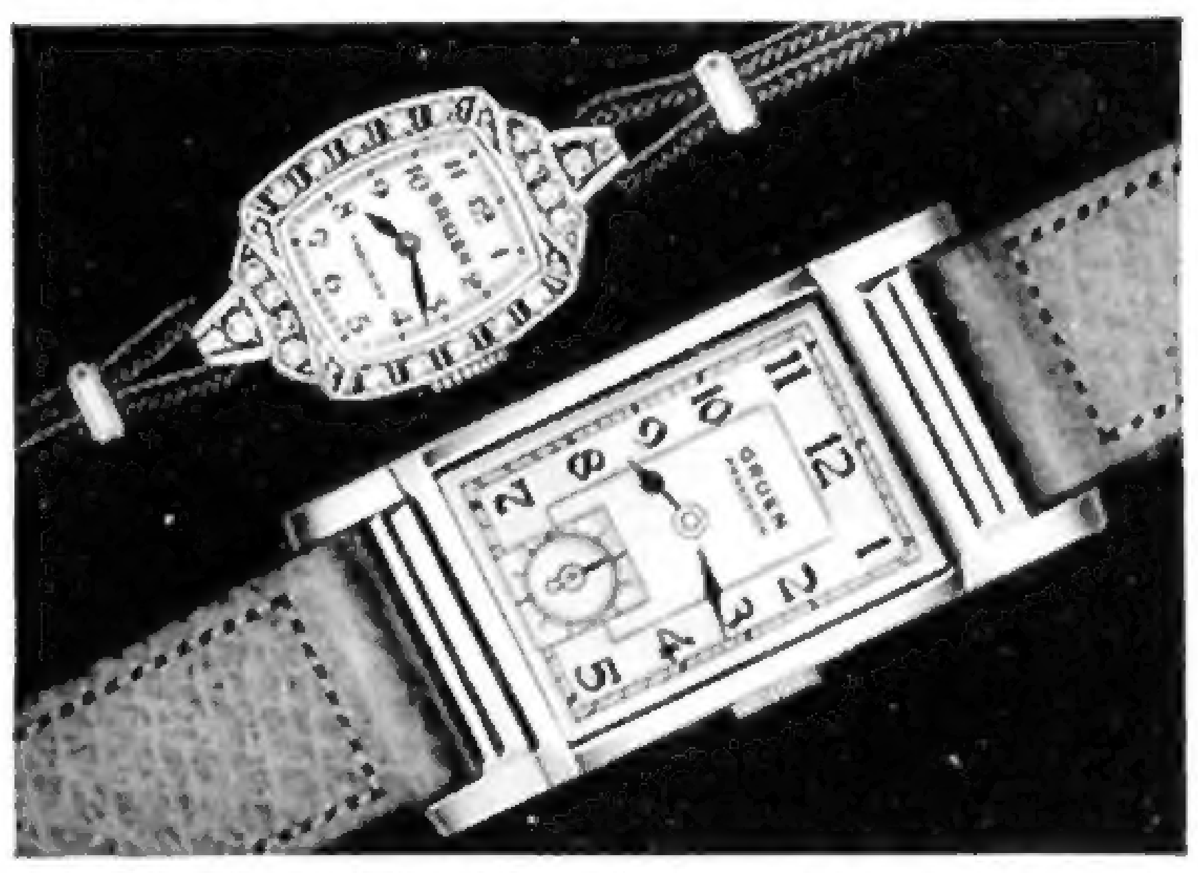
GRUEN
THE PRECISION WATCH



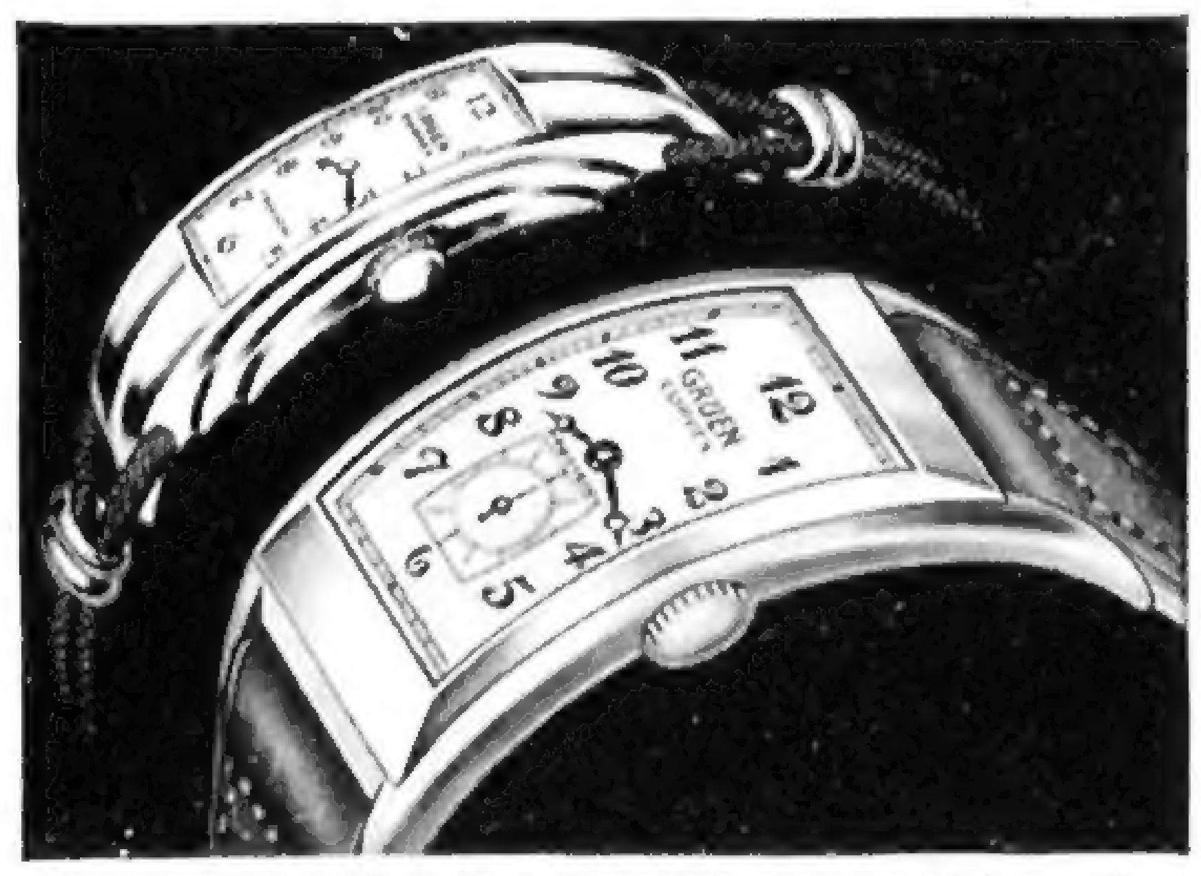
VANITY, 15 jewels, with yellow or white gold-filled case $29.75
*VERI-THIN PHANTOM, 15 jewels, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $29.75



ROSELLA, 17-jewel Precision, with yellow gold-filled case $39.75
PRINCETON, 17 jewels, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $33.75



BANFF, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow or white gold case, set with 20 fine diamonds $89.50
CARLTON, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold case $75.00



CURVEX COUNTESS, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow or white gold-filled case $42.50
CURVEX LIEUTENANT, 17-jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold-filled case $50.00

*VERI-THIN MERCURY, 17-jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case $37.50
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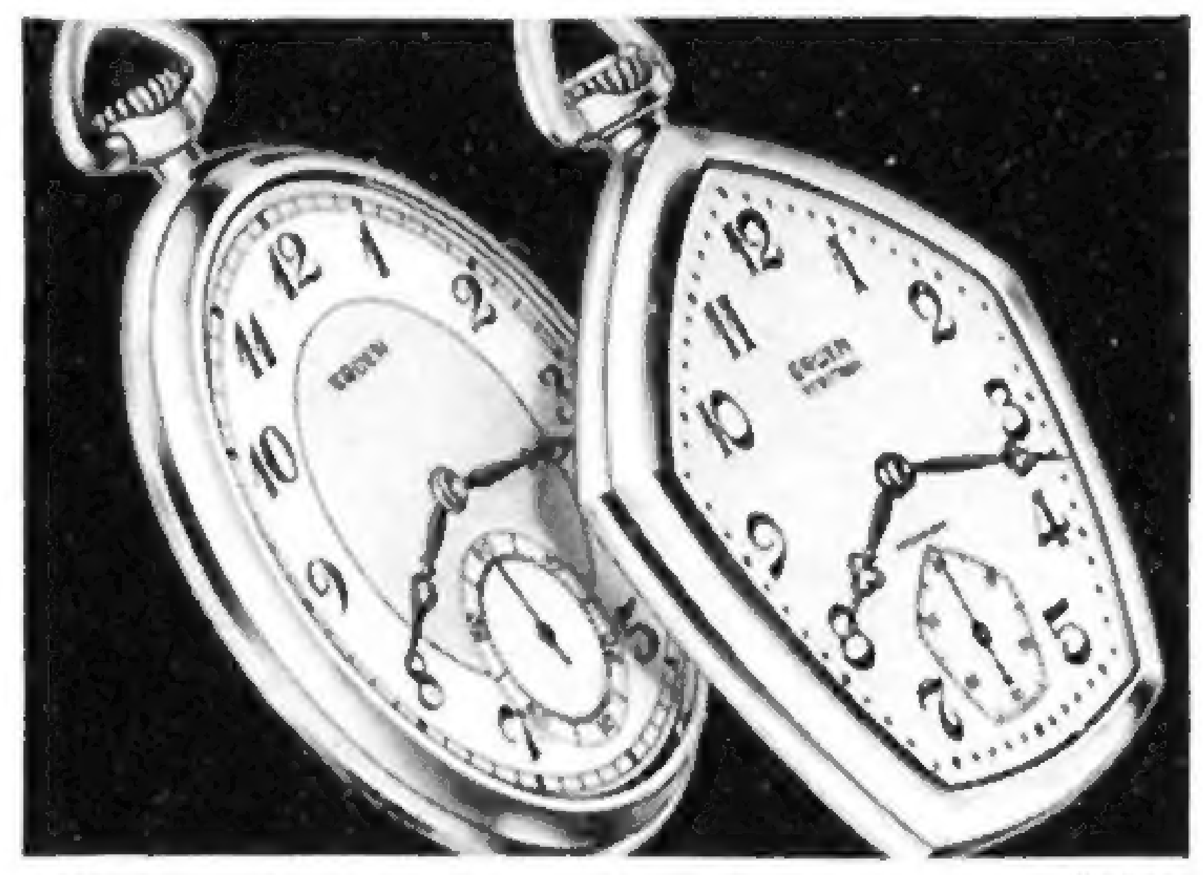

KNOX, 17 jewels, yellow gold-filled case $35.00
HARVARD, 17-jewel Precision, yellow or white gold-filled case $59.50

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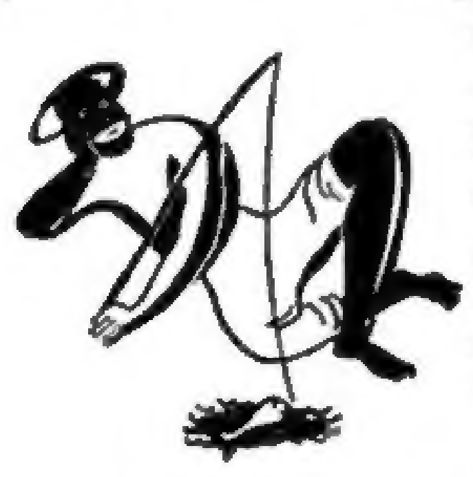
GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

GRIM LOW-DOWN ON OXFORD, MISS.

Do poets have to try to be poets to be poets? After scanning that poem, OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI, I'm going to buy myself a first class ticket on the next milk train and beat it back to Oxford, Mississippi, for if Esky's poet has painted a true picture of the scene around the court house clock at Oxford, well, then I'm either blind or had on dark glasses when I passed the court house.



Your poet, either paid a flying trip to the south, saw too many southern movies, read *Gone with the Wind* five times, or is suffering from poetitis, which has several outward signs, the most prominent being, rapid rising and falling of the bosom. The only cure is advancing age.

That poem sounded more like what he wanted to see at Oxford, rather than what he saw, or perhaps, an advertisement for a travel bureau.

Oxford is in Mississippi, but that doesn't mean the town clock and its environs look like something out of a romantic novel.

The next time your artist draws a picture of the Oxford court house, buy him a photograph first, or send him to Oxford, for his drawing looks like a cross between the house behind the court house, and a chicken coop, but, of course it's synonymous with the poetry. Both look and sound well, and should make more breasts rise and fall at the thought of how the splendid old South looks. Somehow it seems a shame you didn't have the artist toss in General Lee. It would have made me very happy, and I would have loved it.

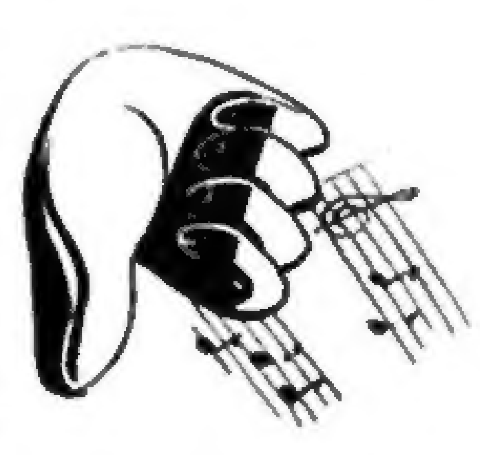
Oxford, Mississippi can be made to look as it should look for use in a novel; about the dear, darling, lazy, colored folk, and the Colonel's lazy houn' dawg, and old southern sun, but sometime it would be pleasant to find a poet who wrote that people were only people, that dogs were only dogs, and that the southern sun was the same one that shone on New York, while some Northern poet sat patiently around the Oxford square, and wrote something utterly, utterly charming about the quaint, quaint, south.

Minneapolis, Minn. Dan Brennan

AND EVERY BOOST A BUST?

Has there ever been an opera, symphony, or piece of music written that your critic, Carleton Smith, likes?

Has there ever been a conductor or symphony he likes? I don't see why such a fine magazine as Esquire does not hire a good critic. I have heard many people say that the best boosting an artist can get is a knock from Carleton Smith.



He, undoubtedly, is a continual grouch, maybe he has an ulcerated stomach. Home-life with him must be Hell. If all these things bore him so, why doesn't he stay away. There are people who do like them or they wouldn't go over so well. A critic (?) such as he does far more harm than good for music in America.

Please give us a critic who is a music lover and knows music, too.

McGehee, Ark. Henry McNeely

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

I had no idea Americans suffered from such a strong inferiority complex till I saw the amount of space given to praise of books reviling Great Britain in a recent "Esquire." I can't believe that America as a whole requires such biased attacks on another country to bolster up its own conceit—but Chamberlain's refusal to throw thousands of English babies into a blood-bath appears to have infuriated a number of funk-hole heroes.

We were "decadent" in 1914, and every twenty years previously, and I have no doubt that we shall be considered "decadent" in 1960, 1980, 2000 and at such recurring intervals. But we don't disappear very easily—one of the few wars we lost was that misunderstanding about the American colonies, and in view of the increasing number of Monday morning quarter backs being bred in the States, perhaps it was just as well.

I have a very real admiration for America, but there *is* rather a difference between reading about a fire in the next town, and working all night trying to keep it from spreading. Of course there are terrible things happening in the world, but despite Mr. Key Pittman, indignation is not a foreign policy, and every week of peace means a better chance of a true and permanent peace.

Boo, hoo! What was that? Only noisy sobs of anger and disappointment from Messrs. Bromfield and Briffault.

London, Eng. John Davey

WHERE DOGS ARE DOGS

It was with great interest that I read the letters of Greta Keylander, Gustav Stryker, and James H. Cruikshank in *The Sound and the Fury* of your April issue, relative to the article *Dog Owners are Crazy*, which appeared in your February issue.

Regarding the first named, I heartily approve of her sentiments. Happily I am from the South, where dogs are dogs, appreciated as such, and not nuisances to the majority of people.

As for the two last mentioned, I feel certain that they are among the large number who each day make so many others uncomfortable by their attitude that cities are built and maintained for dogs and dog owners. They no doubt get great pleasure in having their dogs use the lawns of others and the sidewalks for relief stations. Why do they put the burden on others instead of having the dog perform this function in its owner's yard?

Dogs are frequently nuisances in other ways when kept in crowded cities, too. Useless barking and the running after cars and pedestrians is certainly a pleasure enjoyed only by the dog concerned; unless its owner, with a warped sense of humor, thinks it "Cute." How often we are forced to walk around some person with a dog at the end of a leash, the pair taking up as much as ten feet of width on a sidewalk.

Mr. Cruikshank appears to be a "joiner" of the first water if the list of organizations following his letter is to be accepted, or is it egotism that brings forth such a supposed to be impressive list? Possibly he holds some very important offices, such as "Chief Walker of the Dog" or "Director of Sidewalk and Yard Cleaning." Anyway, a bill for advertising appears to be in order.

This truthful article appears to have lost you at least two subscribers, but it also gained one. It was after reading it that I decided to renew my subscription.

Yours for fewer dogs without PROPER supervision, and a continued entertaining and enjoyable magazine.

Very truly yours,

J. G. Wilbourne

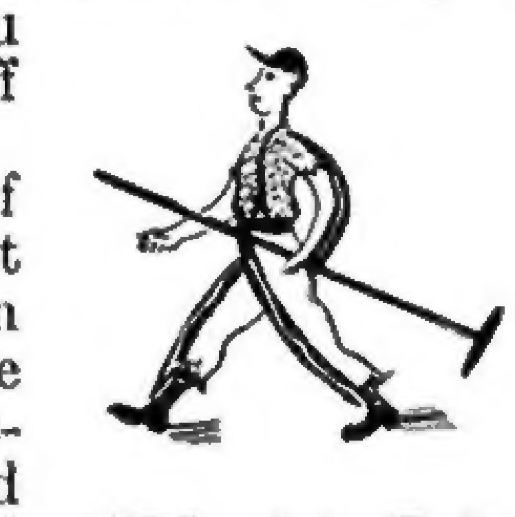
Washington, D. C.

P.S. A court in Washington, D. C., has held that it is trespass for a dog owner to use the property of another for the relief or exercise of dogs.

POOR MAN'S POLO

I just want to tell you that I liked your article on "Polo" by Mr. Iles Brody so much that I shall continue my subscription. If you remember I once threatened to discontinue it if you continued to print such "Literary Rubbish" as "Dog Owners Are Crazy".

Why don't you give us more stuff such as "Polo"?



And speaking of Polo it might interest you to know that in Newport, R.I. there is some quite passable Polo played every summer at the "Mayfair Polo Club" and also at the Coonemesett Ranch at Falmouth, under the guidance of one Bill Edwards.

Of course this Polo doesn't compare with "Meadowbrook" as it is played by men of moderate means, the Ponies are owned by each man, and are usually carted in a small trailer to the site of each game.

These Ponies cost about one hundred dollars apiece. Some go as high as two hundred, but the average cost's about one hundred dollars.

There are no Grooms to hand a player a stick but a girl friend can and does do that duty very well.

I have seen some very good games played down there. There is plenty of action, a good many spills, and everybody has a good time—yes even the ponies enjoy it.

We also have some very good poor man's polo here in N.Y. State at Courtland, so I am told.

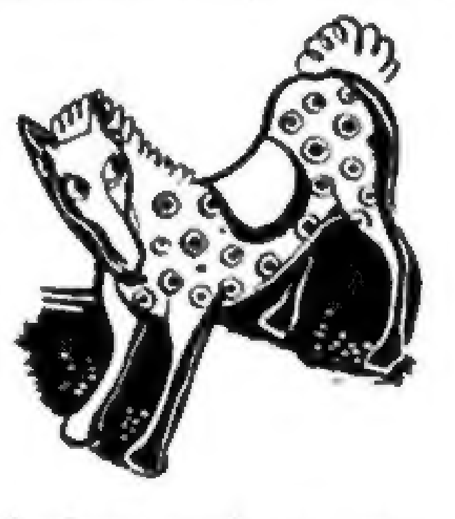
Sincerely,

Ralph E. Rooks

New Hartford, N.Y.

THE LIVER-BIRD

Might I crave a little space in your columns in order to congratulate, through you, Mr. Iles Brody on his clean and incisive writing, his virility of style, his vividness of imagination, and above all, his undoubted ability to compress more unadulterated bilge into the space of a comparatively short article than may be found swilling about in the keels of the Queen Mary.



His "Grand National; Freak Steeplechase," which you published in your March issue, is as pretty a piece of misstatement as one could hope to read in the pages of a responsible periodical which, quite justifiably, boasts a world circulation.

From six miles north of his so-called village of Aintree I send him greetings, and wonder the while where he formed his standards of what is essential to the English village.

If he demands arterial roads, electric trains and tramcars, neon lighting, street after street of red-bricked terrace houses, a profusion of factories of every sort, size and description, new, old and middle-aged, to help him conjure up a picture of the truly rural, so be it, for that is his Aintree of today and yesterday, but it is certainly a far cry from what we, in England, call a village.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Brody, you open your article: "On the 24th of March, in every year, for the past hundred years!" Might I presume to correct you at the very commencement, and suggest that, "On the Friday before the last Saturday, unless it happens to be Good Friday, and unless some triviality like a European War should happen to interfere," would have been a more accurate beginning.

Then this 'Canal's Turn,' to which you refer, Mr. Brody, I gather you mean The Canal Turn, as they term it on the racecourse.

And your fences constructed of spruce . . . Far be it from me to trouble you with irritating questions, but as a matter of personal interest, I am curious to know how long the English furze or gorse has been synonymous with the American spruce.

And the particularly unyielding nature of these Aintree fences . . . Mr. Brody, I myself have seen as much as a foot of gorse (or spruce) torn or kicked out of the top of the jumps at the conclusion of the race.

You tell unsuspecting American readers fibs like that, and expect to go to Heaven when you die. Really, Iles, you shouldn't.

'taking off from the soft, ploughed land at Becher's . . .' I'm willing to have a small bet with you that the earth at Bechers' hasn't felt the blade of a plough since before your face first felt the blade of a razor, or I'll go back still further, and say before you were conjuring up visions of winning the Kentucky Derby astride a rocking horse.

To continue with *your* Liverpool—you will note that I stress your Liverpool, as distinct from our Liverpool—and your mention of 'the Adelphi Hotel, the best in England,' or 'The Grand Hotel' that nobody here, young or old, has ever heard of, or again 'The Lancashire and Yorkshire Hotel' that ceased to exist as such before ever a note of Alexander's Rag-time Band had been committed to paper. Do you know Mr. Brody, I'm loath to say it, but I have very grave doubts as to whether you have ever been in Liverpool. Either that, or the fog was so thick you couldn't see your way round.

Now, for a space, let us talk of coats of arms, and other matters heraldic, Mr. Brody. Strictly between you and me, which fairy whispered in your ear that it was a crow that adorned the crest of the City of Liverpool?

I'd give her the bird if I were you. She's not telling you the truth.

A Liver Bird, yes Iles—which en passant, is something strangely resembling a heron—but never a crow. No, please not a crow. You see, if it had been a crow, I'd be living near a place called Crowpool, the City deriving its name from the two words 'Liver', the aforementioned bird, and 'pool', the water in which it used to paddle about, and which was reclaimed at the beginning of the last century, about the time of the publication of the guide which you consulted when you wanted to add a little local colour to give verisimilitude to your lurid article.

No, I'm sorry, Mr. Brody, but your Grand National Steeplechase is a nightmare of your own making, run at some Aintree that is a sequestered retreat only in your imagination, and not the race I have witnessed for a number of years, and at which I have watched thousands of people madly and gladly placing bets in spite of all the priests out of Ireland, and all the crows that ever flew.

And what of Captain Bennet, Harry Brown, or Piggot, to pick just a few names at random from the host who have ridden into racing history over Aintree fences, and what of incidents such as Easter Hero's straddling the Canal Turn, thus putting over half of the field out of the race before they had finished the first circuit, and what of Davy Jones's running out of the race at the last fence when leading by a street, owing to a broken rein . . .

And Mr. Brody, you have the effrontery to speak of Aintree, yet make no mention of Golden Miller. I'm hurt . . . Deeply hurt . . .

Fare thee well,

Liverpool, England R. Millington

P.S. I'll be thinking of you when I see them coming over Bechers' Brook, second time round, a fortnight next Friday.

Continued on page 14

These four roses tell you the age of the *youngest* whiskey in it!

Q. ***What is meant by the "youngest" whiskey in Four Roses?***

A. Just that. Four Roses is a combination of *several* straight whiskies. And even the *youngest* of these whiskies has been aged in the wood for 4 long years. All of these whiskies are old enough to be bottled in bond.

Q. ***Then why aren't they bottled separately—each as a fine bonded whiskey?***

A. Because we think it better to make these whiskies lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). Then, with a skill born of 74 years' experience, we bring these distinguished whiskies together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could be alone.

Q. ***Can this be proved?***

A. Yes! We're certain that once you taste the deep-flavored richness and mellow smoothness of Four Roses, you'll agree that it's the *one* whiskey that simply can't be matched!

Ask for Four Roses at your favorite bar or package store today. You may find that it costs a trifle more. It's worth it! *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

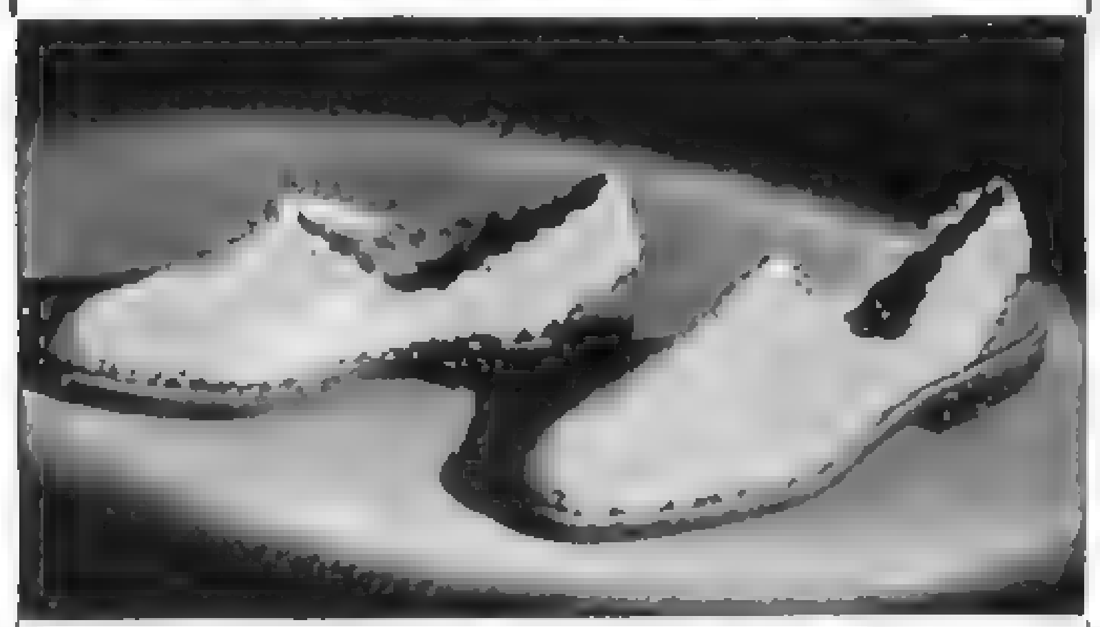
EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST *4 YEARS OLD*

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

WHITE HUARACHES



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HANDWOVEN SANDAL IN WHITE

$3.75 PER PAIR POSTPAID

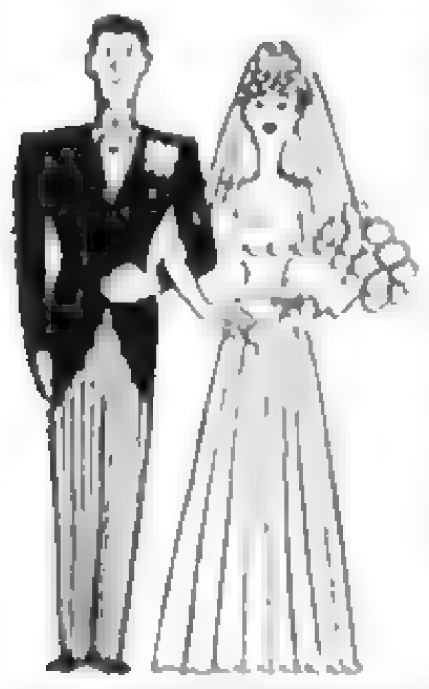
Release your feet into the air-conditioned freshness of these smart imported sandals. Take them with you on your vacation for sportswear, hiking or just loafing. We promise immediate delivery.

Huaraches are light and cool. Low heels and loose heel straps relax tired feet.

Your size is in stock (men or women); just mention it & send outline of foot. Specify White

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

How to be a TALL bridegroom



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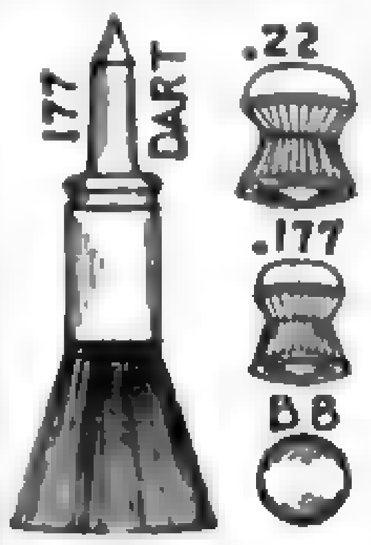
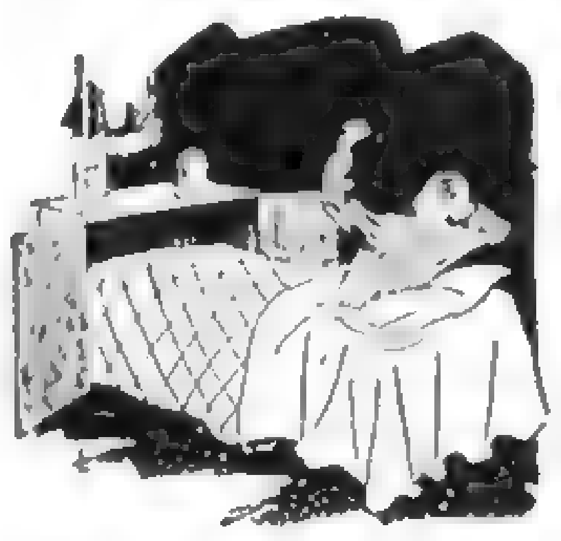


"BETTER THAN BUTTONS"

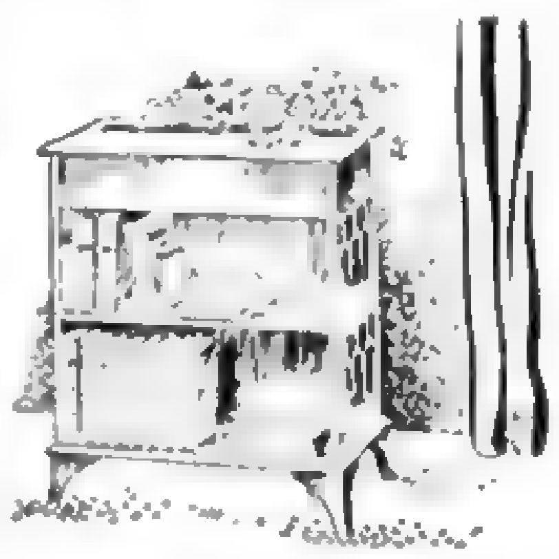
Dot Snappers look better, work better, wear better. Ask for them on shirts, pajamas, shorts, sport jackets, children's wear. They are laundry proof. Can't come off or rust. United-Carr Fastener Corp. Cambridge, Mass.

DOT SNAPPERS

LOOK OUT, IT MAY BE A BED! Maybe you are beginning matrimony on a modest scale. Space in your little home may be at a premium, and you must needs conserve on furniture and funds. If your living room doubles at night for a boudoir, or if you lack a guest room, you can resort to some excellent subterfuge by installing a comfortable, upholstered love seat, out of which, with a gentle pull, emerges a full-sized single bed. A large davenport gives birth to a double bed. If unexpected guests arrive expecting to park in your apartment overnight, you put into service your easy chair (upholstered to match the couch) which conceals a cot size bed! All this furniture is equipped with inner spring mattresses, and you can leave your bedding clipped on . . . whole thing folds up together, come morning.

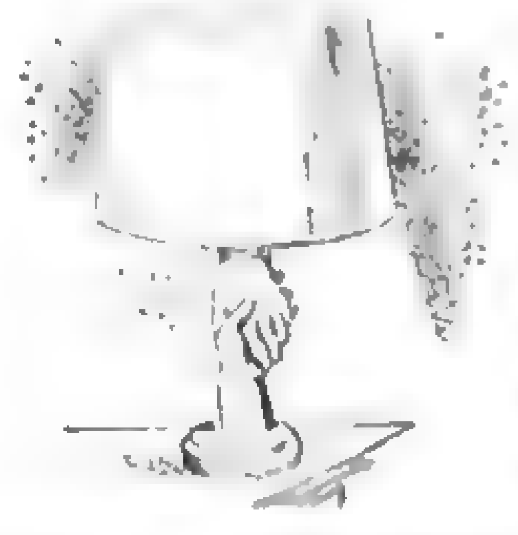


THE SLEEPER CHEST. And there's more. How about the 38x21x32″ mahogany Chippendale wall console whose two lower doors flip open to reveal a twin size bed, inner spring mattress and all? Just pull it out, make yourself comfortable with your head jutting out into the room, your feet nicely protected from the breezes *inside* the cabinet. Some of the consoles have end pieces which may be added on either side . . . these can be used for storing odds and ends, or as book shelves.



FERN STAND-BOOK-CASE-CONSOLE COMBO. In line with making one piece of furniture do the work of two or three, is this sterling little mahogany number, size 14x23″, a fine thing to stand in the foyer. The back half of the top has a metal trough into which go your plants or posies, the front half does for card or ash trays, and the shelves below hold books. What more could you ask? Then there's the card table which opens out to double its size if your bridge foursome suddenly turns into a sextet of stud poker. This job comes with handsome white or red leatherette top and walnut legs (which fold up and disappear when it's just a bridge table). Oh, yes, and a quartet of Chippendale type chairs comes avec.

DESK-BUFFET-COCKTAIL TRAY. Here's another trio effectively done in pickled oak, the legs of chrome. A removable oak tray fits over the entire top when you use it for a buffet. When you want to pass your hors d'oeuvres around, the buffet top becomes a tray. And when the guests go home, you can use the flat buffet top for a desk. By the way, the chrome legs fold up, should you want to tuck the buffet away in the closet or something.



LAMPS, ALWAYS A BRIGHT IDEA. A wedding present usually greeted with acclaim . . . the lamp. *Extreme moderns* might receive what is appropriately called "the friendship" lamp . . . base of which is made up of two hands, clasped in good fellowship. Effective in wood painted stark white with white paper shade; startling in white with black shade, or vice versa. *Exotics* might get a beautiful pair of lamps with bases made from silver plated old Persian wine jugs, silvered shades. Or Scandinavian lamps with bleached wood bases carved in small reindeer, fish or penguin figures. Coarsely woven flax shades. Lovers of antiques will revel in owning a pair of charming French porcelain oil lamps, complete with large brass keys formerly used to turn the wick up and down. Equally fascinating are the old French brass oil lamps. These are all easily electrified, of course.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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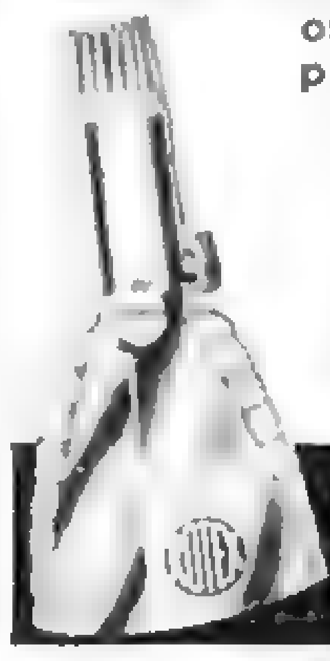
SAFELY REMOVES UGLY HAIR from NOSE and EARS

Serious danger lurks each time a hair is pulled but now, thanks to automatic Rotex, embarrassing hairs are cleanly clipped without pain or fear of infection. Simple to use—just a flick of the fingers with one hand and presto, the annoying hair is gone.



$2.50 Vest pocket size—Easily sterilized—Guaranteed to please you or money refunded. Stainless steel $3.50. Obtainable at your dealer or direct from us.

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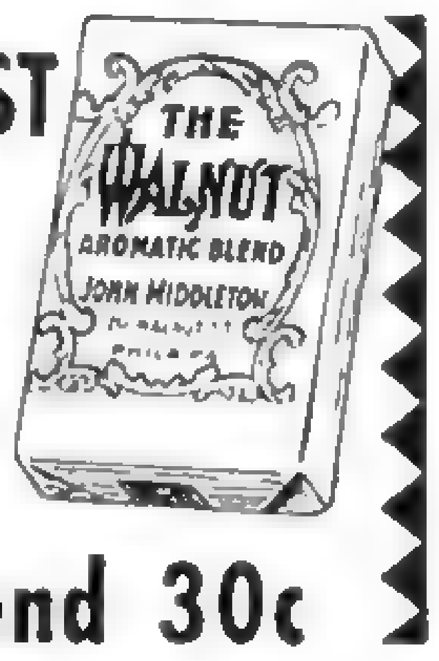

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WALNUT Blend 30c

Enjoy the OPEN ROAD

Don't let confused directions spoil the pleasure of motoring. You always know the right road with the Hull Streamline Auto Compass on your windshield. Shows direction of travel at all times, avoiding lost miles, worry and delay. Only $2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

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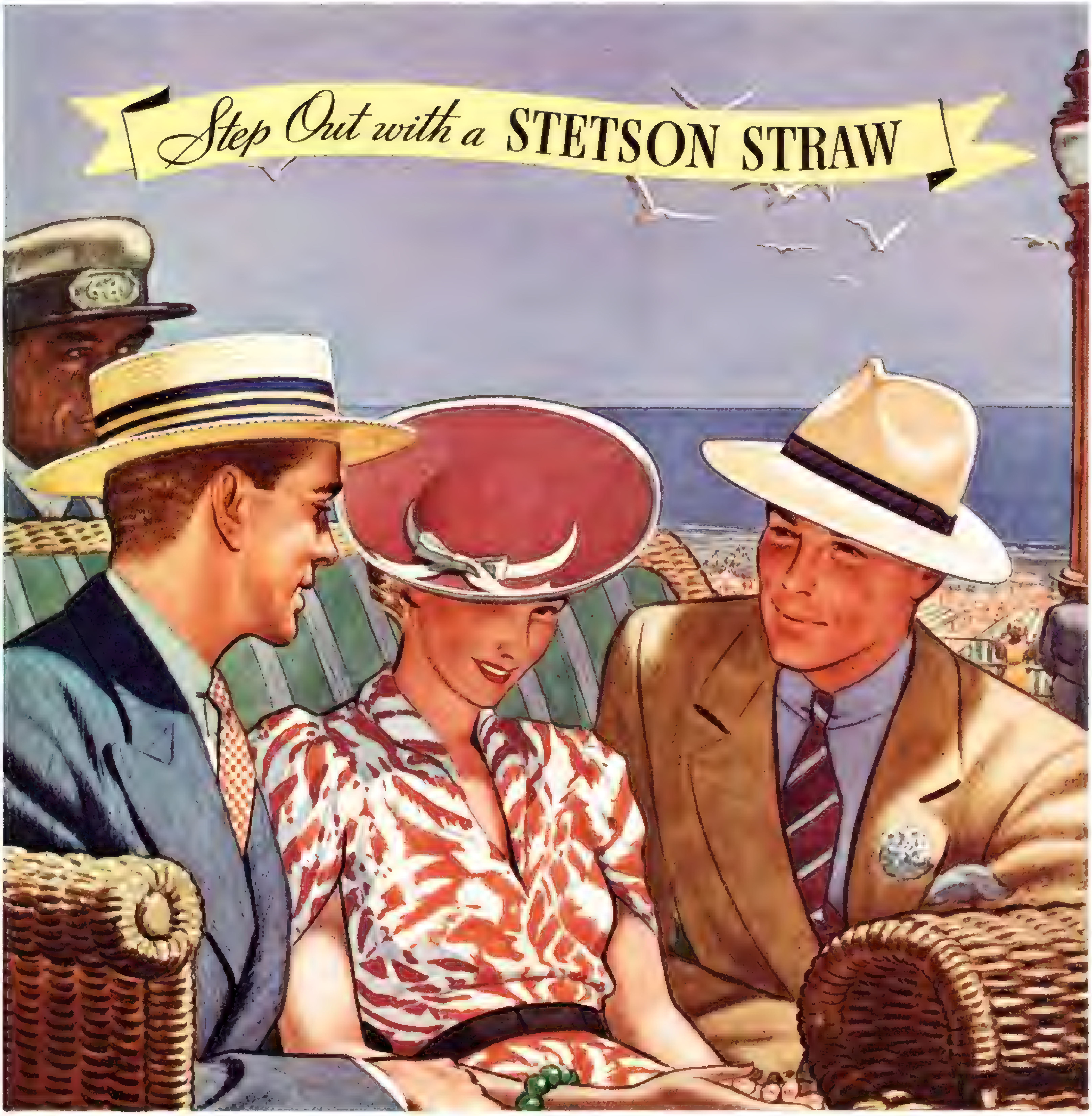

Step Out with a STETSON STRAW

"Envy a Man in the Summertime"

BOB: When his thoughts turn to you?

BETTY: No, freshie! When he blossoms out in a new straw bonnet.

BILL: You wouldn't envy him if you could know the mental agony of a man torn between two straws...

BETTY: Oh, I see. On the one head, you have the irresistible Stetson Straw. And on the other head...

BOB: You have a Stetson Panama that's even harder to resist!

BETTY: Oh, that's easy! Get both and I'll envy you even more!

NOW...STETSON SENNITS FROM $3, PANAMAS FROM $5, COCOANUT STRAWS FROM $6
JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WE'LL STILL TAKE KINGS

You unenlightened-enlightened, liberal-reactionaries; in short, you educated ignoramuses. The labels are yours, you earned them for your work in your March editorial. In comparing monarchies (already discarded) with present dictatorships and at least one so-called democracy, look at the full implications. The evils of the present German, Italian, and English governments are perhaps as extreme as the evils of the monarchial governments of the past, but there is an important difference. (Incidentally I do not defend the present dictatorships, only a criminal lawyer could attempt that; but I do blast at your ignorant lack of understanding of principles involved.)

Dictators rule because they have persuaded the people that they are looking out only for the good of those same people. The dictator must be "one of the people." His propaganda does and must feature "you," not "I." Despite himself, despite his army, he must keep this ideology alive in order to continue to rule; he has to keep making concessions, economic and otherwise. When people discarded monarchies, they discarded with them the idea that inherited social position, in itself, made a man wise and superior, and gave him the right of rule. Some kings fostered the idea that they were one with the divine ruler of the universe. This idea was also discarded. In their working, dictatorships are as evil as monarchies but the ideology at least is progressive, and this is the important thing. Dynamic action requires pressure from above as well as below. Kings, until the lid blew off, formed pressure from above. Dictators form the pressure now, but because they have to cater to the pressure, their lid will be blown off in much shorter time. Man's progress is consistent, if slow, and despite everything, dictators are a step beyond kings, who also, are not "a better class of people." Benny and Adolph, in their long climb to power had little time to learn that there is a difference between right and wrong. But the kings never learned either. Compare the present evil with something better, not with a sympathetic leaning towards a discarded evil of the past.

Medford, Mass. R. Capp

FANCIER BITES FICKE

"I have never met a dog with whom I could not instantly become friends." Where have I heard those words before? Oh yes, now I remember: they are the Famous Last Words of the pest who haunts the Dog Shows and who follows up his remark by sticking his hand into the stall where the pride of your kennel is exhibited. To pet the animal, you suppose, but the dog, blessed with deeper and surer instincts than yours, nabs the threatening arm without hesitation. The right (or writing) arm, let us hope.

Let us take a closer look at this person who says that dog owners are crazy. Hmmmm: he suffers from insomnia; he is so solicitous of his own comfort that he resents being put to the slightest inconvenience. He is something of a dandy. We gather that he is woman-shy because he pictures woman as a huntress. (Perhaps his fear of this Diana extends to the pack at her heels.) He rather fancies himself as a conversationalist but we have good reason to suspect that he is in reality a monologuist for he bitterly resents the introduction into the conversation of any topic not interesting to himself. He boasts about imaginative and intellectual powers so slight that they permit him to write an article without first ascertaining the truth of the matter.

The fact is that most dogs are neither fawning nor humble. The sheep dogs he speaks of certainly were not. The dog which pawed his pants and ruined his shoes was not. He should begin to suspect, at this point, how far off the track he has gone. He has only to look around and he will make what will certainly be, to him, an astounding discovery. Men turn to dogs not for their fawning humility but for their companionship and loyalty—unquestioning loyalty, at that. That, even in the city, they receive it. What's crazy about that?

I'll wager that our author neither gets nor expects to get these things from anyone: that in what he scornfully refers to as "the world of deep emotions and undying love" he moves as a stranger. Here we see a man "so desperately hurt by life," so frightened by Greek dogs that he bewares the gifts borne by all dogs.

Arnold J. Hillesheim
St. Paul, Minn.

SUGGESTION

I have an idea which I believe will add to the distinctiveness of your magazine, Esquire. I am writing to you personally because I believe this idea is important enough for very careful consideration.

Here is what I have in mind, number the pages from the back to the front. Under this setup it would be necessary to put the binding on the right. This arrangement will enable the reader to turn the pages from left to right.

As far as I know you would be the first to employ such a system.

Yours truly,
Victor Zeier
Thornwood, New York

WHAT EVERY CARTOONIST SHOULD KNOW

An artist on your staff is a very able creator of colorful and risque pictures of green-and-red roosters, but by his work in your March issue, he proves himself to be quite unfamiliar with poultry raising.

The rooster is not to be blamed for a decline in egg production. He has nothing to do with it. Feeding and care are what produce eggs. When fertile eggs for hatching are wanted, roosters are placed among the hens.

But the biggest market is for unfertile eggs, which keep longer. To meet the demand for unfertile eggs, the poultryman takes the rooster away from his harem.

Very truly yours,

Chicago, Ill. James B. Cain

TOP THIS ONE!

There is no doubt about it that skiing originated in the Scandinavian countries, and there is enough glory in it for both the Norwegians and the Finns and the Swedes too, without starting another world war about who went skiing first. But when "Johnny Finn" tells your readers that skis were first mentioned in history in the sixteenth century, then he is wrong, very wrong, by several hundred years. Go to New York Public Library and ask for the Sagas of the Norwegian Kings written by Snorre Sturlason, in the thirteenth century. He describes one episode which happened in the year 1026 under the reign of "Olav den Hellige," when Arnljot Gelline and two others went on skis over the mountains of Norway. And how Arnljot who was a giant of a man had to have skis which were exceptionally long and wide.

Yours for accuracy in reporting,

Alf T. Knudtzon
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EXPLAINING MR. FICKE

If I may, I would like to address this to the Mr. Cruikshank who wrote *such* an understanding letter to you in the April issue of your fine publication. Apparently Mr. Cruikshank does not recognize good satire when he reads it, nor does he look beneath the title for the word satire that you have thoughtfully put there for people like himself who are likely to misunderstand. The article he refers to, *Dog Owners Are Crazy*, was plainly satirical and was also plainly marked satire. We might forgive him for overlooking such an obvious item but we shall not pass by the eloquence of manners which he displayed by stiffly bowing out of Esquire's reader clan and leaving us all wearing black bands on our arms and sighs of relief in our hearts.

As a reader of Esquire for many years I deeply regret having such a distinguished member (44 honorary degrees!) drop from the rank and file of us poor unintelligent beings who continue to subscribe year after year. As to the pleasure with which he sports his titles, it is evident that our bemourned ex-reader does not realize that anti-vivisection societies do more to hinder science of all kinds than any other cause known, outside of people who brag about how many of the things they belong to.

It so happened here in California that at the last elections, all of the narrow-minded die-hards in the state could not push an anti-vivisection bill through even with the support of the all-powerful movie colony. This, I believe shows that Mr. Cruikshank is out-voted, out eloquenced, and out of Esquire's clique of thousands of sensible readers. When the outs are added up they come to three, which retires your side, Mr. Cruikshank. Amen.

Pasadena, Calif. C. E. Jamison

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

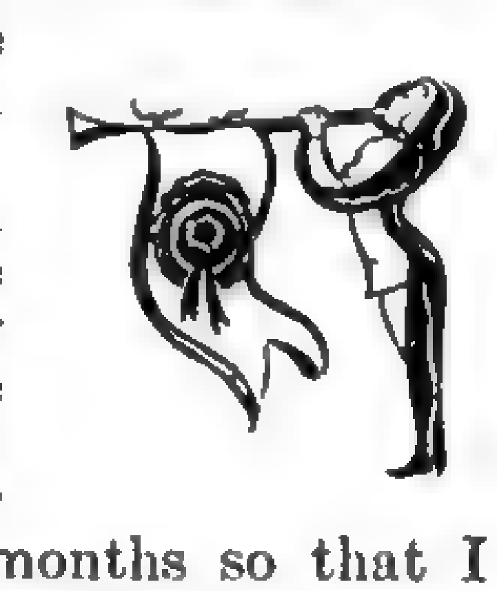
Your letter of January 11th to hand today asking what is to be done about the successful solvers of my puzzle. There is no difficulty about this. In my letter to *S. and F.* it stated that a prize of one year's contribution to Esquire would be given to the *first* successful solver. The *first* successful solution reached me by airmail and the prize was forwarded to you with the name of the solver—*A. Greenwald*, Washington, D. C. The others can be thanked for their solutions and told that they were too late. You surely must have received my draft for five dollars by now. I have replied to nearly all the letters I received. If I were running your magazine I would publish the *name* of the *winner*, say that the prize had been forwarded to him, thank the numerous other successful solvers whose solutions were too late and make some scathing remarks about the *proposer* of the problem (i.e. myself).

Yours faithfully,
P. A. Stevens, M.D.
Proserpine, N. Q., Australia

PEARL RIVER ANTHOLOGY

Thanks a million for giving so favorable a notice to the film, *A Man To Remember.* The picture has received far too little publicity and is deserving of much more. I caught it at the local theatre about two months ago, and even before the last reel was run off I sensed in my humble way that I had seen greatness.

I believe Edward Ellis should get the Academy Award for his superb job as the doctor and only wish I had your job for just three or four months so that I might agitate loud and long.



In your article for March you answered some carping critic who panned you and sought to put you on the spot by bluntly asking what stories you'd film if you had your way. You mentioned, I think, four novels. Three of these I didn't read. But THAT last one! *Not For Heaven.* While you may not be interested, Mr. Murphy, I constituted myself a one-man lobby on *Not For Heaven*, and wrote to three major studios two years ago, urging the story editors to read the book. I even offered to send them my copy of it. I suggested that the part of Ma Bostwick was a natural for either Edna May Oliver or May Robson. And I even enclosed a stamped envelope for reply.

There were no replies.

I also have a number of suggestions. Perhaps you could use them at some future date in your department. You're certainly welcome to them, Mr. Murphy.

There seems to be a dearth of good material for Mr. Paul Muni. At least that is the cry of Warner Brothers. There is no denying that Muni is a truly great artist, but even a great actor can't breathe credulity into inferior material. Warners is overlooking a great bet when the story department hasn't enough initiative to look over a few of the classics.

Why doesn't his studio produce a technicolor version of *Silas Marner*, with Mr. Muni as Silas? A simple story, human and down to earth or cases, a story familiar to every person who has gotten past the eighth grade in school. I may be wrong, Mr. Murphy, but it looks like a natural to me.

Did you see, *The Ghost Goes West*, with Robert Donat, a few years back? Some studio is also passing up a great story. *The Life of Bonnie Prince Charlie* with Donat as Prince Charles. There is more drama, tragedy and humor in his life than was ever in that of *Mary of Scotland*.

Not so long ago a book appeared on the Irish insurrection, a more dramatic work than *The Plough And The Stars.* It was titled, *Shake Hands With the Devil.* Again I may be wrong, but the novel had more than its share of what Hollywood has come to call ummph.

Then there are the two Johnsons, Samuel and Andrew. The latter was the only American president ever to be impeached. The former, well he did drink cup after cup of tea at one sitting, wrote letters to Lord Chesterfield, fathered many a witty quip, wrote a dictionary.

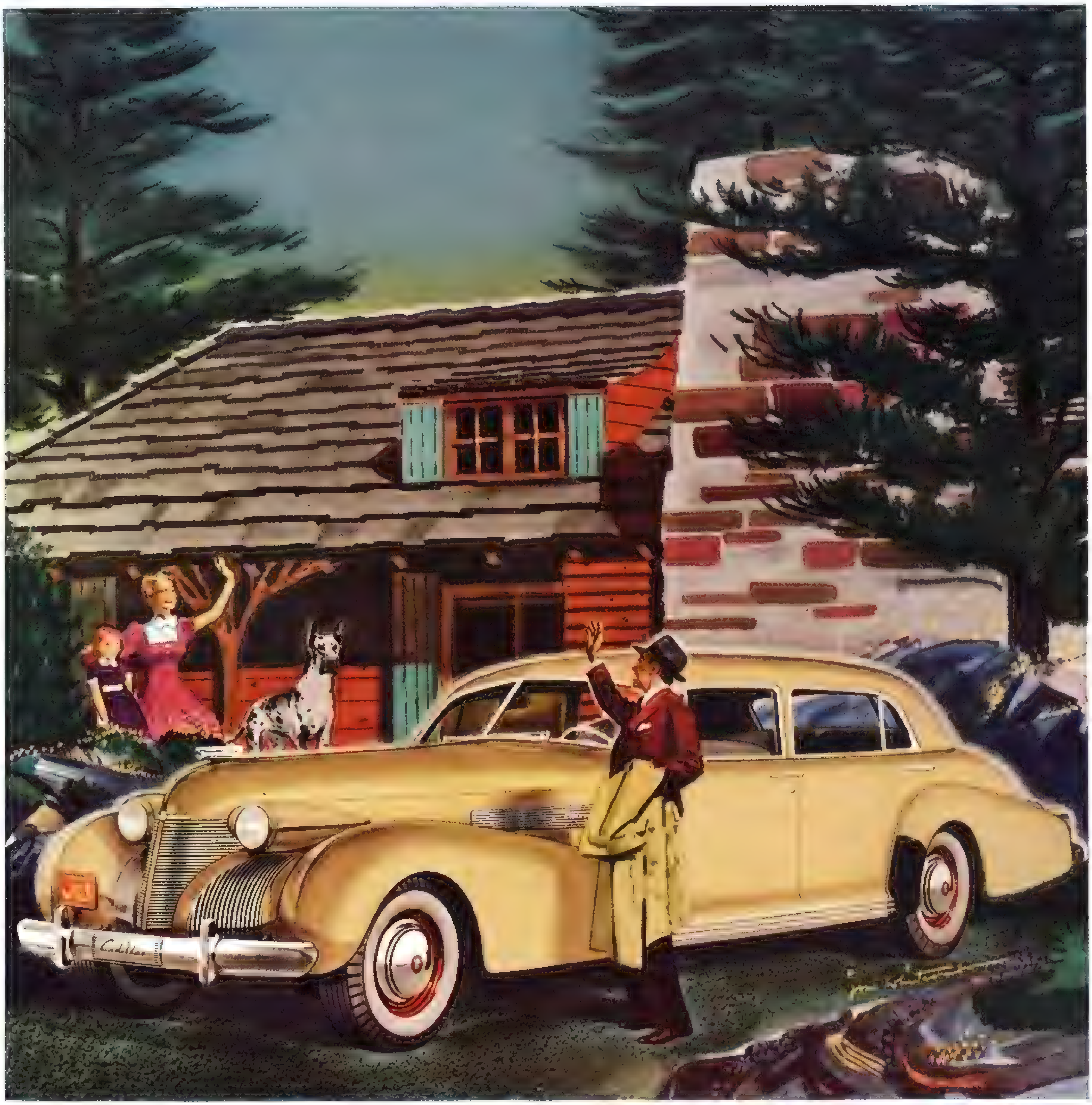
Why doesn't some major studio produce the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson with Charles Laughton in the character of Samuel? And why must Edward Arnold, another actor suffering from a dearth of material, be passed up when he probably could turn in a swell job as President Andrew Johnson in a picture version of that worthy's life?

You see, Mr. Murphy, not a few of us have suggestions which we are more than willing to let Hollywood have, but apparently the producer is not interested.

Yours respectfully,

Pearl River, N. Y. Jack Curran

Continued on page 179



A General Motors Value

"I *ENJOY* THE DRIVE NOW!"

THERE IS REALLY no *one* reason why the man shown above takes such great delight in driving his Cadillac Sixty Special.

For he enjoys a *combination* of desirable qualities unique among *all* motor cars.

He admires, first of all, the Cadillac Sixty Special's fleet, low-swung, *dynamic* appearance.

He likes the extraordinary room and comfort and visibility that help make it, beyond question, America's most imitated motor car.

He appreciates its exceptional handling ease and road balance—for it holds the highway like a hound on a fresh trail.

And, of course, in all his previous experience, he has never encountered an engine that could match the great V-8 which powers the Sixty Special.

Yes, there are *many* reasons why over half of all buyers in this immediate price range choose a Cadillac Sixty Special.

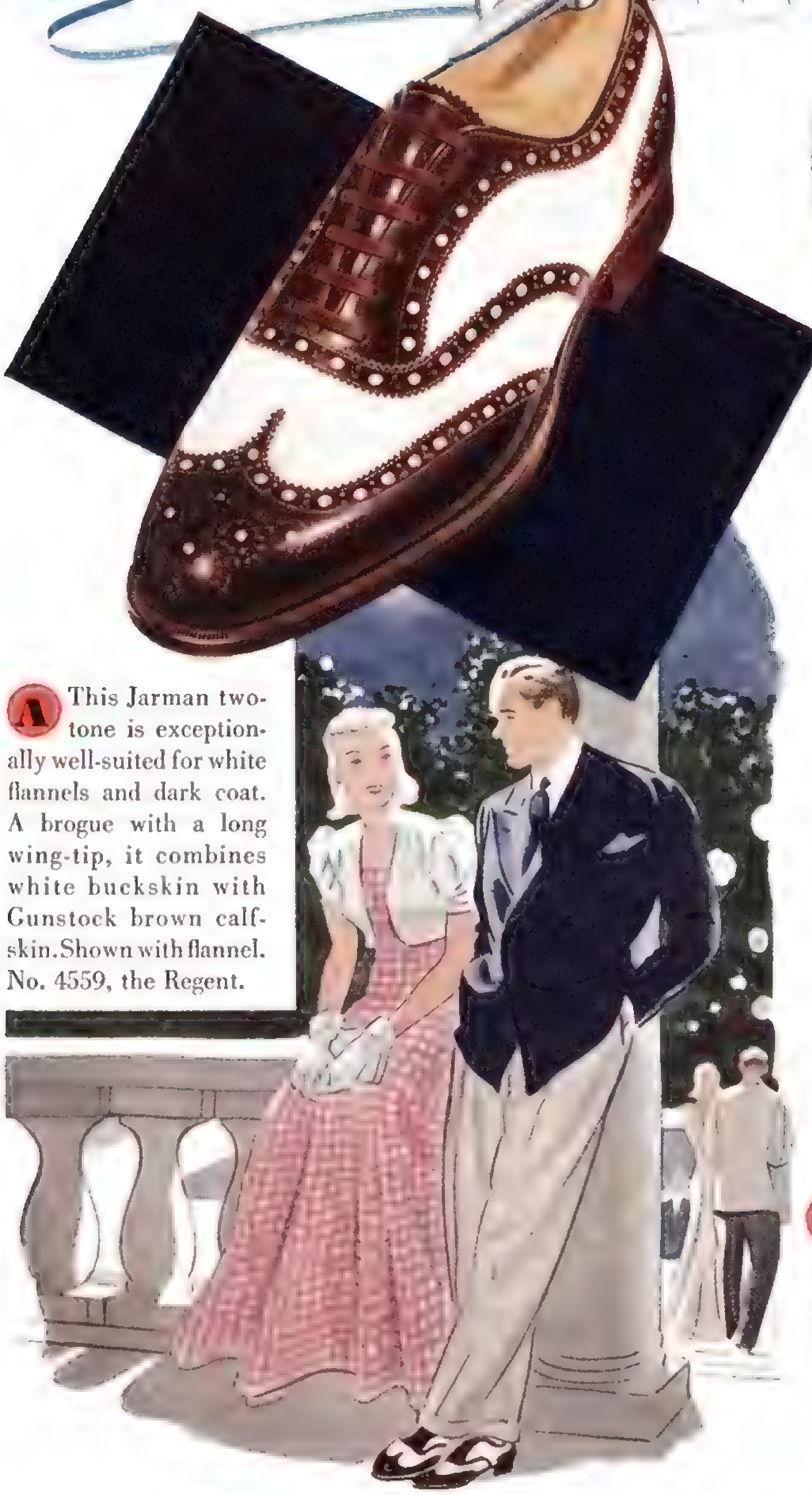
Why not consult your Cadillac dealer—one of these beautiful days—and learn for yourself what these reasons are? We promise you a motoring thrill you have never known before.

THE NEW
CADILLAC
Sixty
SPECIAL

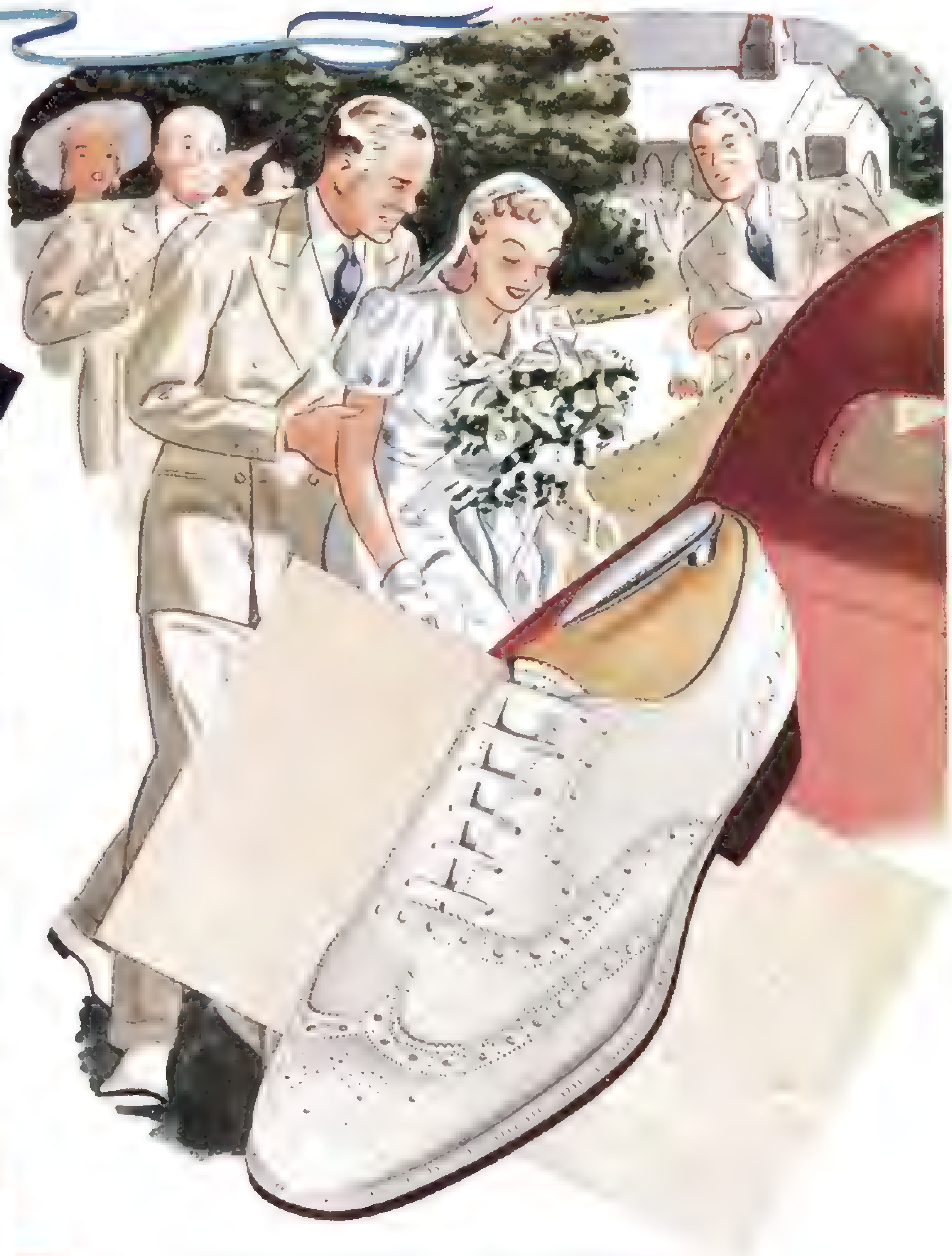
Also see and drive the new Cadillac Sixty-One—the lowest-priced car in the Cadillac line. There are four distinguished body styles, each a worthy companion car to the celebrated Sixty Special.

Be sure to visit General Motors' Exhibits at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs.

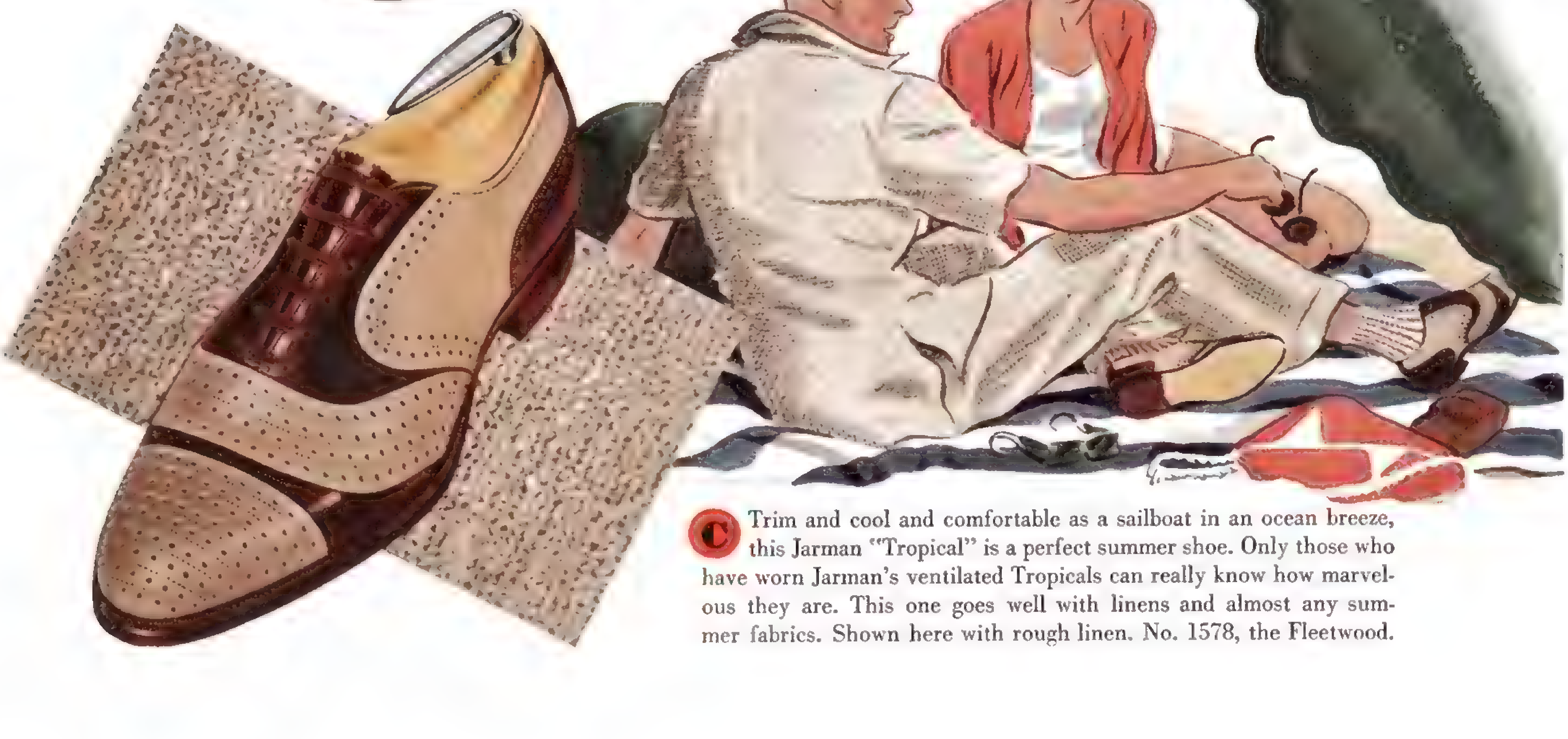
FOR EVERY JUNE OCCASION *Which*



A This Jarman two-tone is exceptionally well-suited for white flannels and dark coat. A brogue with a long wing-tip, it combines white buckskin with Gunstock brown calfskin. Shown with flannel. No. 4559, the Regent.



B The most popular of white shoes—a wing-tip full brogue—this one of Jarman's is ideal for all semi-formal or informal wear. It's as comfortable as it is smart appearing and can be worn with almost any summer clothing. Here with white linen. No. 4359, the Regent.

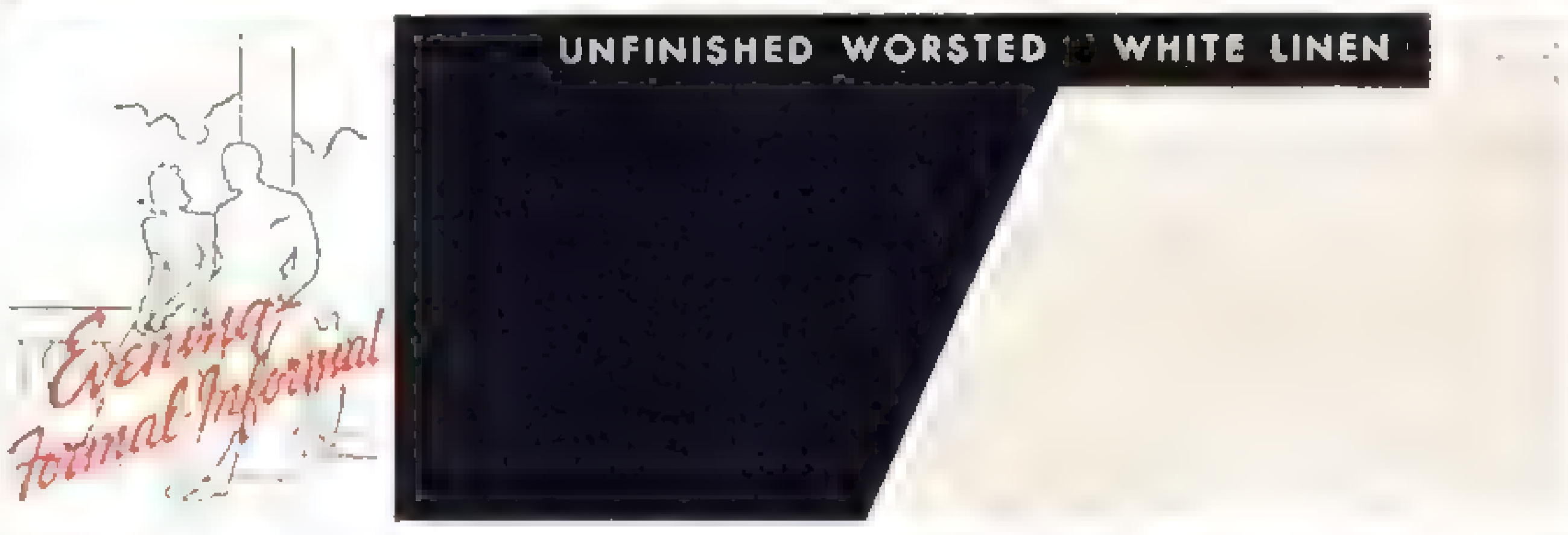
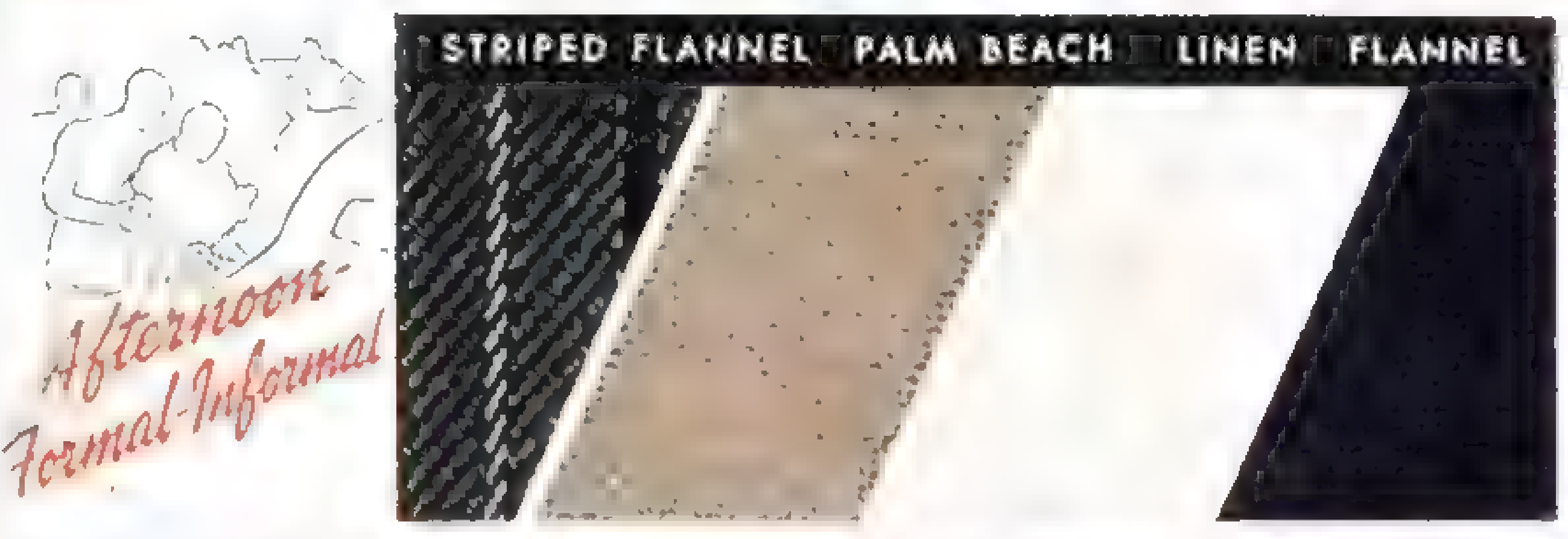
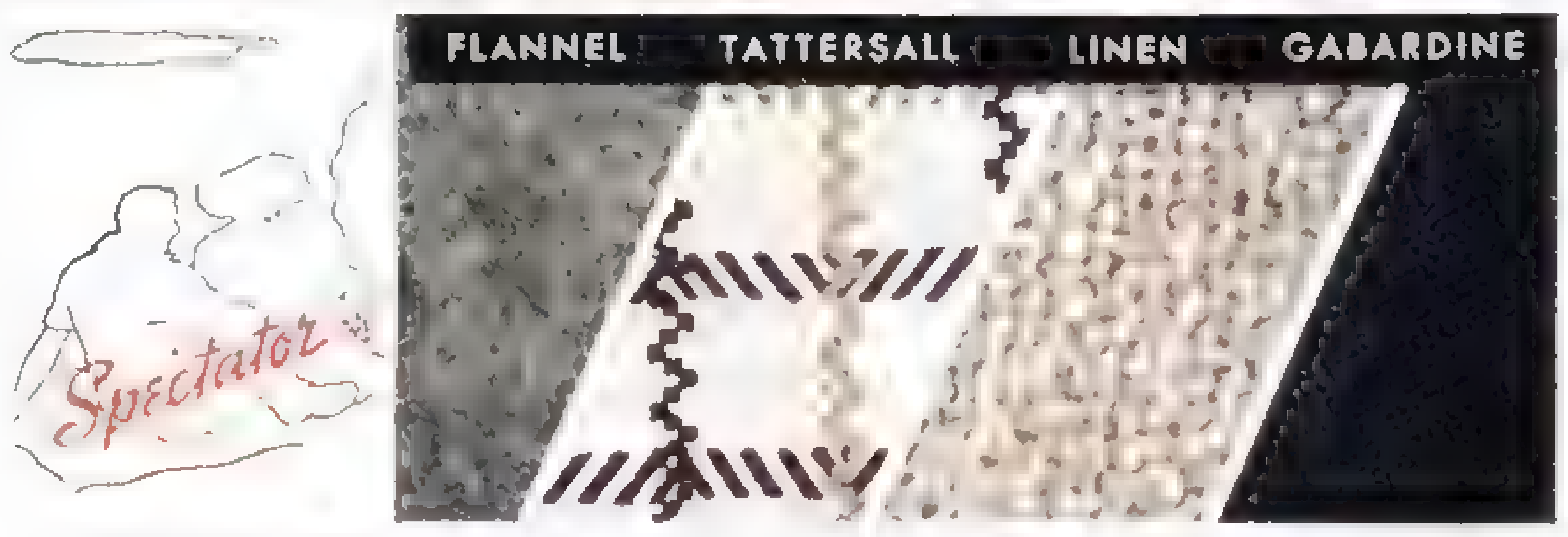
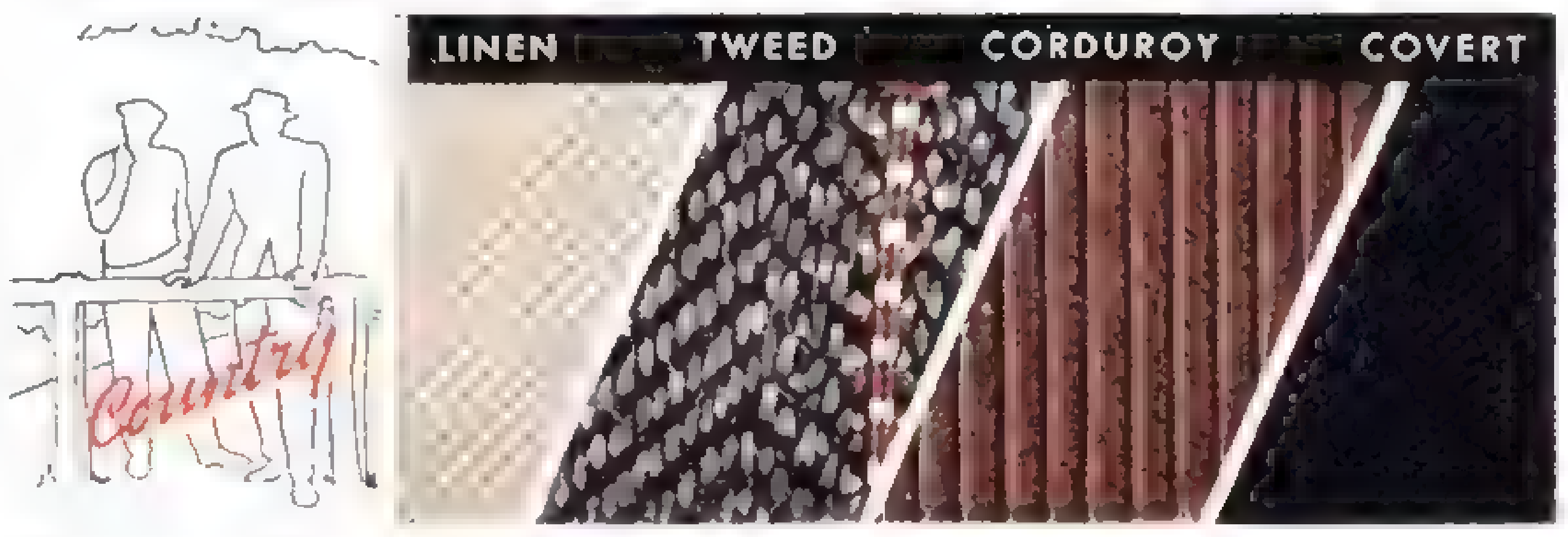


C Trim and cool and comfortable as a sailboat in an ocean breeze, this Jarman "Tropical" is a perfect summer shoe. Only those who have worn Jarman's ventilated Tropicals can really know how marvelous they are. This one goes well with linens and almost any summer fabrics. Shown here with rough linen. No. 1578, the Fleetwood.

shoes to wear with what?

Jarman STYLE CHART F-6

JUNE WEDDING–GRADUATION

 Evening Formal-Informal	UNFINISHED WORSTED WHITE LINEN	Summer evening attire calls for black patent leather with white dinner coat or tails—white buckskin with linen suits—white buckskin or black-(brown)-white with flannels. Jarman has 27 handsome models in all three of these types. Example: Illustration A. **A**
 Afternoon Formal-Informal	STRIPED FLANNEL PALM BEACH LINEN FLANNEL	Jarman offers 24 stunning shoes for all types of afternoon gatherings, formal or informal. They range from smooth black plain-tip calfskins to go with tailcoats, to plain whites and two-tones for linens, flannels and gabardines. Example: Illustration B. **B**
 Spectator	FLANNEL TATTERSALL LINEN GABARDINE	At the beach, the ball game, the track, or on the golf course Jarman's 71 special shoes are *right*. They emphasize crepe soles, and unusual style features, in plain whites, two-tones, suede, natural calf, woven leather and others. Example: Illustration C. **C**
 Country	LINEN TWEED CORDUROY COVERT	Jarman has 54 semi-sport shoes accenting wearability as well as smart appearance. Designed to go with your slack and lounge clothes. Crepe, hard rubber or leather soles, in whites, two-tones, and natural calfskin are correct. Example: Illustration D. **D**

CONFIDENTLY YOU LOOK to the pages of Esquire for reliable clues on correct dress, whether you're getting married, leading the Commencement Ball, or just having a game of golf.

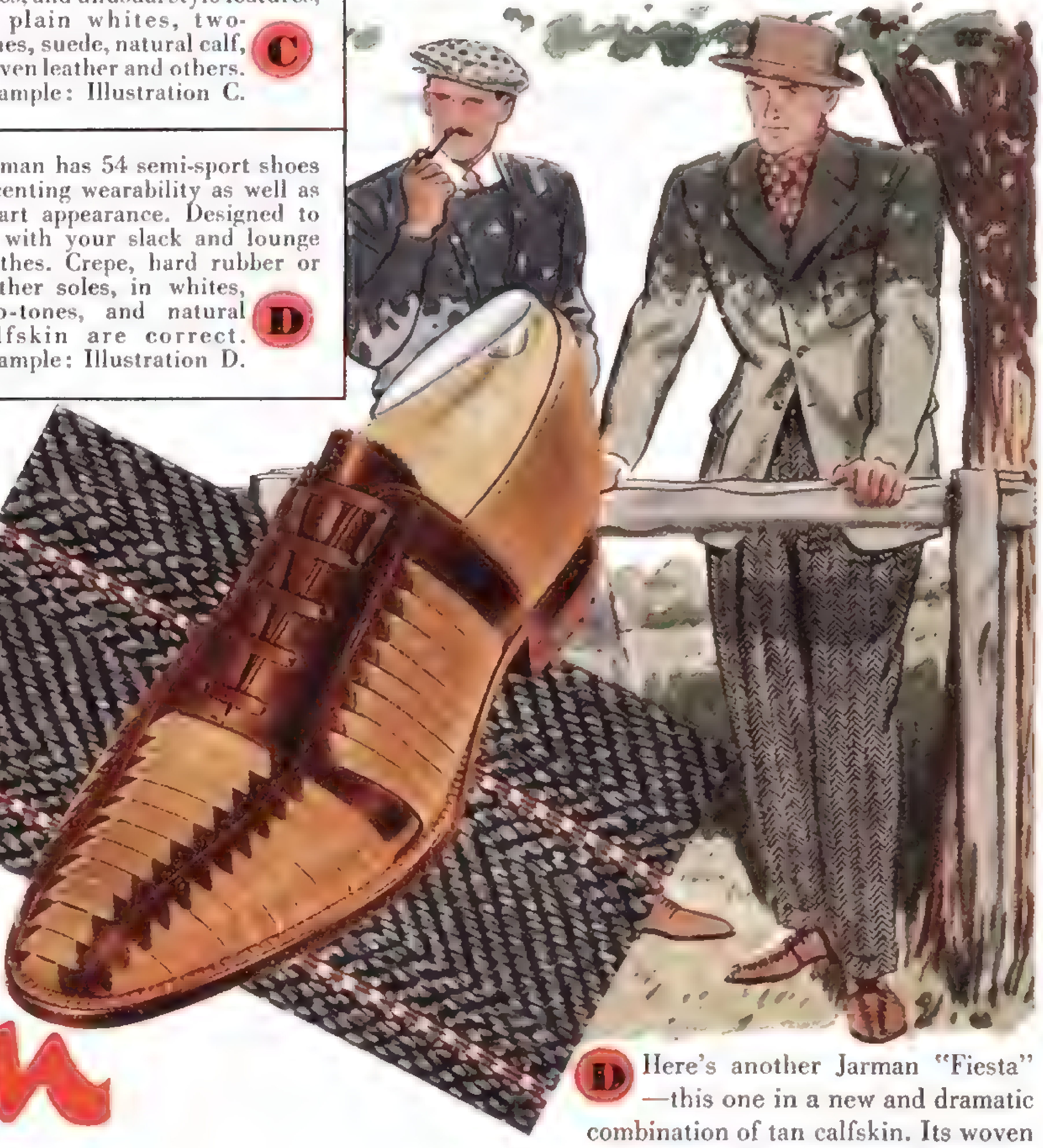
So Jarman presents here its own, unique contribution to your quest . . . the June Chart, created by "The Style Reporters."

Not new is the idea that shoes . . . in styling, in texture . . . should fit the *suiting* fabrics in a man's wardrobe. Well-dressed men everywhere agree on that. But see what Jarman does to make the idea simple, usable!

At your local Jarman dealer's, you will find this Chart and others in the series . . . and shoes that are fresh evidence of Jarman's grip on what men want in style, in comfort, in value.

Stop in today and learn about this new style-wise way of buying. If you don't know the address of a nearby dealer who has Jarman Shoes, wire collect to JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tennessee. Division of General Shoe Corporation.

DEALERS: For interesting sound—slide—film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal, write or wire.



D Here's another Jarman "Fiesta"—this one in a new and dramatic combination of tan calfskin. Its woven pattern gives you marvelous *extra-cool* comfort. Specially good for summer country wear. Shown here with a tweed. No. 1588, the Parkwood

ONLY AT JARMAN DEALERS'.. the Style Chart Book showing, in a series of charts, the correct suit-shoe combinations for every occasion the year around. Be sure to see it!

MOST STYLES $5^{00} TO $7^{50}

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation

SHE: "It won't?"
FIRST HE: "No, it won't!"
SECOND HE: "No, it won't get that wilted look!"
*AIR COOLED!
WRINKLE-RESISTANT!
FROSTY-FEEL!

*IMPORTED Coronado

THE *AIR COOLED SUIT THAT RESISTS WRINKLES

Superbly tailored of an amazing British fabric that has a "frosty feel" and resilient weave, *CORONADO keeps you cool and immaculate no matter how hot or humid the day. Keep cool . . . *and* stay smart in *CORONADO. At fine clothiers everywhere.

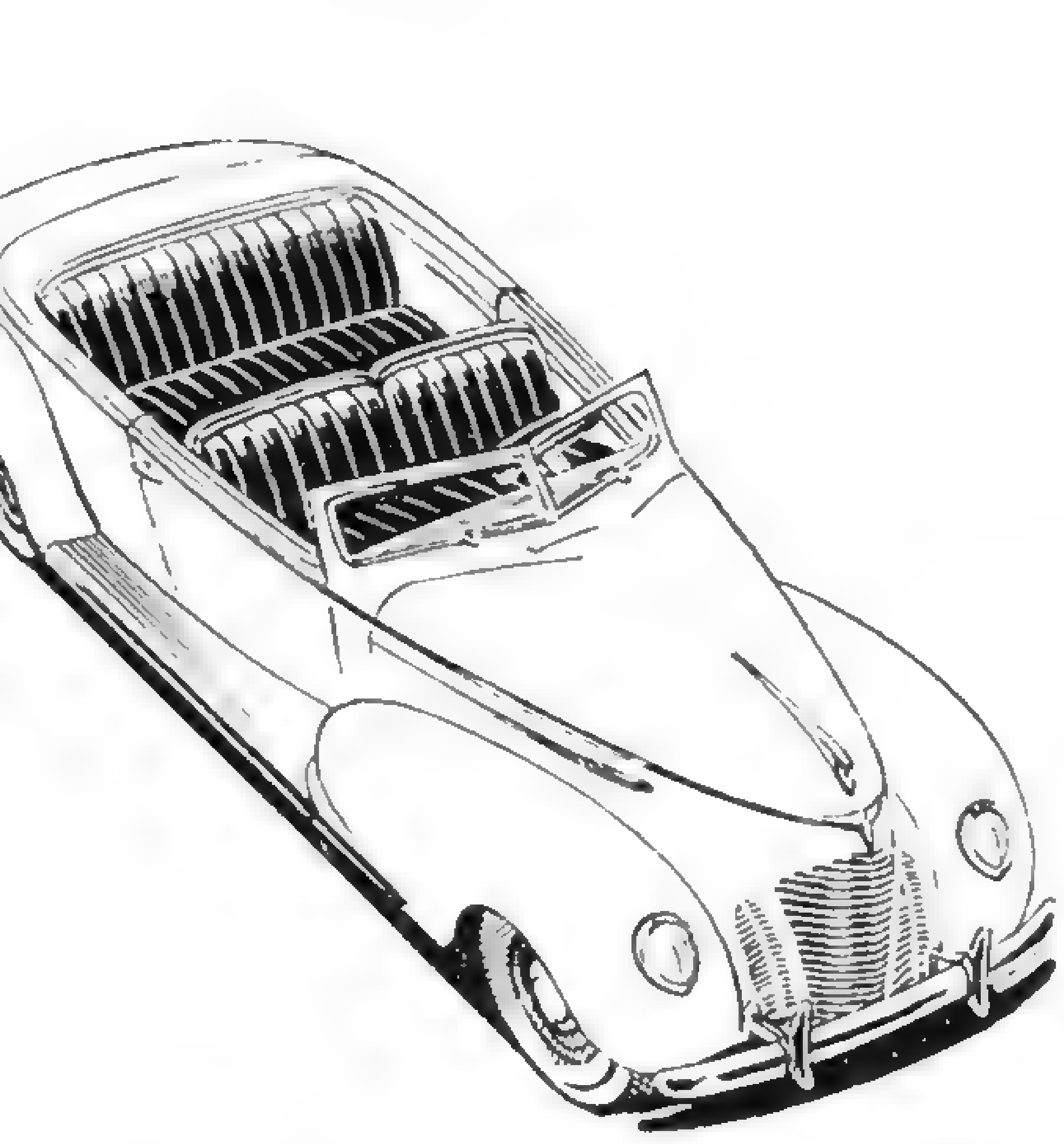
$29^{75}
Coat & Trousers

MODELS FOR BUSINESS & SPORTS · LIGHT & DARK SHADES

*Cool *Celanese Rayon trimmed*

Tailored Exclusively by J. Schoeneman, Inc., *Baltimore, Md.*

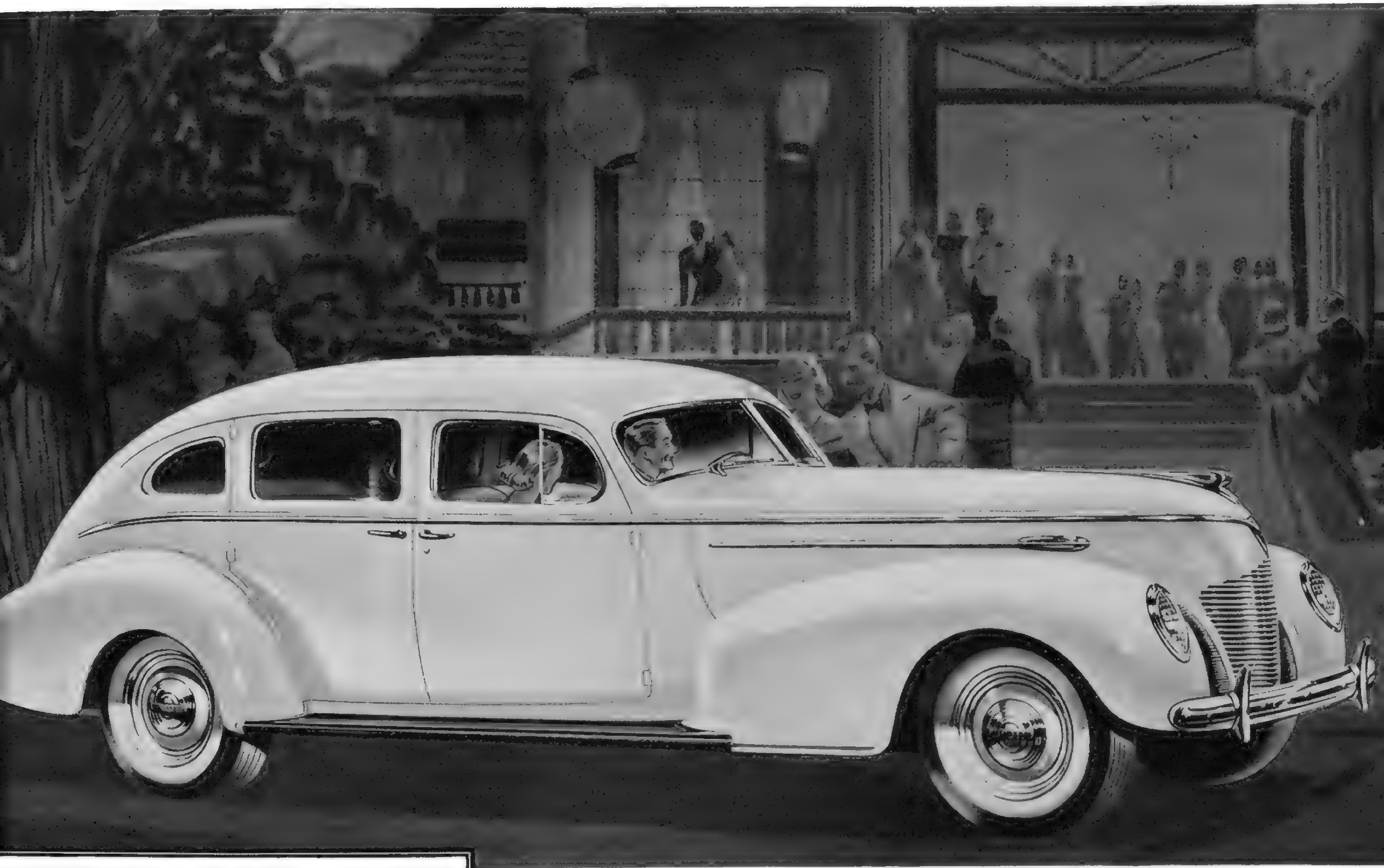
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, [illegible], J. Schoeneman, Inc



Six ride luxuriously inside this Hudson Convertible Brougham, available in a wide variety of wheelbases, horsepowers and prices. Airfoam Seat Cushions, of a revolutionary new material, are standard in all Hudson Convertibles.

There's a
Certain Something
ABOUT A HUDSON
that you don't get in any other car

*Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $854**



NO WONDER so many Hudson owners say: "It's the greatest car I ever owned." No wonder a Hudson stands out, in style, size and all around attractiveness, anywhere you see it. For by actual "hard-boiled" comparison no other car gives you so much that's really new, different and better.

There's the richness of Hudson's new Salon Interiors, with their unusual two-tone designs and distinctive combinations of fine fabrics and gleaming chrome.

Hudson owners tell us of swift, eager power and brilliant performance; but more than all, they prize the *safety* they can't get anywhere else.

Drive a Hudson soon and see!

These Good Things Can Be Said *Only* About Hudson

IN EVERY POPULAR PRICE CLASS, EVEN THE *LOWEST*, HUDSON GIVES YOU:

AMAZING ECONOMY of gasoline and oil. Owners report greater economy than in any other car they ever owned. Top horsepower per pound of car weight, too—and smoothest power.

MORE ROOM all around, for both *passengers* and *luggage*—full 3-passenger comfort in every seat, even in the lowest priced Hudsons.

WORLD'S SAFEST STOPPING with Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics—finest Bendix Hydraulics with mechanical emergency brake working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. Easiest acting hand brake for parking.

EXTRA PROTECTION with Auto-Poise Control (patent applied for)—helps keep wheels straight even when a tire blows. No other car has anything like it.

UNMATCHED COMFORT with seat cushions of Airfoam—a revolutionary new material of wonderful softness. Standard in many models; available in all.

EASIER SHIFTING with new mechanical Handy Shift at the steering wheel; front floor clear of gear and brake levers. Standard in all passenger models.

ADDED SAFETY with new Dash-Locking Safety Hood—wind can't blow it open; and when your car is locked nobody can raise the hood.

Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control available in all models at slight extra cost.

NOW SHOWING—TWO NEW HUDSONS
AT NEW LOW PRICES STARTING
AMONG AMERICA'S LOWEST

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*delivered in Detroit, equipped to drive; including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms, with new Hudson-C. I. T. Plan. Prices subject to change without notice.

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Stadler & Stadler Clothes
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are assurance of the utmost in
comfort and smart appearance

All that Quality, Fashion and
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This is how certain we are of the results of Terminal's new exclusive Hair Revitalizing Treatment: We will unconditionally refund your money if after two weeks you are not satisfied that this treatment has made your hair look youthful, lustrous and strong. It works biologically and costs only $2.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE GOOD FOOD

Nobel prize winner and first-rate novelist, Pearl Buck has, by this time, probably discovered an unpremeditated service on her part to Chinese restaurateurs in America. Miss Buck in her writing so popularized the Chinese that our good citizens no longer look darkly upon the product of oriental kitchens. Once satisfied with chop suey and chow mein, they are no longer timorous in wandering afield in search of more intricate Chinese delicacies.

In fact, *The Good Earth* has had its culinary reprisal. Ruby Foo, famed restaurateur, reports an alarming shortage of the birds' nests with which birds' nest soup is made. The two causes, he says, are its sudden spurt of popularity and the capture of Canton by the Japanese. Canton, it seems, was bird nest headquarters, and as the seaweed used was scarce and hard to find, the Chinese let the swallows do the collecting. One swallow can gather more of the grass in a day than a man could locate in a month. The bombardment of the China Sea cliffs finished off the swallows, so the coolie is once again making the same, old rounds.

But at the bar of Ruby Foo's Den all is definitely on the bright side. Sing Sing, the bartender, has had so many calls for cocktails, despite the fact that Orientals generally drink their liquors straight, that he went into a huddle with his potions, and came up with a beauty. It's now the house Special, and consists of one-third orange juice, one-third cointreau and one-third Chinese rose wine. The wine is sweet and white, resembling that exotic drink, gin. Another specialty he has on hand is hg ka py, distilled from the bark of a Chinese tree, and somewhat like brandy. There's also mo quai lo —a brandy of white roses, and white rice wine.

FOR CALORY COUNTERS

Dieteers who are quietly minding their own calories but still find salad just so much grass without a little flavoring, will welcome a new French dressing that's definitely non-fattening. Refusing to permit old established customers to drift away in the pursuit of streamlined figures, the firm which manufactures this dressing secured the services of a well-known dietitian to work out the recipe. It's very tasty, which is reason enough for the whole family to use it, thus not drawing attention to the member of the family who needs it most.

THE LIFE OF THE "SANDPAPPY"

It seems that there are two types of trailerites. One heads for Florida in the winter months and equally congested terrain in the summer, puts up at crowded camps, and never foregoes his daily round of horse-shoe pitching. This is the "sandwichite" or "sandpappy," and if he doesn't resent that last cognomen, he should. The other, more adventuresome specie, sets his tiller for less traveled lands, shies clear of trailer camps, and rents space on private property for his overnight stay. He is the "gadder." If this man possesses sufficient time, energy and money, he's very likely to take the "gadders" grand tour, the four extremes of which are Florida, California, Oregon and Maine.

From a humble beginning, the trailer has grown to rather amazing proportions. The type Commander Gatti took on his African Expedition, and which are now carrying his expedition across the Belgian Congo, costs $20,000 a throw, complete with tow car and practically every modern convenience known to man. The average trailer price however lies somewhere between $610 and $5000. The better ones include refrigeration, telephones, radios, shower, steel turret tops and usually have their own power plants. What with the improvement of the camps, the excellence of both high priced and inexpensive trailers, and the two-way attraction of the New York and San Francisco Fairs, it seems us ordinary motorists are in for a good deal of trailer dodging on the roads this summer.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, BOYS?

Russell Patterson, the artist, has dished up a handkerchief of imported silk, which, in addition to being a swell show-er for the breast pocket or even a neckerchief, is a colorful map of the important nightclubs and hotels of Manhattan . . . and even the streets on which they're found. Around the border he thoughtfully adds the names of some of the town's best known head waiters. A good gag gift, n'est-ce pas?

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Terry Beach Jackets, hip-length, double-breasted and finished with large pockets, in blue, tan, or white, are $12.50.

Warm weather clothes and accessories at Brooks Brothers not only measure up to the high standards of our regular seasonal things...but they have established new high standards of their own. Brooks Buckskin and Reverse Calf Shoes, Brooks Bathing Suits and Swimming Trunks, Brooks Beach and Dressing Gowns, and Brooks Hot Weather Suits and Hats... continue to maintain leadership in design, in materials, and in workmanship.

India Prints imported by Brooks Brothers—native-dyed in brilliant colors and native-woven in bold plaids—are being used in an ever-increasing number of articles such as dressing gowns, beach shirts, swimming trunks, neckties, cummerbunds, tobacco pouches, bath mules. Beach and Dressing Gown (in many patterns), as illustrated, is $15.

Terry Beach Gowns at Brooks Brothers may be had in a variety of styles, colors and patterns, including plain-colored, double-breasted models, boldly printed patterns, and (as illustrated) striped designs in maroon-and-white, or blue-and-white, $11. Other terry gowns, $9.50 to $17.

Brooks Brothers' Swimming Trunks include (left to right) cotton India Prints, $5.50, Batiks from the Dutch East Indies, $5.50, and Viyella Flannel in a wide choice of bold plaids, $6. Cinch Belts to match are $1.25 (in India Prints and Batiks), and $1.75 (in Flannel).

Brooks Swimming Trunks, in addition to those illustrated, include many other styles and materials such as: Plain-colored flannels ($4.75), plain-colored gabardines piped in contrasting shades ($4.50) and various close-fitting knitted models, ranging in price from $4 to $5.50.

Brooks Buckskin Shoes from England are $12 to $15. Illustrated: White buckskin with red rubber sole, $12.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

Brooks Blucher Style Oxford in brown reverse calf, with crêpe rubber sole tipped at the toe with leather, $15.

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ON YOUR week-ends and vacation—sample the infinite variety of playlands within a few hours of New York. Whether you crave the tang of ocean breeze, the pine-scented wilderness, the serenity of old villages or a round of keen sport—you'll find your paradise along 2500 intriguing miles of coastline or among 1000 mountains towering into New England sunlight. Smart resort hotels and quiet country inns invite you to share the finest of recreational facilities—to enjoy famous New England hospitality. For a complete guide to New England vacation accommodations, mail the coupon below TODAY.

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Enclosed is twelve cents for which please mail me your Summer Resort Number featuring New England accommodations to be published Sunday, June 11.

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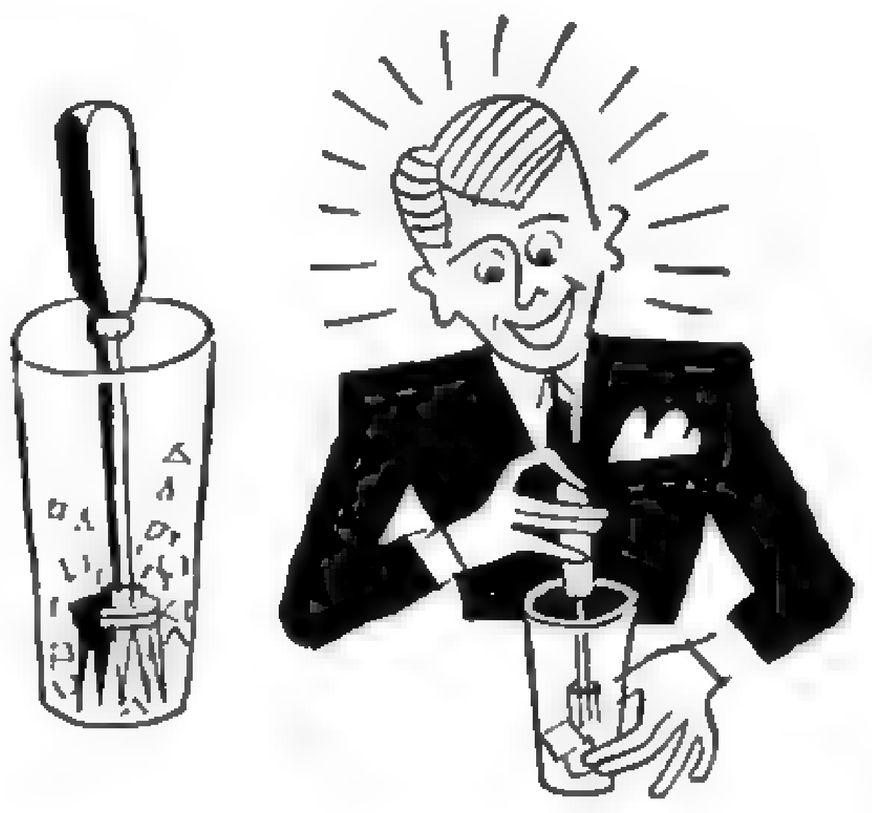
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FOREIGN INVASION

Ted Peckham's widely known and much used Guide Escort Service believes in adequate preparation for practically any eventuality. Originally organized to provide companions for women who needed young men to squire them on nightly jaunts around town, it has already branched out to include a shopping service, instructors in bridge, backgammon and dancing, readers for invalids, children's companions, companions for the blind, cruise directors and camp counsellors. Certainly quite a list, but the forward looking Mr. Peckham realized with the World's Fair coming on that it wasn't quite inclusive enough. So he now has on hand more than forty escorts, well versed in one or more of the five major European languages, in addition to a score of interpreters who collectively speak thirty-one languages—including Amharic and Samoan. These will assist foreign visitors at the Fair and pilot them about on shopping and personal sightseeing tours. If you have some friends from overseas who are on their way to the Fair, and whose English is an uncertain quantity, you needn't brush up on your sign language. Just call Mr. Peckham.



ICE CUBE SHATTERER

If summer comes, can iced drinks be far away? "Certainly not, suh!" say the ardent mint juleppers and devotees of frapped cocktails. For just such summer drinkers there's a spring action ice cube chopper, the last word in simplifying home-drinking. Merely place the ice cube in the glass in which you're about to mix your drink, rest the prongs of the chopper on the cube, tap the handle gently, and the ice is crushed by persuasion, rather than brute force. Strictly rust-proof, with lacquered handle in a variety of brilliant colors, the spring action requires so little pressure that your most highly cherished glassware is safe. Crushed ice will cool your drink more quickly too.

YO HO HO AND AN ICE STORAGE CHEST

For people who do any amount of plain or fancy drinking there's a new ice chest for storing cubes, block or sized ice. Not only can you fill it with ice cubes the night before you anticipate a heavy call for refreshments, but it's perfect for storing bottled drinks, keeping them chilled and ready to serve. Finished in sturdy black and white enamel, this auxiliary storage unit, twenty inches long, fits easily under the kitchen table, and is equipped with a drain faucet. Placed in the rear of a car and taken on picnics, it offers up cool, crisp greens, solid butter, cold drinks and what have you?

A DAISY OF A LIPSTICK

At last a lipstick that won't tell. No lip rouge traces remain on glasses, napkins, cigarettes or other lips. It need be applied but once a day, allowed to set for five minutes or thereabouts, the surplus removed with cleansing tissue, and it stays put until bedtime. At that point a generous portion of cleansing cream successfully eradicates it. It's a life-saver for sea-going maidens. Comes in twelve natural shades, practically non-detectable. There comes a time in every man's life when a woman needs just such a lipstick.

AFRICAN FORMULA FOR ENCHANTMENT

Don't give these to her if she's the prissy type. They're pretty frankly for the femme fatale—the gal who brings out the beast in the boys, and loves it. Ylang Ylang, a tremendous, waxy white flower which blooms in the depths of the jungle, affords the base for one of these perfumes, distilled from African flowers. Another, Jungle Gardenia, definitely unrestrained, makes our hothouse variety insignificant. Jungle Bouquet is primitive. African nights evidently did something to the shy little violet when it became La Violette. Bath, skin and hair perfumes in a symphony of odors. Don't say we didn't warn you.

NATURE AROUND THE NECK

We're prepared to expect almost anything in the way of decor on women's hats. Now the same whimsies have slipped down around the necks and wrists of the ladies . . . where they pass as necklaces and bracelets. Inspired, no doubt, by the lure of the lei, the gals now wear lilacs, field flowers, feather flowers, even sprays of synthetic wheat. One necklace simulates sea weed, done entirely in glass. Handle at your own risk!

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

New York Gives its Approval to
RCA TELEVISION

RCA Victor Television Receivers share in applause as newest scientific wonder clicks with world's most sophisticated public

★

NOW New Yorkers know! Television has what it takes! It has captured the interest of the most critical clientele in the most blasé city in the world. RCA Victor is proud of the part its television receivers, proved by a $2,000,000 field test, played in this success.

To provide this satisfactory television reception, the same engineers who made possible the transmission of NBC television programs, created the RCA Victor Television Receivers. These instruments put you into intimate touch with a new world of entertainment. They will delight you as well as every visitor in your home.

You may choose from three models of complete television receivers, or an RCA Victor Television Attachment which you may be able to use with your present radio. When the television attachment is used the sound portion of the television program is heard through your radio. All RCA Victor Television Receivers also bring you fine radio reception.

Any RCA Victor television dealer will be glad to demonstrate these new instruments. You will be interested in looking at them and discovering how easily you can begin to enjoy this newest of entertainment sensations.

FREE! Interesting booklet of facts on Television. Write RCA Victor, Camden, N. J.

For finer radio and television performance—RCA Victor Tubes.

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Console Model TRK-12, the finest television instrument offered by RCA Victor. Picture is viewed by reflection in a mirror set in cabinet lid. This instrument can also be used for radio and for playing records through RCA Victor Record Player. Only RCA Victor Television Receivers are backed by a $2,000,000 field test. In radio and television it's RCA All the Way.

You can buy RCA Victor Television Receivers on C. I. T. easy payment plan.

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A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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Yes, you can take it with you—all evening long! Take what? Why, that buoyant, bracing, glad-to-be-alive freshness imparted by—yes, you've guessed it—by "4711", the famous Eau de Cologne. If you want to go places—feeling fit and at your immaculate best—go first to the place that sells "4711" and buy a bottle ... Combined with exquisite perfumes, too—such as "Tosca" or "Troika" Eau de Colognes. At better shops everywhere.

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Write today for new beautifully illustrated Booklet "F"

ROLAND EATON
Managing Director

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FAIR SEX

Every Fair in the past has had its Sex. A snappy cavalcade of This Great Motif from Fairs past up to the present day, is enacted for you under the rotund tower of the Crystal Palace. In a 19th Century music hall you'll see the attractions which proved sensational to Fair visitors from 1853 to 1892. In a second theatre, the production continues up to the present. See the Can-Can gals, folks! Watch Little Egypt, the furor of '93! Gaze on the voluptuous Stella . . . the talk of 1915. And once more the fan dance of '33 . . . and for '39 . . . the Doves of Peace . . . the dance of Rosita Royce, whose alabaster chassis is tantalizingly hidden from a waiting world by means of 7, count them folks, 7 live white doves. Seems that the doves are very temperamental, so Rosita carries a couple of spares, should one of the regulars forget his geographical position.

MISSOURI BOY MAKES GOOD

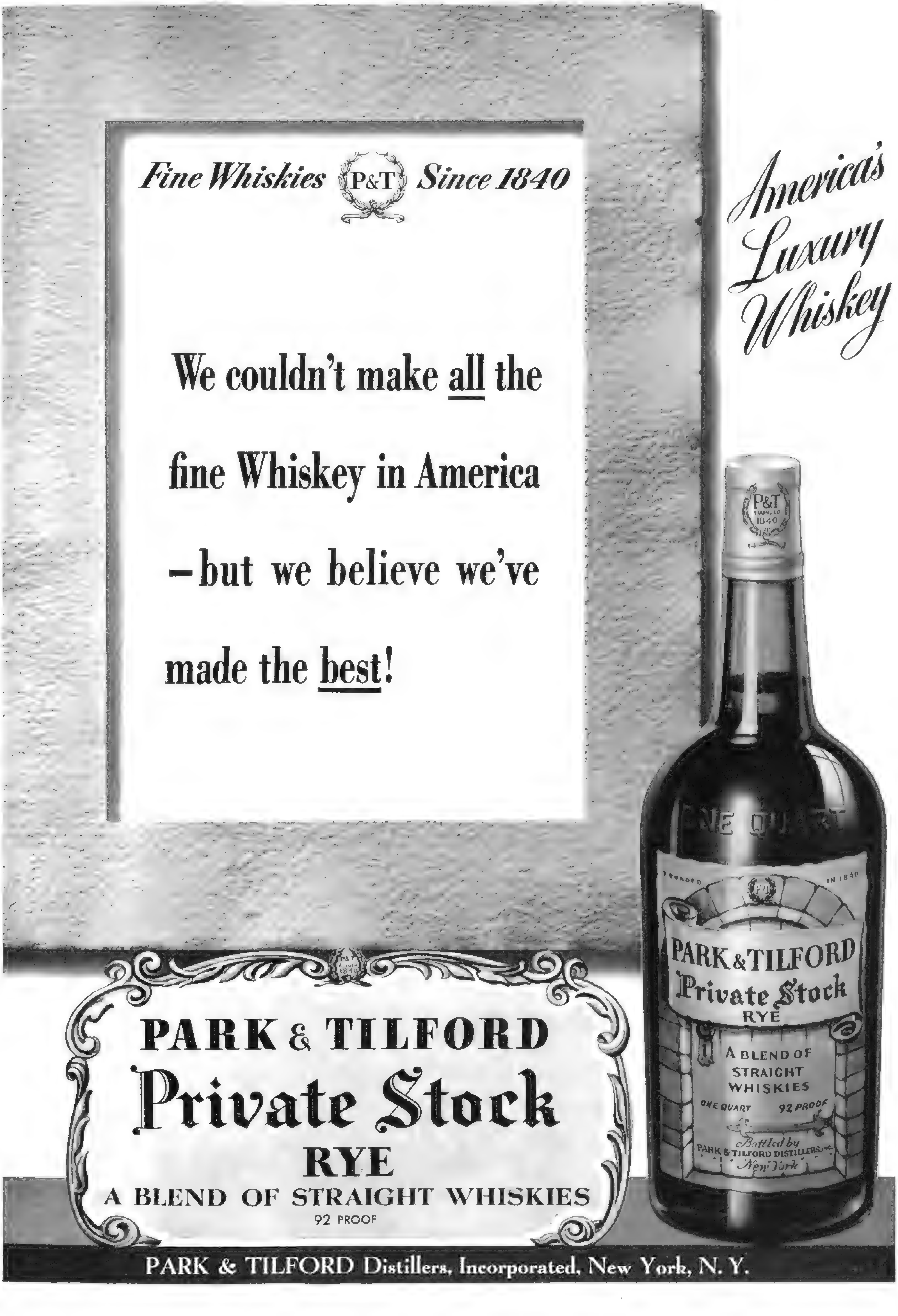
Mrs. Straeter's little boy Ted has apparently settled down for a long run at the piano of one of the most coveted night spots in Manhattan. Ted is doing all right . . . choral director of the Kate Smith Hour, choir and solo accompanist for Kate, Maestro of Music at Monte Carlo. He seems singularly unaffected by the chartreuse satin opulence of cafe society's newest haunt. He has evolved a unique service for his pampered patrons . . . makes personal piano recordings of their favorite songs, which he presents to them gratis. The customers love it. Ted says he's working "like crazy" what with doing special arrangements for various songstresses, coaching debs smitten with microphonia, making recordings, and keeping his housekeeper "Orchid" and his two Scotties "Porgy and Bess" in line. Straeter sits straighter at the piano than most, and manages his arpeggios without undue swerving of the chassis. Ted says he thinks he'll have to go in for a little virtuoso stuff. People don't think he's giving his all unless he indulges in a little nose-dive to the keyboard now and then. His musical meanderings sound fine to us, however. "A" for posture, Straeter.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED "AN INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER"

We were talking to Robert Heller, the New York industrial designer, the other day, as he waded through yards of yarns he was weaving into something for a World's Fair exhibit. We asked him about his initiation into the mysteries of industrial design—and how the young of today can get into the field. Mr. Heller didn't know much about that. He insists he got his start in industrial design by tearing and folding scraps of paper. "You know, the sort of thing you do with your hands when you haven't anything on your mind, sailor caps, boats and things. There I was quietly folding my paper and twitching it about when suddenly the man with me tore it out of my hands and ran to a manufacturer. It seems that I'd made a kind of toy that was a fine thing for children who like toys that move. After that it was just five or six years of hard work. Of course, my course in architecture at Princeton may have helped—but sometimes I wonder. Young men who want to become industrial designers will do well to have some engineering or architectural training, a fine sense of design, sturdy constitutions, an equitable temper, and know how to placate irascible store owners and strong-minded manufacturers."

Mr. Heller has for the past seven years produced a line of electrical grills, fans, heaters and vibrators for one of the largest electrical appliance companies in the country. A new plastic vibrator that has just been introduced is a fine lightweight trinket no bigger than your hand, and is guaranteed to make an expert masseuse out of anyone who uses it. It soothes furrowed brows, quiets strained nerves, and also makes Mr. Heller feel that he has done something humanitarian for a sorely pressed world. Beside these things, he has designed everything from vending machines to trucks, radio stations to staplers, and has modernized more furniture stores throughout the country than he can recall. All his work is marked with a simplicity that is just this side of starkness, and a considerable amount of originality. He was one of the first designers in the country to advocate the psychological use of color in displays and products.

Ranger



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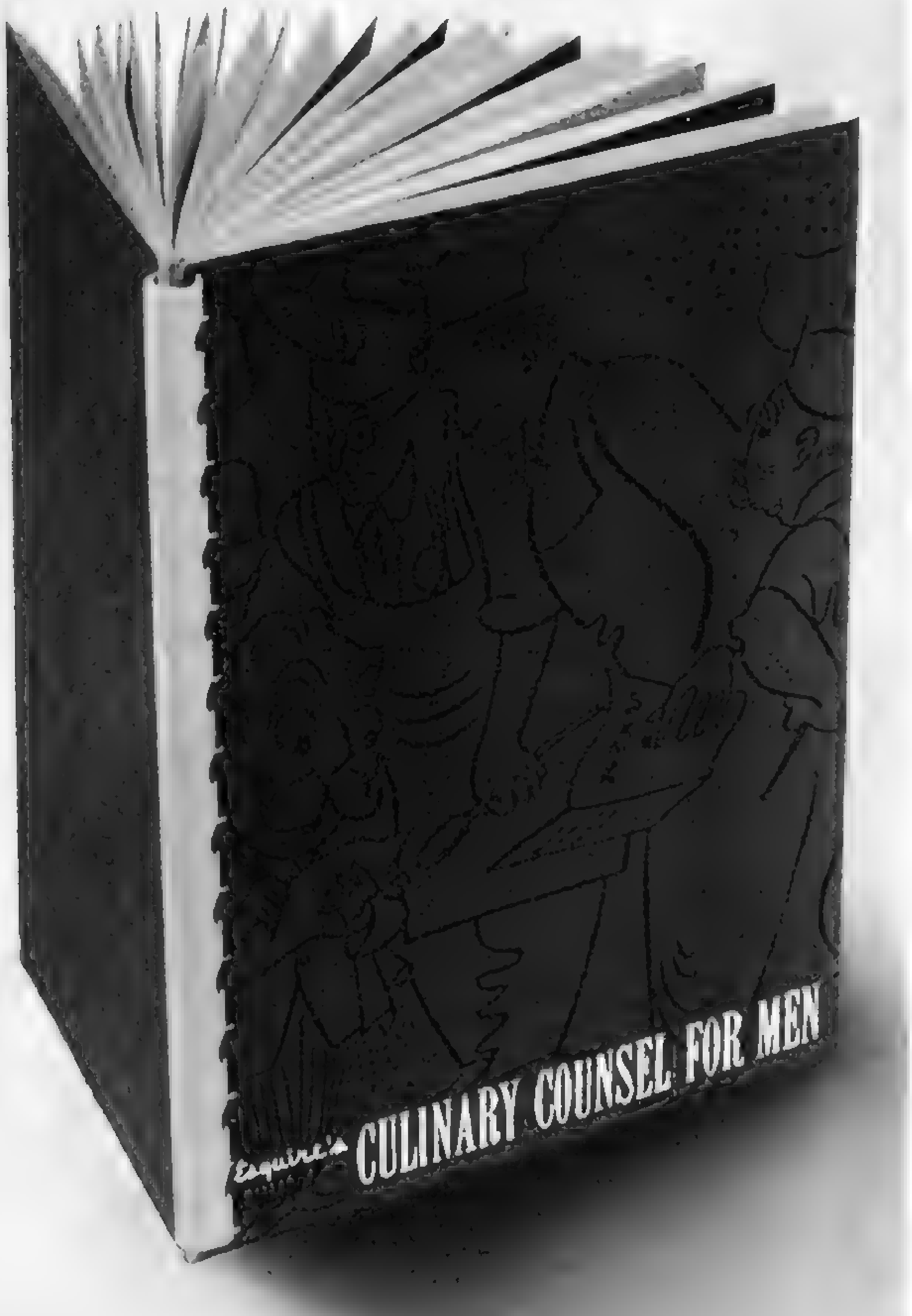


Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE'S 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint. This is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

50 cents in stamps brings you ESQUIRE'S authentic "culinary counsel for men".

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FOR BRIDES TO BE

Not least in the well-planned wedding is a carefully preplanned wedding cake. The specialty of a well-known caterer in town is a floral wedding cake, smooth icing all over the top and sides, each perfect cake decorated with icing flowers so realistic you instinctively inhale them. Roses, daffodils, forget-me-nots; name your flower. Or you might have baby wedding bells—white lilies of the valley—correct in every detail of tiny blossom, green stems and leaves. The flowers are informally spread over a large area of the cake, and flow over to the iced plaque on which the cake rests. The same firm will construct a bridesmaid's bouquet to match the cake, also in icing flowers complete with white, lace paper frill and trailing satin ribbons, looped and knotted. Realistic flowers bloom on cup cakes, too, the icing blossoms, in contrasting colors, crowning a thoroughly edible little cake. Each is made to order by a flower cake specialist and no two are alike. Forty-eight hours' notice is required however. The cake under the blossoms may be a mellow fruit cake, rich with candied fruits, nuts, spices and brandy, a golden pound cake, or white or golden layer cake.

For events, leading up to the wedding—bridal showers, teas, luncheons and such there's the sweetheart cake. It is formed by two entwined hearts which is rather whimsical but none-the-less effective. For small weddings they turn out lavishly decorated single tier cakes.

PRETTY PICKENS

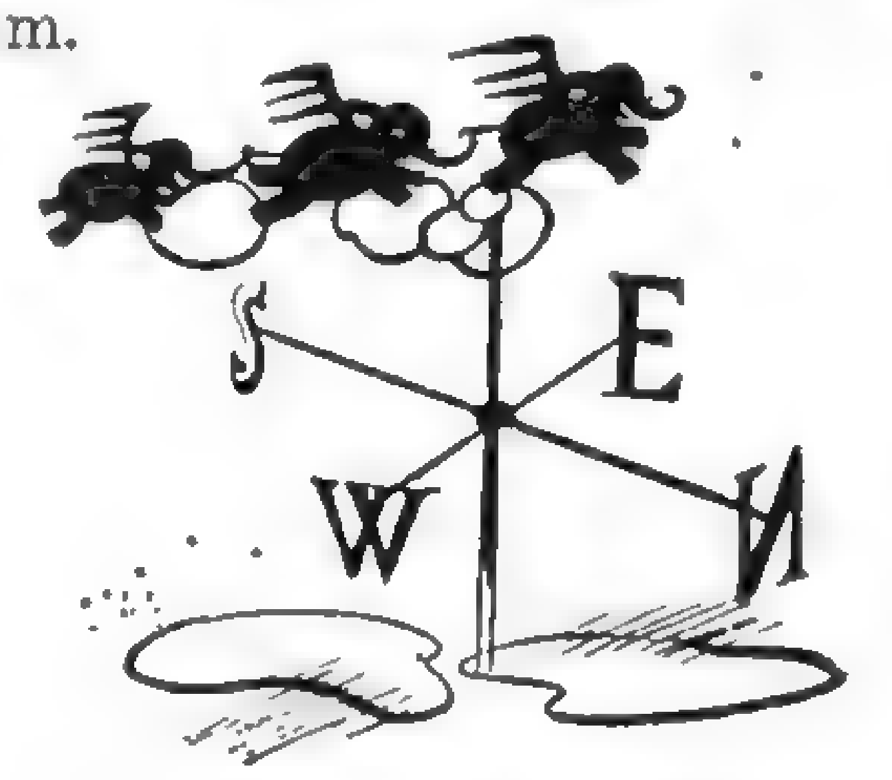
Short time ago, the Plaza's Persian Room found itself playing host to divas as well as dancers. Chief reason for this operatic visitation from the Metropolitan seemed to be one Jane Pickens, rendering "I can't give you anything but love, baby" as Wagner or Donizetti might have written it. For Jane is a gal who is equally at ease whether she is doing operatic arias or swing . . . and is one of the few singers who can adjust her voice to either soprano or mezzo-soprano keys. She has worked hard, a product of Philadelphia's famed Curtis Institute and New York's Julliard School of Music. Her talent was such that she received two scholarships to Curtis and three Julliard fellowships. Madame Flagstad is fascinated by Jane's versatility and the way she has gone from radio to musical comedy to night club . . . successfully. Her next step, Jane claims, is opera.

YOU'LL REALLY RATE WITH THE BRIDE

Your best friend is getting married. Not only do you give up shared evenings of bachelor bliss, but you also rise gallantly to the occasion and give up something swell in the line of a wedding gift. Here's how you get to be the best friend of the family. Someone comes through with silverware, of course, but you, original as always, donate table ware—forks, spoons, and knives—of glass, unbreakable, clear and pure as crystal. In good modern design, they're particularly appropriate for the summer months because of their lightness and coolness. This is the type of gift that gets luncheon or dinner (and you) off to a good start.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR

The gentle rose is certainly more appealing than the full-blown cabbage. And while we could possibly write a very short poem about a garlic-fragrant salad, we can think of nothing less conducive to romance than an unmistakable knowledge that, though dinner's done, the cooking odors linger on. For overcoming this hazard there's a little gadget, filled with pellets, which snaps on to the electric light bulb. In a very few moments your living room is pleasantly permeated with the odor of unseen flowers. Lilac, honeysuckle, jasmin, rose; choose your own weapon. Each one is death dealing to mundane kitchen bouquets. There's even an oriental lure for them that baits that kind of trap. Of course, if he's the kind of fresh air fiend who's likely to spring to the window, or out of it, better stick to pine or balsam.



DRESSING THE ROOF

Time neglects few things in its march towards a brighter, shining world. Even the poor old weather vane, whose only function was to squeak, rattle, and rust up on the roof of the barn, has been modernized. The new vanes are rust proof and permanent, and are quite definitely a handsome addition to any house. The vane itself is of glistening aluminum and has a brass standard. They come in designs ranging from flying elephants (for Vermont and Maine) to China Clippers.

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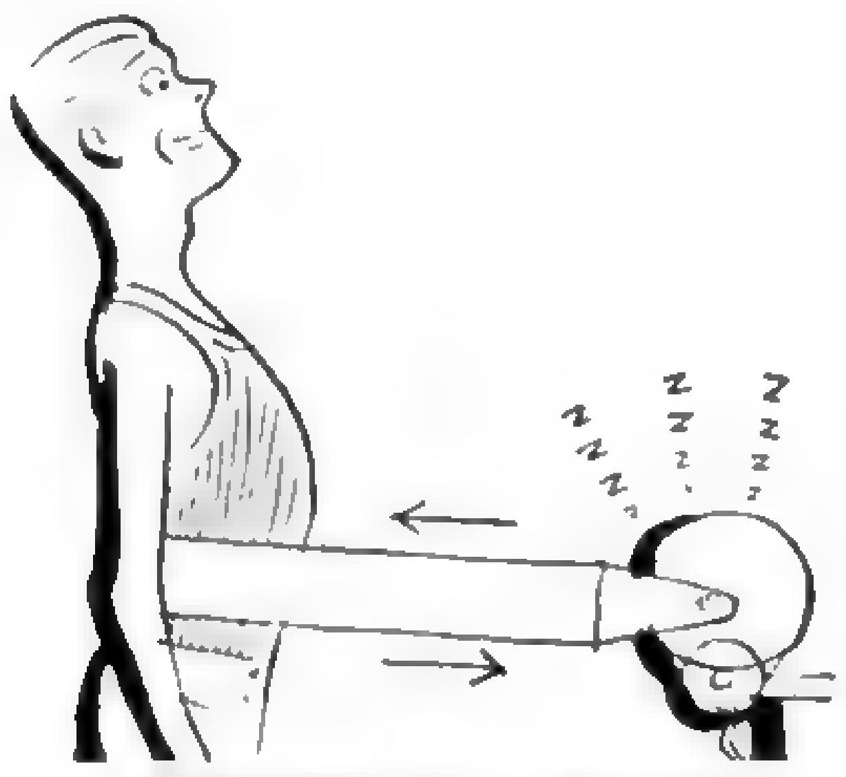
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BERMUDA ON THE OLD VANDERBILT HIGHWAY

A few years ago the City set aside ten miles of the old Vanderbilt Highway out at Alley Pond, Long Island, for the exclusive use of bicycles. Whether or not our municipal government had an eye on the World's Fair in so doing we don't know, but that ten miles is proving a very popular stretch of road this summer. It's very close to the Fair Grounds, and is the only automobile road in the world reserved for bicyclists alone. Theatrical companies charter twenty to thirty bikes at a clip for their dancers and many corporations reserve certain evenings for the use of their officers. It seems that New York is gradually learning the value of bicycling as exercise as it's not too strenuous, and is also helpful in weight reduction. Society is taking a hand in it too, for local debutantes, Junior Leaguers and various other socialites often go out to the Old Vanderbilt for picnicking and bicycle races. Bike polo has been tried out twice to date with considerable success. The vehicles rent for a very nominal fee on an hourly basis.



EFFORTLESS EFFORT

In case you can't get out to Long Island for the bicycling mentioned above, there's a store in New York that will bring exercise to you, right in your home. They have a great many different types of exercisers and reducers on hand, many of which are portable, lightweight and inexpensive. These can be used anywhere in the house—clamped to a door or set up on the table—and are quiet, compact and easily tucked away. The machines are excellent for any number of uses—reducing, "effortless" exercise, vibratory manipulation, mechanical massage or muscle building. They pleasantly and simply solve the problems of portly ladies worried about their girth, or of the athlete who hasn't time for squash to keep him in shape.

THE GUY THAT PUT THE "CRY" IN DOLLS

You've heard about the guy who put the noise in noodle soup. The other day we went through a factory that puts the cries in dolls, to say nothing of eyes, tongues and teeth. The firm turns out millions of doll parts a year. Doll-eye making is a real engineering feat, requiring fine precision work. To the eye-maker, eyes are not merely blue or brown; there are side-rolling eyes, sleeping eyes, the glacé eye (which looks like glass), the glassine eye and the metal eye . . . all different in price and construction. 350 employees work on eyes alone, and it takes 40 operations to turn out one pair of rolling eyes. A girl does nothing but sit all day matching the eyes when they come through to see that they are uniform in color; another cuts up human hair (all imported and passed under rigid sanitary inspection) for long, luxurious doll lashes. The eyes for the famous quintuplet dolls came out of this factory, and they also intended making eyes for Charlie McCarthy, but abandoned the idea. Dolls with rubber heads have different eyes than dolls with unbreakable heads. Another section of the factory works on tongues and teeth . . . these are invariably combined. We found it a bit disconcerting to look into mammoth boxes filled with thousands of little red tongues and thousands of white teeth.

In the "cry" division, an impassive looking gent does nothing but test the vocal power in a contraption which goes into the doll's interior. If the wail does not properly express the infanthood of America, back it goes for readjustment. The same company also thought up the well-known "drinking-wetting" baby doll combination.

TAN—POST HASTE AND PAINLESS

There's a lot to be said, for a sun tan oil that entices a healthy glowing tan and doesn't stain swim suits in the process. We found a new one the other day that does these things and lots more besides. It made its debut in Miami last winter and was outstandingly successful. The tan it acquires for you (if you cooperate by staying on the beach for two consecutive minutes) lasts an unusually long time. It is not sticky, won't pick up sand, and, as it has no alcoholic content, won't irritate the skin. It has been most popular with those whose short vacations necessitate the acquisition of a painless tan with all possible haste.

Ranger

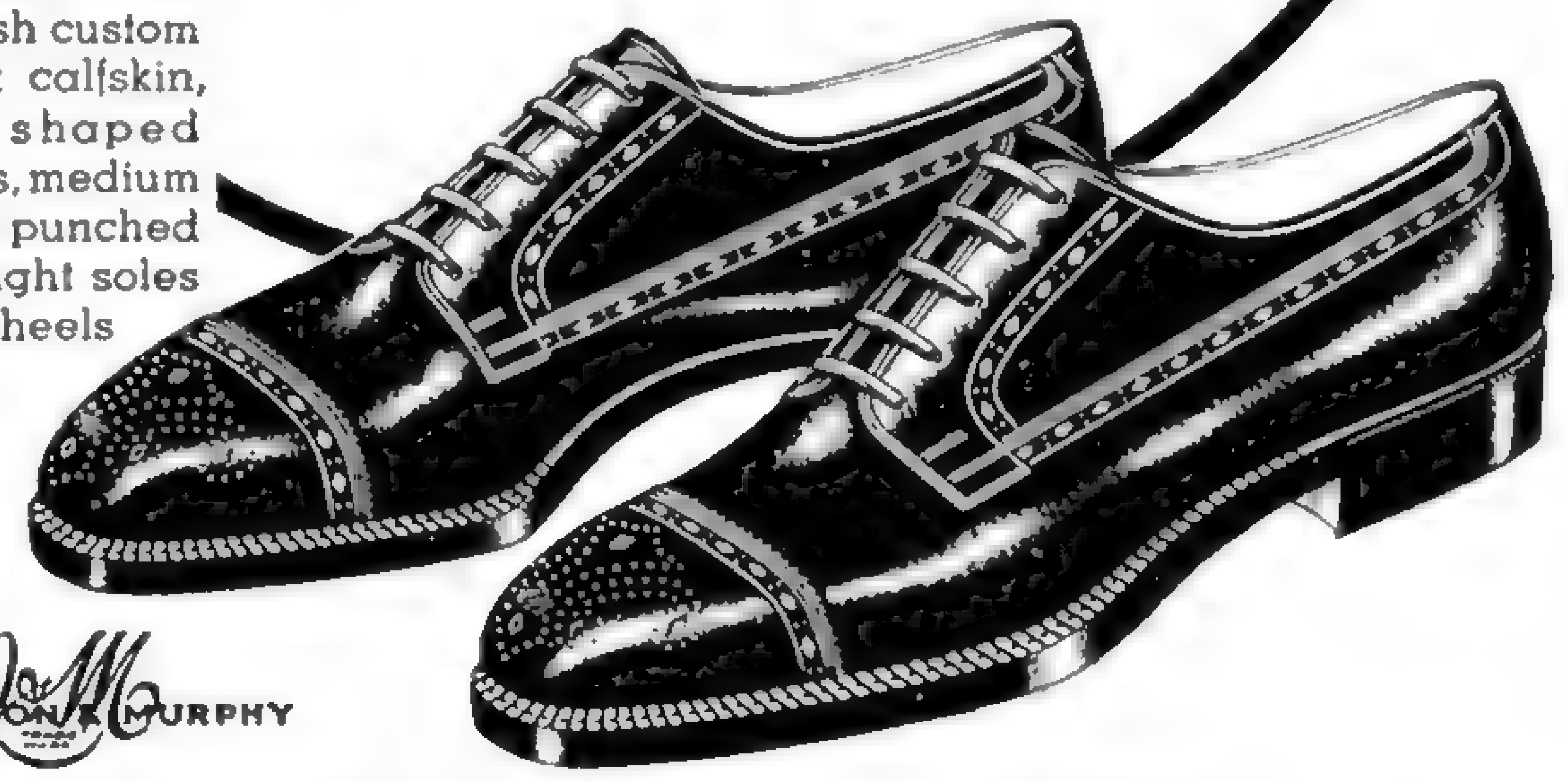
WHITEHOUSE AND HARDY

THE DIAMOND BO-LO
a new Whitehouse & Hardy shoe

Esquires attention! Here's a newly designed Whitehouse & Hardy shoe that will set the pace for smart visitors at the World's Fair . . . and at exclusive clubs, hotels and beaches this summer. It's the Diamond Bo-Lo. Like all Whitehouse & Hardy shoes it is long-wearing and exclusively styled. Built by Johnston & Murphy, world-famed shoe craftsmen. Write Dept. E-5 for free illustrated style folder.

The Diamond Bo-Lo
A new Blucher oxford on an English custom last, Russia calfskin, diamond shaped perforations, medium toe, straight punched tip, overweight soles and leather heels

Whitehouse & Hardy shoes built by Johnston & Murphy $12.50 up.



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WHO HAVE PUT ON
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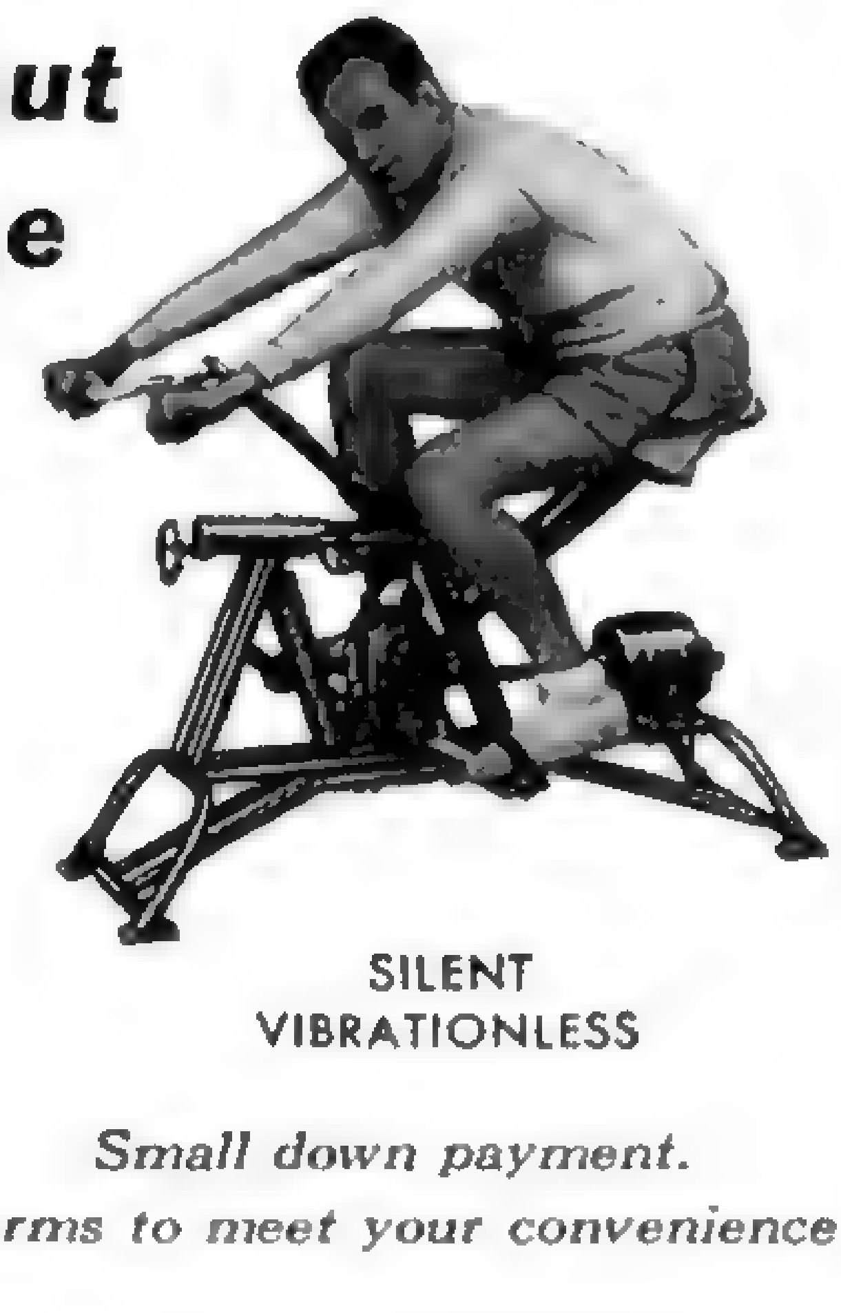
*Let*EXERCYCLE put you back in college condition*



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How'd you like to be in the shape you were in college? Paunch gone, muscles firm, feeling once again like a million dollars? Fifteen minutes a day on EXERCYCLE will do it. "I lost 30 pounds in seven weeks," writes a former track star, *"and for the first time have gotten back my college weight."*

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Boston's most unique cocktail salon and the center of social activities.

Bert Lowe—and his music

- **DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT**

No Cover Charge—No Minimum Charge

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BOSTON

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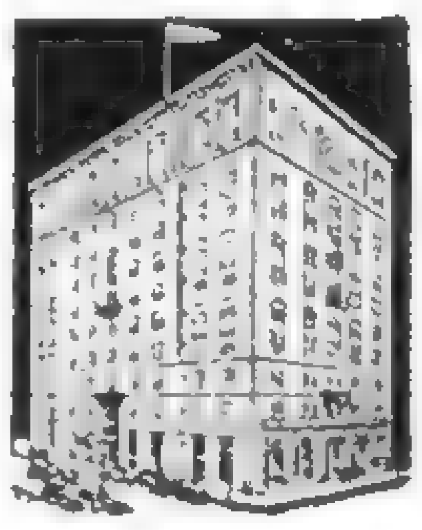
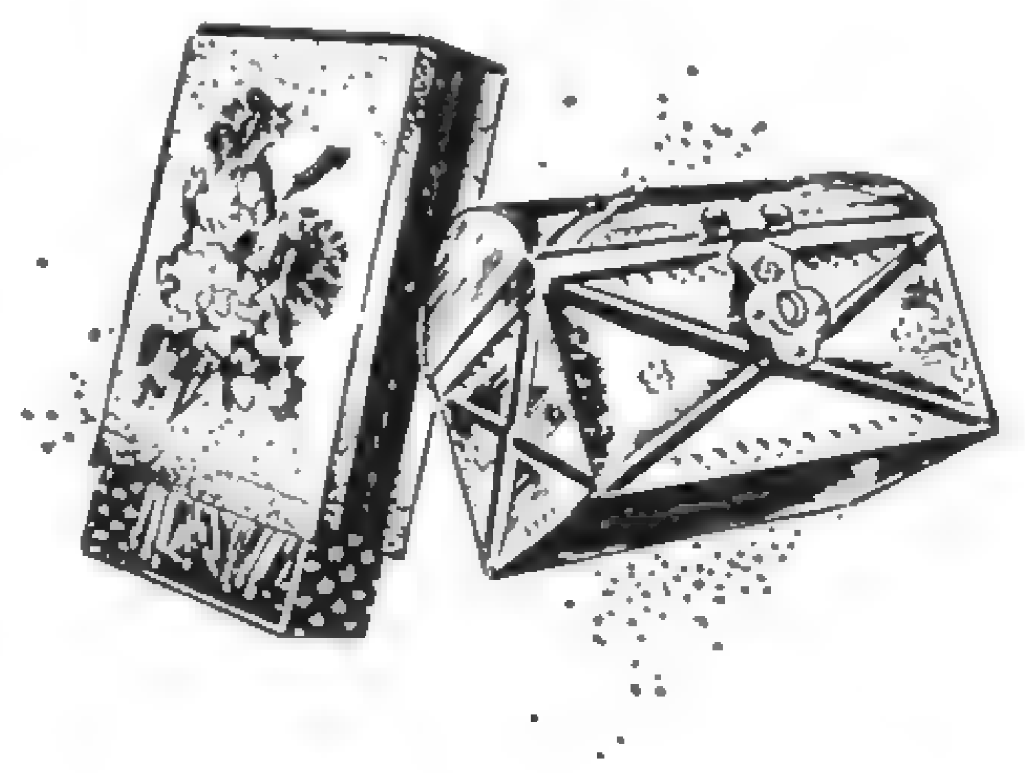


MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SEDENTARY SPORTSMEN

Chess players from way back will dote on a new game called Helios, a game of skill which combines strategy with astrology. Each player uses 15 pieces, named after the ancient Gods of Greece. These are moved on the board in the manner of chess pieces . . . the object of the game being to eclipse an opponent's sun, or helios. To accomplish this, the sun must be put in a position on the board where it cannot move any place on the squares without being subject to capture. The 360 squares on the board are grouped into 12 fields forming a rectangle, in the center of which is placed an exact reproduction of the Zodiac, containing the 12 star signs of the Zodiac band. As the astronomers divide the Zodiac into 360 degrees, it is clear that the squares of the board correspond to the degrees of the Zodiac. University professors are taking this up in a big way, we hear. No game for bird minds; you have to use the old bean on this one.

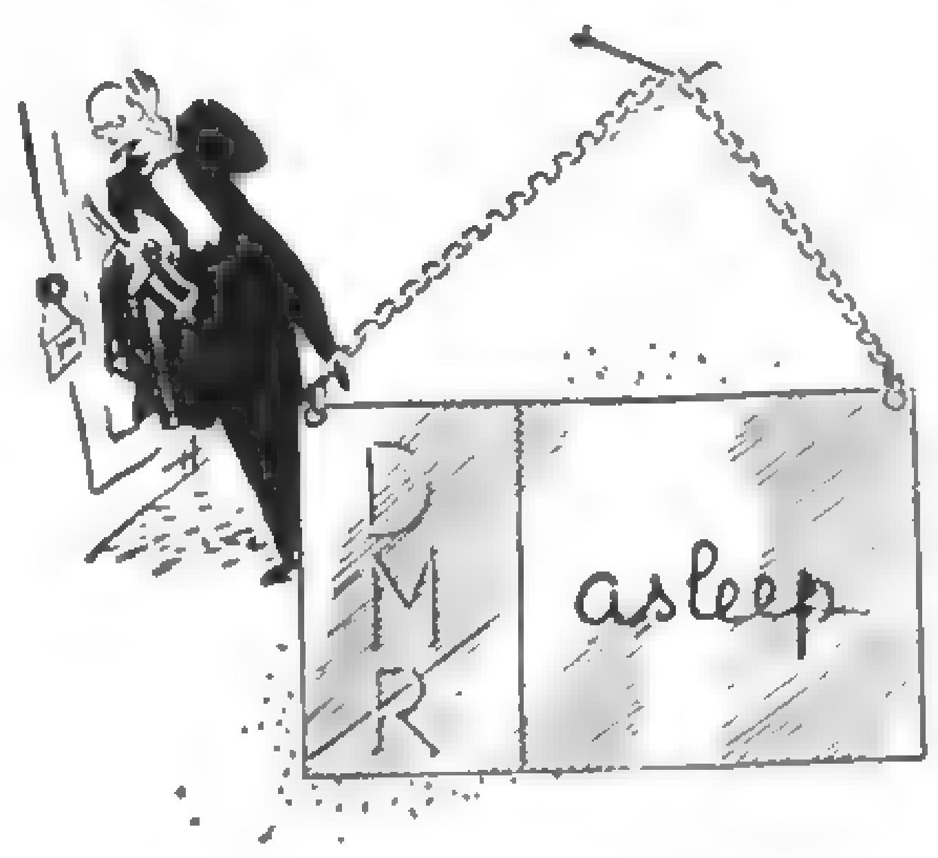


KITCHEN MATCHES IN THE LIVING ROOM

A lot of people are using those big wooden kitchen matches . . . which of course, brings us to the subject of proper containers to hold same. At the left we have gay star studded paper covered sides and a floral painted metal top. The other box is a product of Mexico . . . a bright little number in tin. Holds lots of lucifers, too.

EXERCISE MAT

Home exercising has become a fetish with many a man lately, and it's a good thing too—especially for the city and apartment dweller who hasn't gotten around to joining a gymnasium. There's a new 3′ x 6′ exercise mat that simplifies the problem of these home acrobatics. It's made of bubble filled rubber with a smooth, solid surface, which gives an extra bounce or two to your own exertions. It is kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth and rolls up tightly for storing away in the closet. Very practical, no?



"DO NOT DISTURB"

If you are looking for a nice inexpensive gift to give the groom at his bachelor dinner, how about a little pewter plaque, engraved with his or his bride's initials in one corner, and across the rest of the rectangle, the single word "Sleeping." This is the streamlined version of the cardboard "do not disturb" sign which has hung on the doors of so many hostelry rooms for so many years. Another sign simply says "sleeping" etched in pewter and hung on the knob by a metal chain.

PORTABLE BARBECUE

Informal entertaining, more than any other type of party-giving, demands new and original ideas to be successful. If you're committed to giving an informal dinner, and haven't been able to dream up any new angles, the brand new portable barbecue will furnish the necessary novelty and a very tasty meal besides. It's a comely contraption with a frame of hand-wrought iron, and skewer rods and drip pan of stainless steel. Mount your roast or fowl on the skewers, work up a good wood fire, placing the barbecue in front of the fireplace, and then flip the electric switch. The meat, turning over, cooks from two to three hours, according to your fire and taste. Gastronomically speaking, the results of this modern adaptation of the age-old rotisserie method of cooking are little short of nectareous.

OFF THE HOOK

Where do you hang your sweater when in the process of disrobing — on a hook? We thought so. And how about the aggravating bump that results, that unsightly tuft of sweater which won't disappear no matter how vigorously you poke it? A new, handsome brass wall bracket takes care of that. There's a loop to pull your sweater through, and in addition a hook for your coat and one for your hat.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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Right, GOB WIKIES, satin Lastex, bow trim. Quick-drying! Worn by Thomas Beck, film star $3.95

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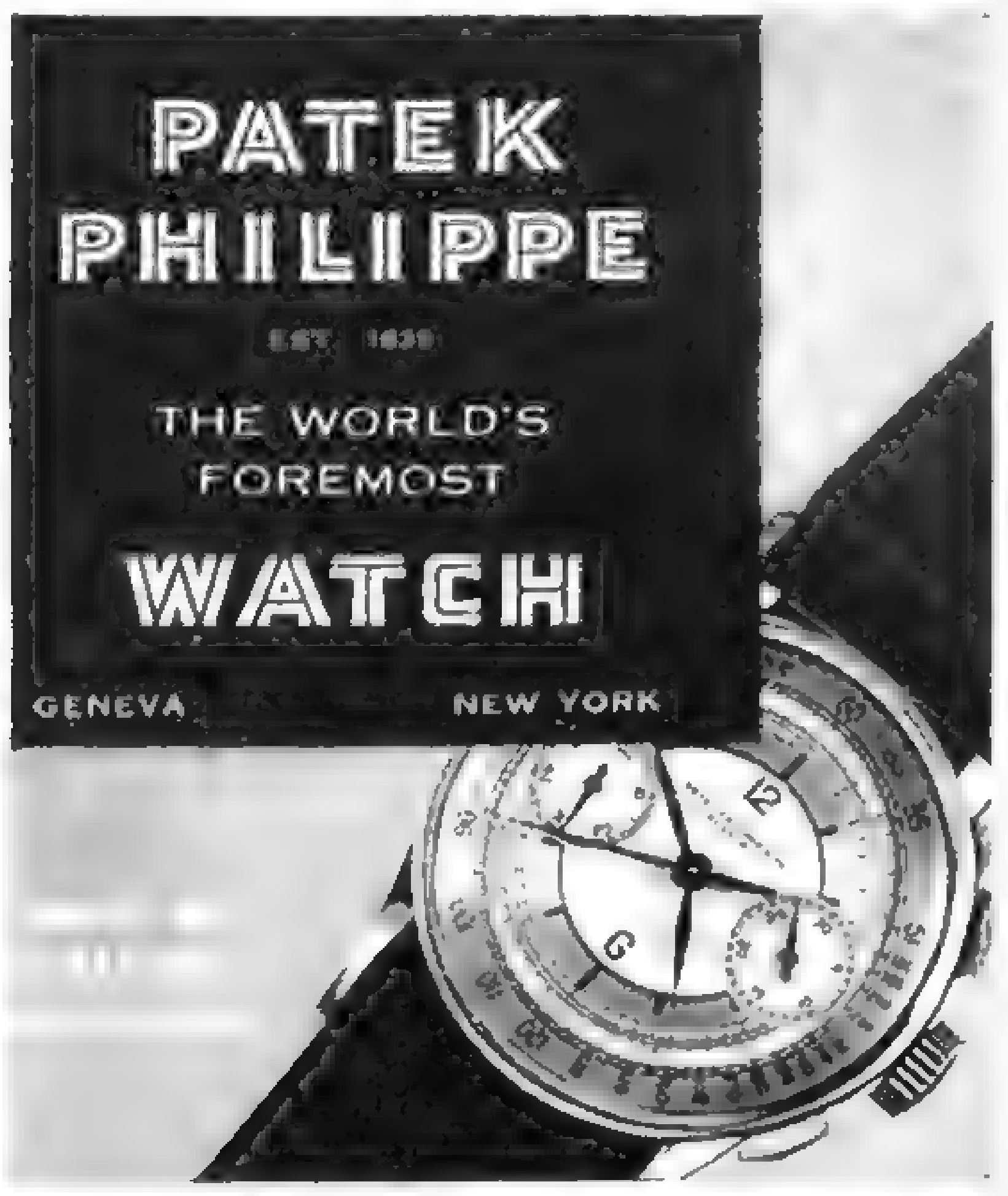

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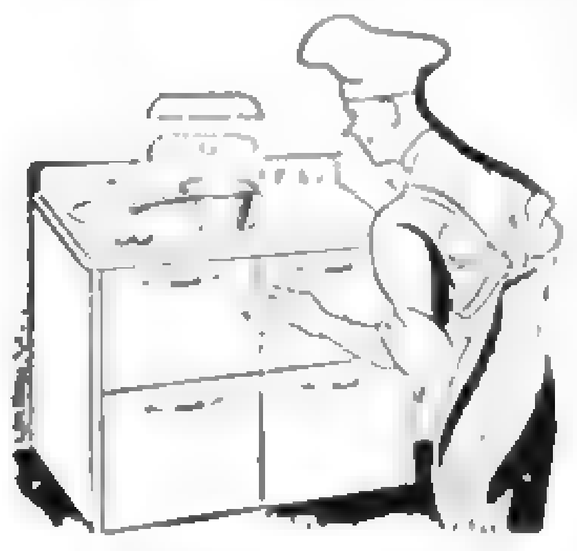
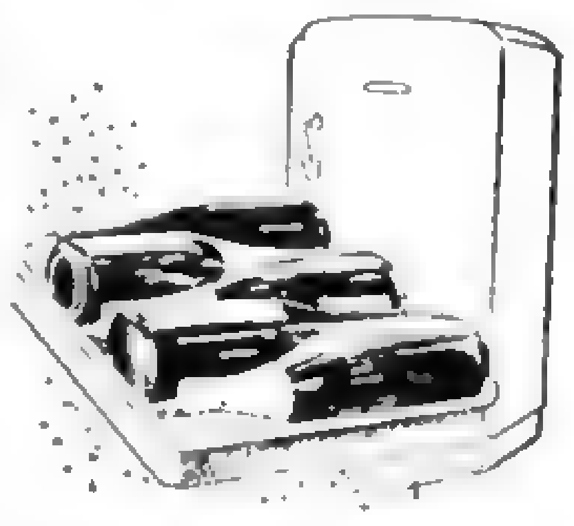
WHAT EVERY GROOM SHOULD KNOW. Judging from the number of requests we're getting for "Grooms To Be", Esquire's book on wedding etiquette, the boys are apparently following through in great style this season. We rejoice to see Romance lead to the Altar. We've been questioning some well seasoned grooms who tell us that, contrary to the popular concept, the most important room in the house is the *kitchen*. What comes out of it in the way of edibles, depends upon what you put into it in the way of modern equipment. For instance:



THE NEW ELECTRIC RANGE . . . practically foolproof, even in the face of your bride's virgin efforts at cooking. Highly specialized with 3 ovens, a speed oven, a large master oven and a super-broiler which gives your rare steak a blast of brown on the outside. Rows of different colored lights flash on to tell her exactly what degree of heat she's using on top of the stove, even the oven has its own electric sign above the switches, so if the bride forgets, the range remembers.



PEDIGREED PRESERVATION. One make of electric refrigerator goes in for what they call selective air conditions, which means you can store different types of food in conditions best suited to their individual requirements. Meats go in one compartment, vegetables remain crisp but not frozen in a cold storage compartment; and to take care of the frosted foods, which are such a factor in modern living, there's a frozen storage compartment which keeps the foods in a sub-freezing temperature. As for you, Monsieur, no more wrestling with ice cubes, a new gadget makes for quick extraction without a struggle, and there's a large bottle-width chiller which rapidly cools your beverages. Another make of electric refrigerator has a double set of doors . . . the inner door is fitted with shelves which brings the foods you use the most, up to the front without the bother of groping in the rear. When you want something in the rear, a touch of the door lever opens both outer and inner doors, putting the foods stored in back right at your finger tips. Then there's the refrigerator with the "cold wall," a solid glass partition dividing the cabinet into two compartments. Theory being that highly perishable foods prolong their original freshness and retain rich nutritional values. The lower compartment is refrigerated directly through the walls by concealed refrigerating coils, no moisture robbing air circulation.

"WE SING OF THE ORGAN ELECTRIC". . . a wedding or anniversary present in the grand manner. A new musical instrument that is proving to be all things to all men! Looks like a spinet, has a single manual keyboard of 72 notes, is played as a piano, yet its volume is controlled by a swell pedal similar to that of an organ, while its tones are produced electrically by means of circuits of ordinary vacuum tubes. They may have laughed when you stepped to the instrument, but when you started to play, they cheered. Because if you learned to play a piano, you can improvise to your heart's content on this . . . work a little hurdy gurdy effect into a bit of Haydn; turn out a sentimental Aloha via the Hawaiian steel guitar; put a little marimba into Martha, or with a blurt of bassoon, turn your Bach into a flat foot fuguey. This versatile invention is already making its appearance in smart hotels and nightclubs, they tell us, as well as being the life of the party in our better homes.

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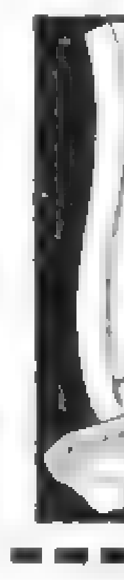

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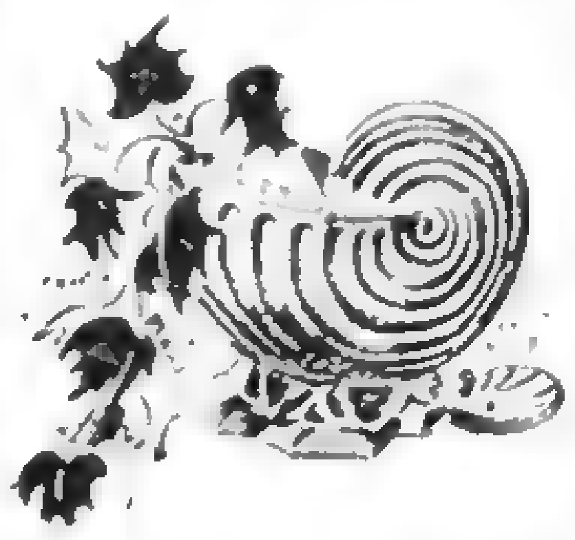
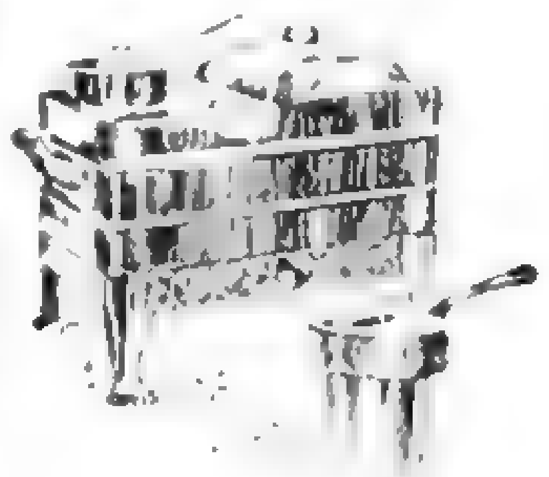
"THE WEDDING GUEST HE BEAT HIS BREAST". . . probably because before the days of Esquire, finding a suitable wedding present was one of life's major problems. If you would give an unusual gift, there's the old English shell, in fine porcelain or Sheffield plate. In the olden days, the Britisher filled the shell with boiling water and used the receptacle as a heater-upper for his hot toddy spoon. Modern folk, we understand, use the shells as silent butlers for ashes, flower holders or just as ornaments. But we like to think of them filled with fine silver spoons, heating quietly for our grog. Another charming gift for those who appreciate antiquity . . . a pair of brass wall pockets, anno Domini 1756, to hold ivy. And how about a pair of novel salts and peppers made in the shape of a judge's gavel, walnut handles and gavel part in silver or untarnishable metal. And for the "autocrat of the breakfast table". . . a silver-plated holder with side racks which hold divers pieces of toast . . . a marmalade jar and butter dish in English Coleport china; or an after dinner coffee service with English plate rack of silver plate holding a half-dozen Coleport demi-tasses, saucers and silver plated spoons. Compact and ingenious.

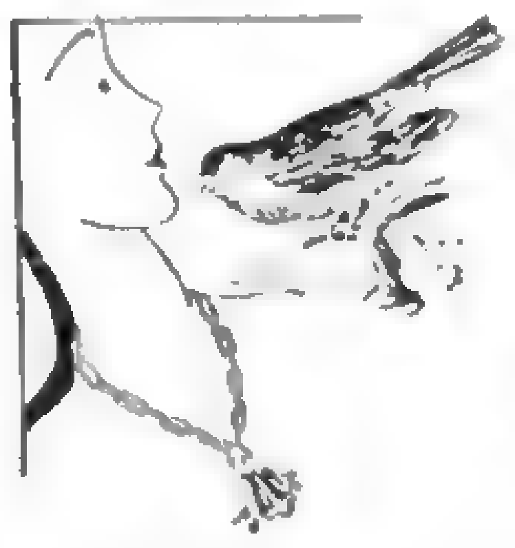


COPPER FOR COOKS. A beautiful, burnished chafing dish and bain marie (double boiler in U.S.A.) combination in which you get two vegetable pots and one block tin-lined meat pan with a high cover. The type who go in for buffets and brunches will love these . . . or copper chafing dishes, crepe suzette outfits, marmite soup servers, etc. They all come electrified, or, if the recipients are the sort who go in for wood fireplaces, candles on the table and such, you can give them their copper utensils complete with ye old flickering blue alcohol flame.



COUPLES IN THE COUNTRY. If the happy pair is planning to start life in a country cottage or chateau, they might like an outdoor cocktail service table in pickled pine finish. The affair consists of a tall folding luggage rack type of stand, a large removable wooden tray into which fit two large glass bowls for salads (each bowl has a tightly fitting wooden top to keep out the birds and the bees). Then, in addition, there are four glass dishes for hors d'oeuvres, cheese or what you will. Nice for city or country is an English mahogany double-tier bar table which can be wheeled about with a touch of the finger. Novel part of this is the fact that the bottom shelf can be raised up via chromium hinges, till it's on a level with the top part of the table. Whole thing clicks firmly into place if you want a larger surface. Even if the bottom shelf is loaded with glassware, it doesn't spill in transit. A fine thing.

IF THERE'S A "SWEET GIRL GRAD" IN YOUR LIFE. Hithertofore, china and glass have usually been associated with edibles . . . but now, we have it, they are being used for female personal adornment. To wit: very large, life size sprays of flowers, lilies, blue bells, etc., made of painted porcelain to be worn clipped to a lapel or gracing a comely chest. Or quite large painted porcelain birds on a metal perch, brooch style. A compact for powder made of pale blond sycamore wood, hand carved in modern didoes. Big around as a pancake and light as a thistle. Earrings, necklaces and bracelets of hand-blown glass. A bunch of multicolored glass bubbles strung on a cord; a bracelet made up of rows of hand-blown glass chickens; a necklace of glass links with morning-glory pendant . . . flower earrings to match. Hatpins with tops of globular glass filled with perfume sealed by a colored glass stopper.



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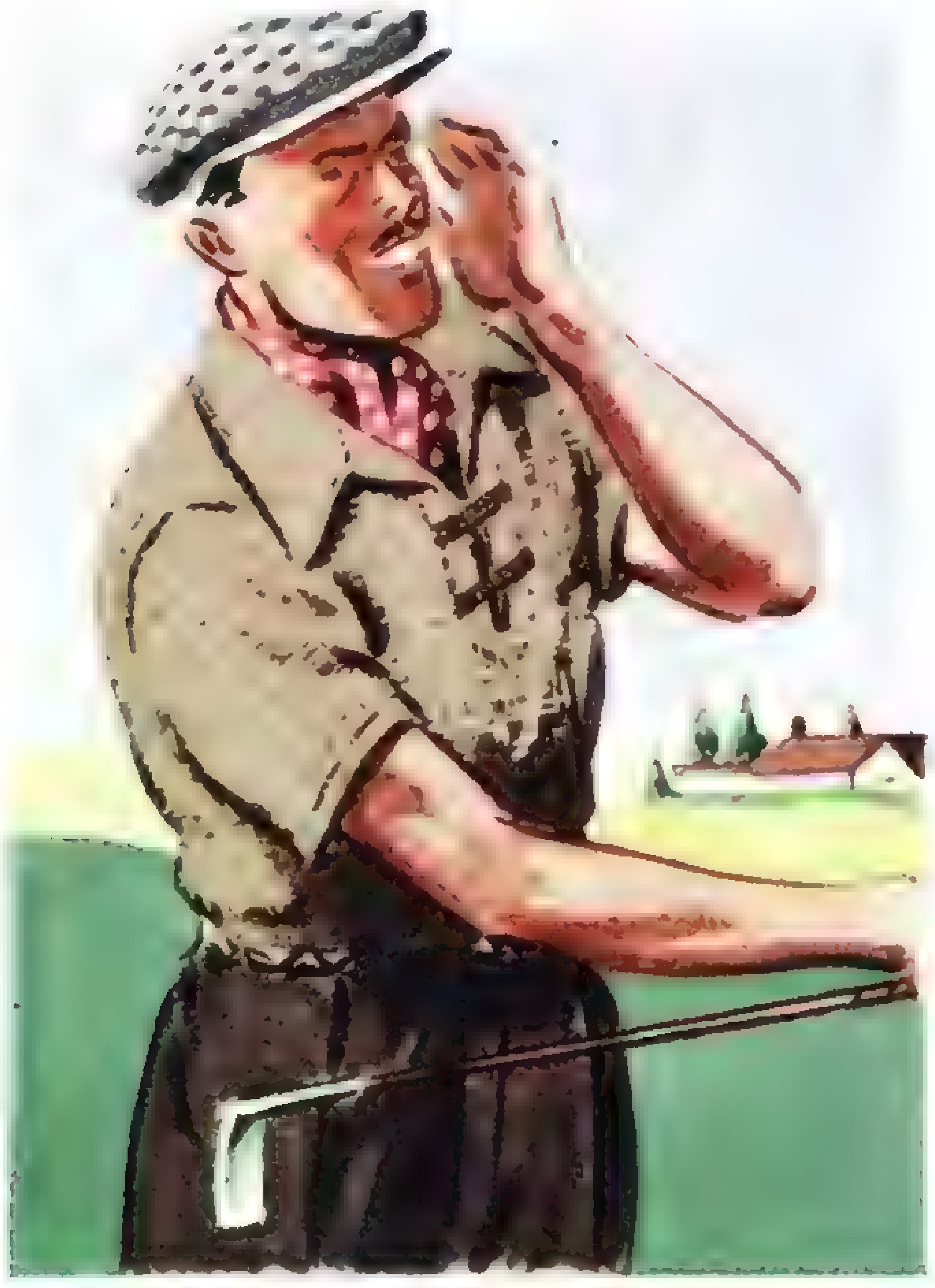
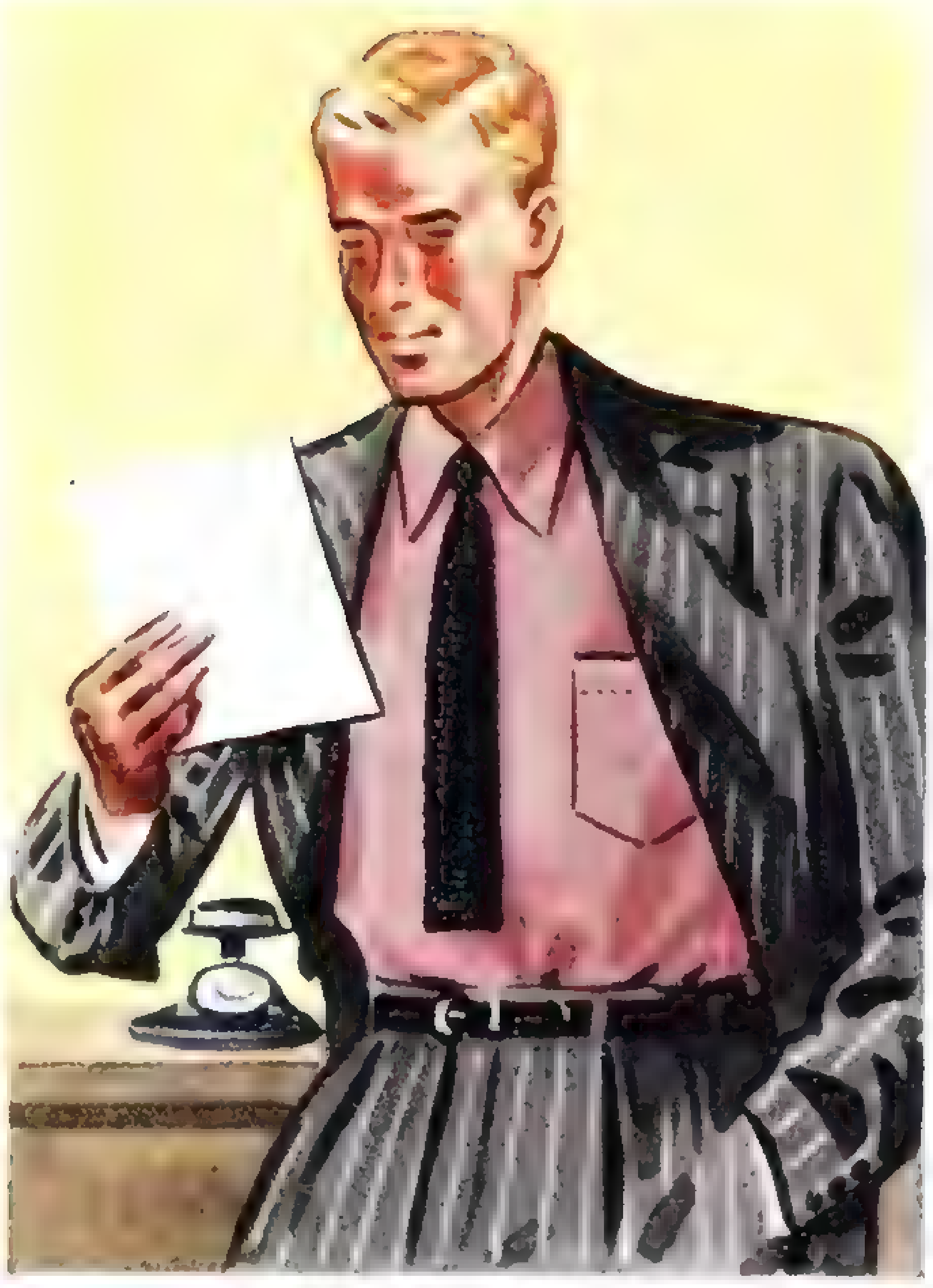
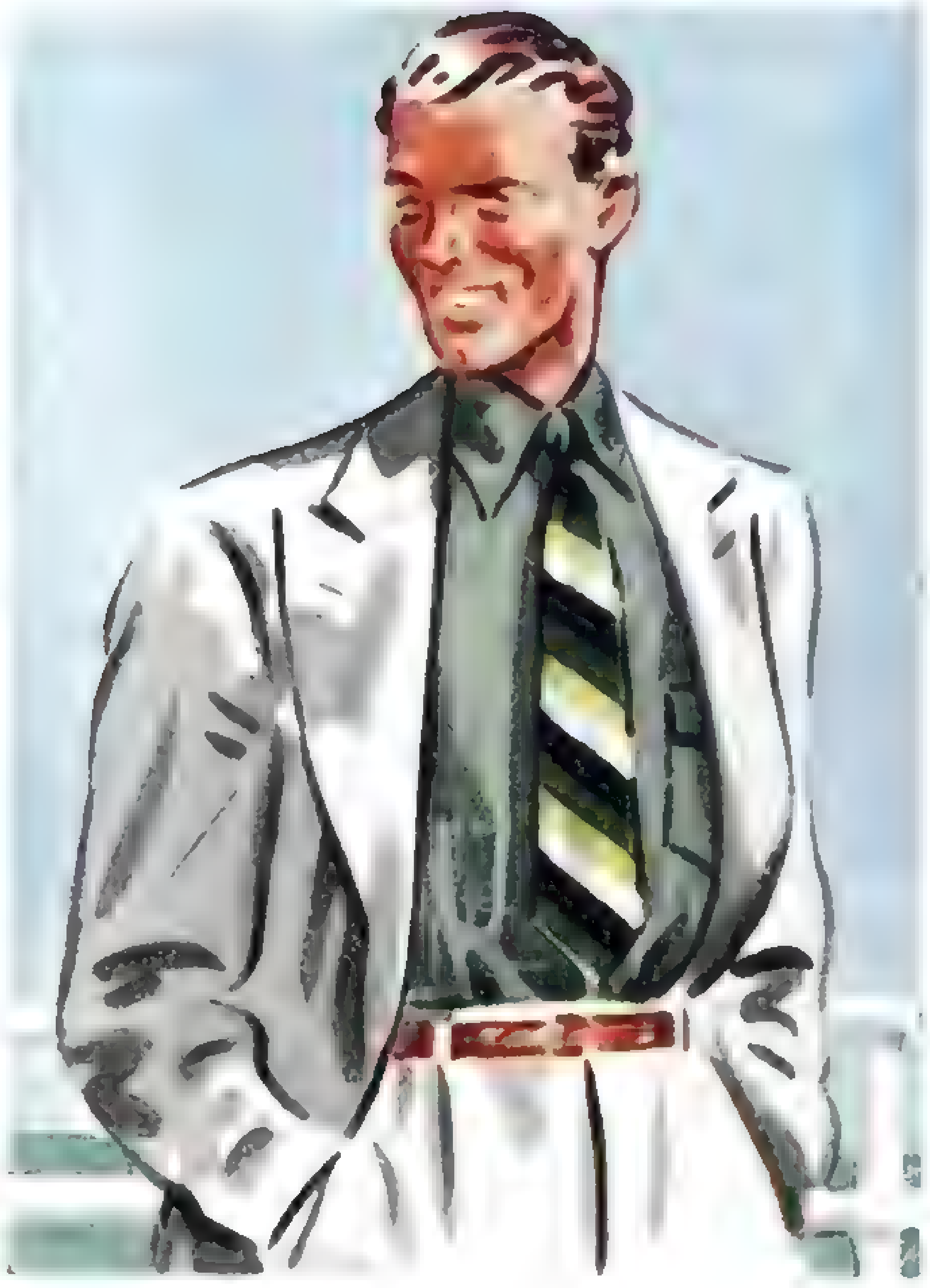


FOR ACTIVE SPORT—Ruggers shirt in boxweave Hopsacking with simulated, washable pigskin trim and gold-plated buckle. Wear it tucked in or bloused outside your slacks. Only **$2.**



FOR TOWN—Choose this cool, handsome Ruggers shirt. Tailored of airy *Feather Pongee in solid colors. New B. V. D. improved band collar permits wear with or without tie. The price? **$1.**



FOR SUMMER SUITS—Cool companion to your flannels and tweeds is this Ruggers shirt in zephyr-light Slub Hopsacking. Offered in five striking shades. Even its price is refreshing—**$1.**

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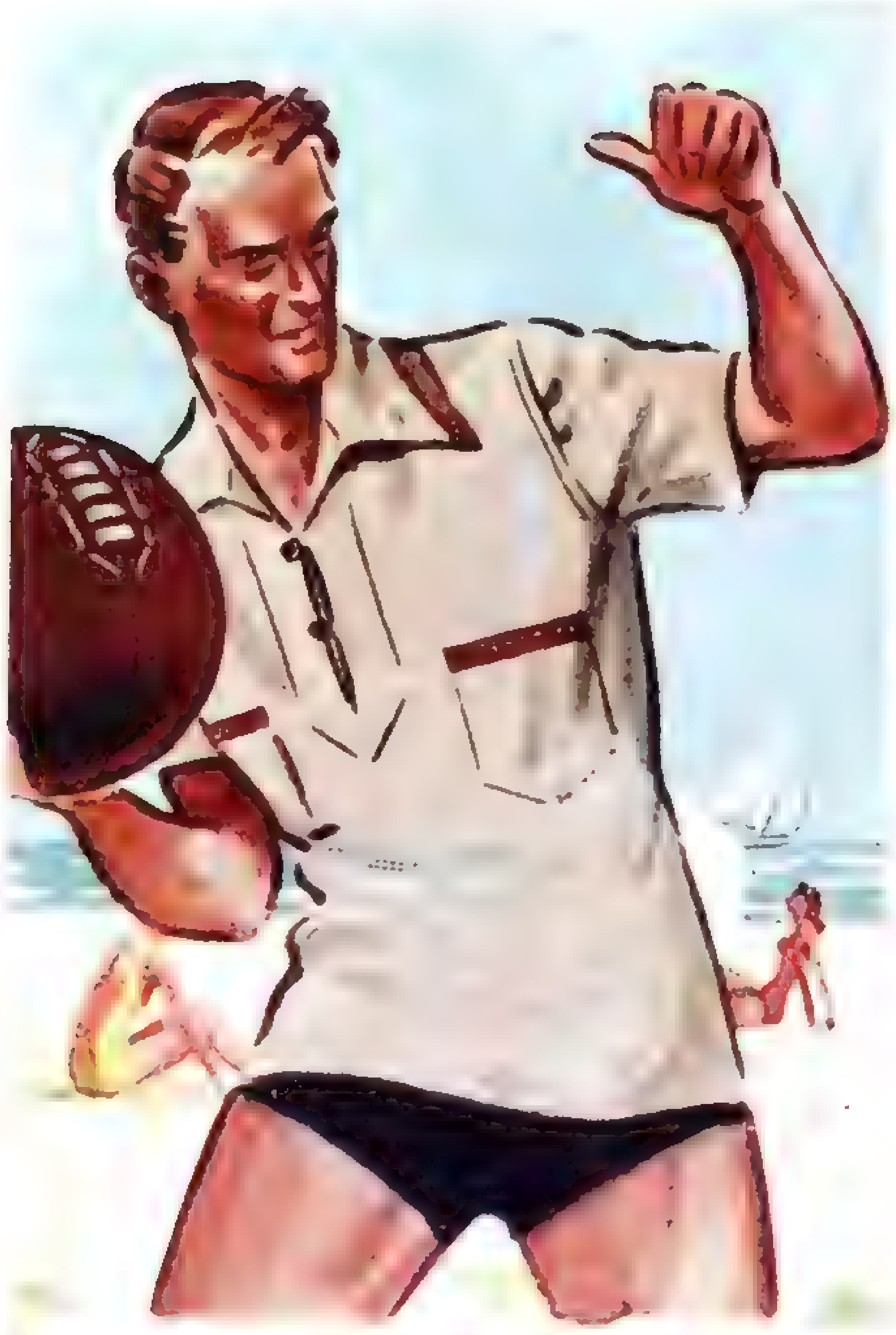

For town and country, for action and leisure—*Ruggers shirts by B. V. D. are the perfect Summer shirts! Smart enough to wear to the office—free-and-easy enough for active sports—priced so low you'll want at least half a dozen! You'll like the colorful patterns, the handsome fabrics in the new "Ruggers" shirts. You'll applaud the new improved band collar that eliminates bulging and wrinkling when you don a tie. Drop in and see the 1939 Ruggers shirts. They're at your favorite store now!

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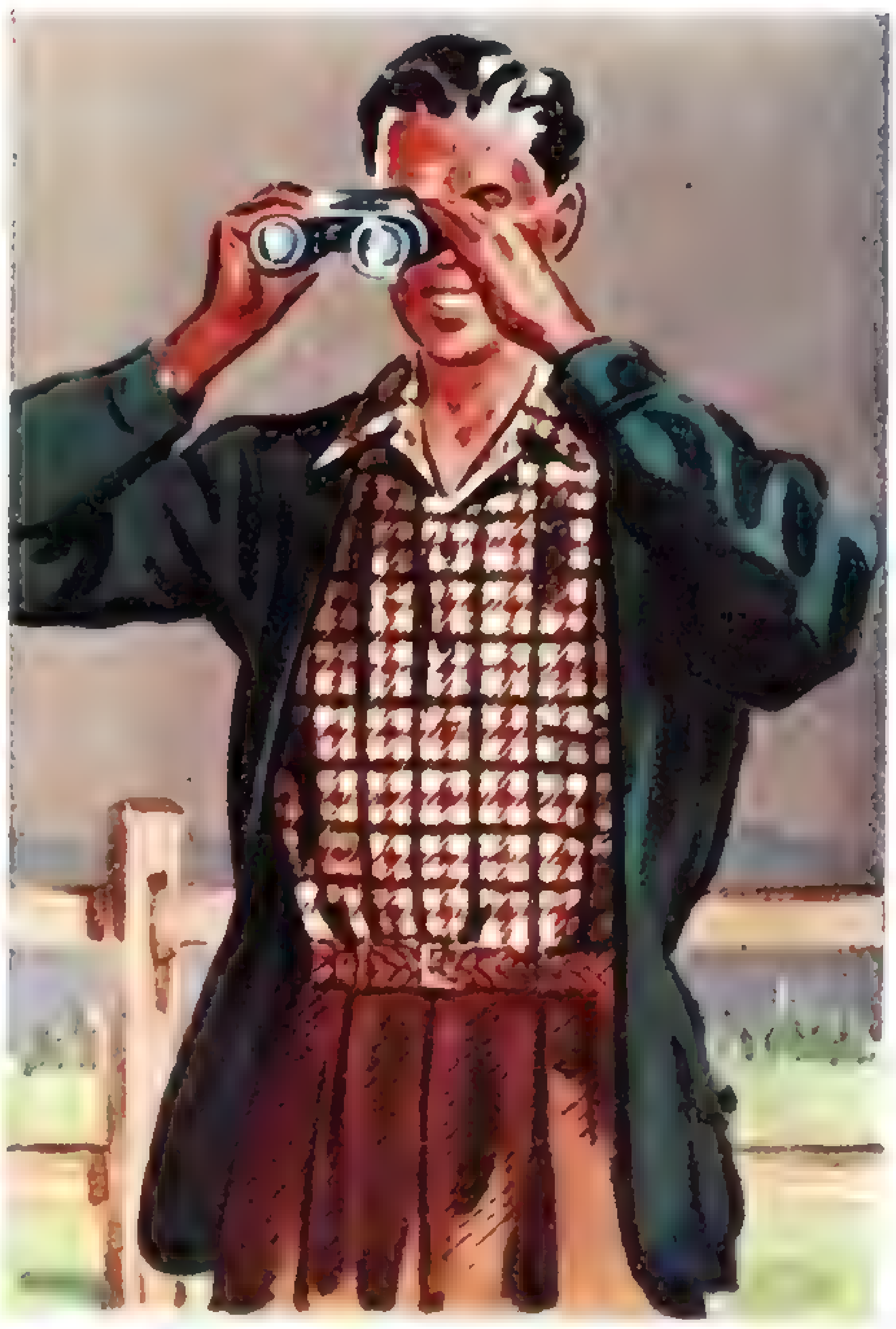

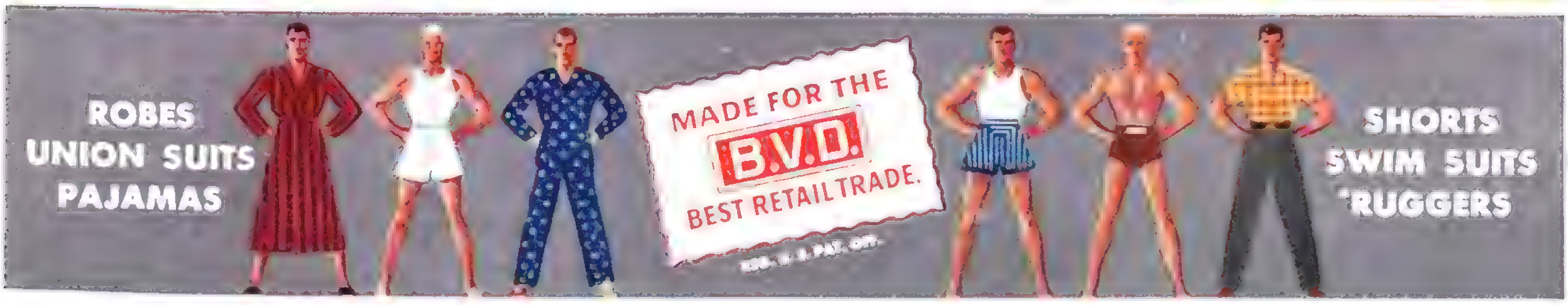

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Kent Sagendorph

KENT SAGENDORPH says his adventurous background in Europe and the Orient, in speedway racing, flying, and exploration had its natural aftermath in a long career in the pulp adventure magazines before he decided to confine his output to magazine features. He is doing a little lecturing these days on the general topic of adventure. He is the author of a biography of Ralph De Palma and a historian of the board tracks, the subject of *Hell on Wheels*, page 70.

•

NIALL SHERIDAN was born in 1912 and four years later, when wars were in progress, he made his first wisecrack. On being told of his grandmother's death, he promptly inquired: "Who shot her?" He says: "My favorite books are Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* and the *Racing Form Book*. But I have also collaborated in producing a volume of poems, edited student magazines, written dramatic criticism and commenced a book which will prove that only Irishmen and Americans can write English."

•

DAN WICKENDEN is twenty-six. He got his B. A., and a Phi Beta Kappa key, from Amherst College. He has appeared in *Story Magazine*, *Stage*, and the late *Vanity Fair* and published a novel called *The Running of the Deer*. He wrote publicity for the Columbia Broadcasting System for a couple of years and since that time he's been free-lancing. *Uncle Randolph's Buried Treasure*, page 46, is his pet story.

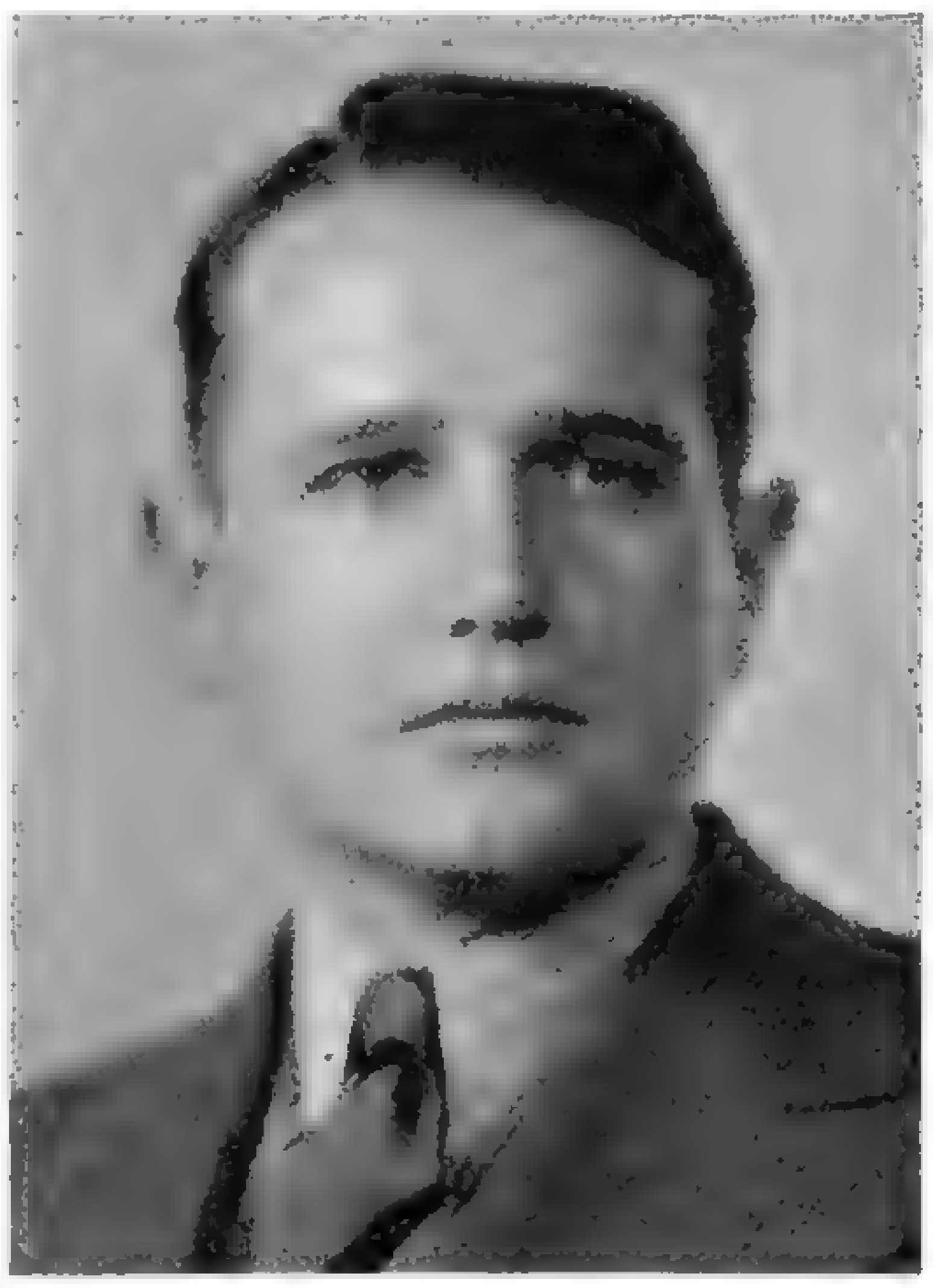
Dan Wickenden

•

Radiant Fatherhood might be regarded as a sequel to *What Shall I Tell My Father?* which E. S. BOSTWICK contributed a year or so ago. He reports he is very much alive and still groping. With an ulterior motive of the most selfish nature, he hopes he will live through many other adventures.

•

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY was born, and hopes to die, in Rockdale, Texas. He is twenty-eight years old. He says: "After spending three years in the freshman class at college, I did diverse laboring jobs, including a stretch as a sailor, but, so far as I could, I have lived what is known as a life of letters. My first six writing-years were stupendously unsuccessful. Finally I became a contributor, under the name of Nick Kalantar, to some of the little magazines. Meanwhile I wrote eight novels that were never published. Since then I have done some pieces for the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Cosmopolitan*, a motion picture, and a little novel called *Walls Rise Up*, published by Doubleday, Doran last spring."



George Sessions Perry

•

THOMAS D. HORTON, the misogynist, confesses he has been in love innumerable times and married four times. He says: "I left my last girl, with whom I was violently in love, because she insisted I have dinner with her and take her to a movie on a night when I had tickets to hear Toscanini play Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*. I went to the concert. She called me the next night and asked if I thought of her as I listened to the symphony. I said no, and decided at once never to see her again. I considered her question vulgar. But I'll probably flop for the likes of her again. She had a face like a broken marble column—and that always gets me, for a while, that is."

•

Concerning *Petermen's Saint* (page 58) RALPH GOLL says: "About sixty per cent of it can be verified. The rest is underworld tradition and as such it may be questioned, although I am convinced of its truth." The author was born at Stryker, Ohio and attended public schools there and at Swanton. At sixteen he joined the U. S. Army, serving during the Mexican trouble. Appointed to West Point from the ranks, he failed to qualify for admission, joined up with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. After the War he did newspaper work in Toledo, Cleveland, Detroit and New York. Explorations with the Toledo underworld brought him into conflict with the police who, on one occasion, sent a raiding squad to the *Toledo Times* editorial rooms to seize him as a suspect in a post-office robbery. He has written poetry for the old *Liberator*, confessions and fact detective stories for Fawcett and MacFadden; aviation, war and horror stories for the pulps; guide books for WPA. He collaborated with Sergeant Ed Halyburton on a book about Germany's war prison camps, *Shoot and Be Damned*. After a controversy with the War Ministry of the Second Reich, he was kicked out of Kehl and across the Rhine.

Ralph Goll

•

SIDNEY M. SHALETT was born in Stamford, Connecticut twenty-seven years ago, brought up in Tennessee (seven years on the *Chattanooga Times*), has spent the past two years in New York City as reporter for the *Times*. He claims the distinction of writing a Manhattan column for the home paper which nobody in New York (except himself and wife) ever read and which no other papers tried to snap up. Presumably a flesh eater, he writes about vegetarians, from Plato to George Arliss, in *Neither Flesh, Fish nor Fowl*, page 68.

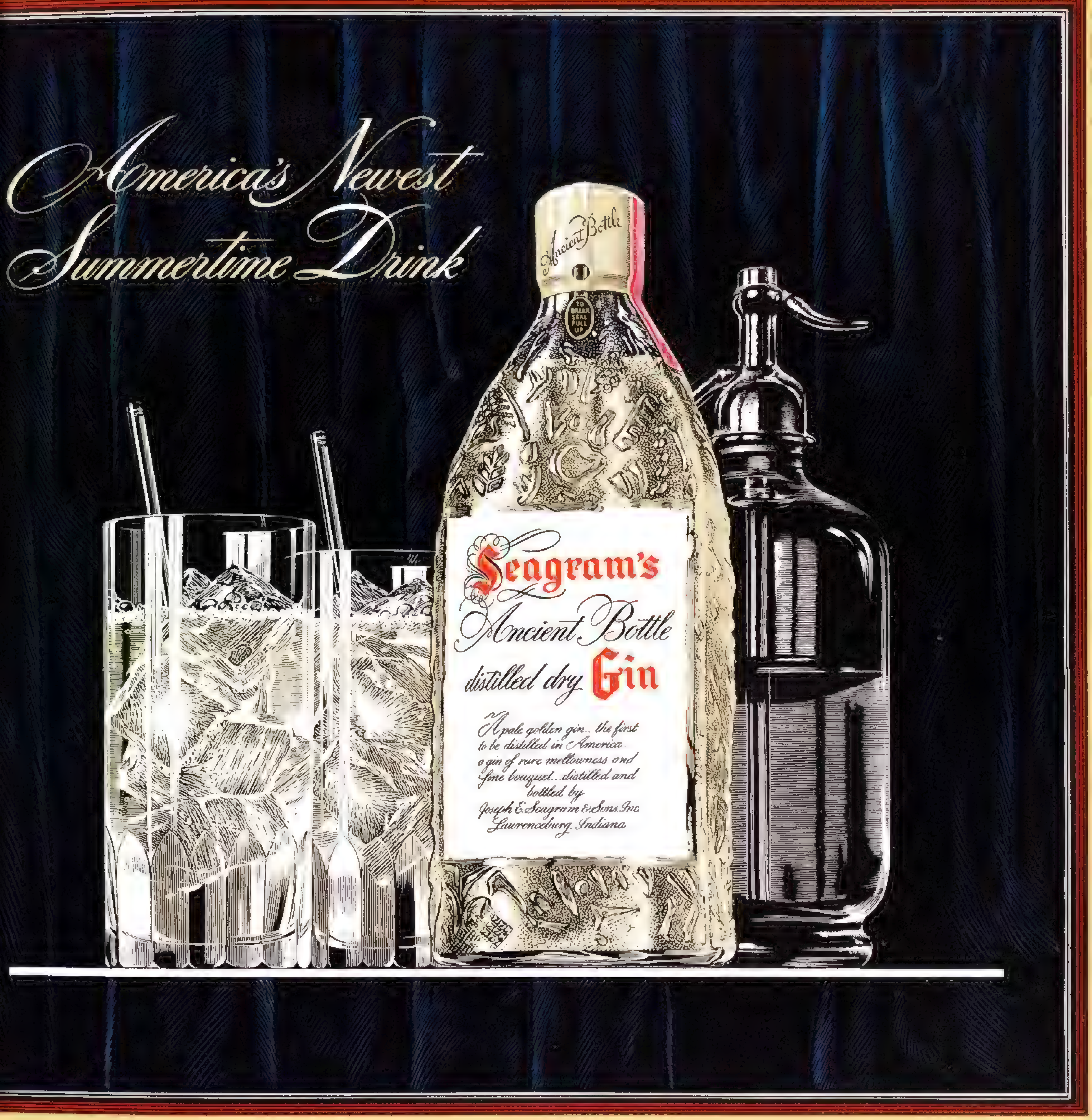
Ashley Buck

At the time he sent us *See the Beautiful Flames* ASHLEY BUCK wrote: "From the summer of 1937 until October, 1938, I directed radio programs for the Federal Radio Division. At present I am interested in directing a radio program that will deal with a midget detective and will be acted by a midget when we go on the air. Recently I finished a short novel entitled *Beyond Laughter* (I am still looking for a publisher for it) and I have started work on a longer novel to be called *You Gotta Live a Long Time*. By the time this reaches print I will have been married."

•

IRWIN SHAW is the twenty-five-year-old author of *The Gentle People*, which the Group Theatre produced with Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney—a current hit in New York, as we go to press. *The Monument* marks his first appearance in Esquire. He wired his agent these biographical notes: "I was born, educated, disappointed, in Brooklyn. Author of *Bury the Dead*, a success, *Siege*, a flop. I've written for the radio, the movies, magazines, ranging from *The New Republic* to *The New Yorker*. A book of short stories, entitled *Borough Over the Bridge*, was published last spring by Random House."

Irwin Shaw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AUTHENTIC RECIPE
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3 Tablespoons Cold Water.
4 Tablespoons MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM.
Add dash of Bitters. Shake well. Serve very cold in tall glass with cracked ice. Add thin slice of Lemon and Orange. Stick of Pineapple and a Cherry.
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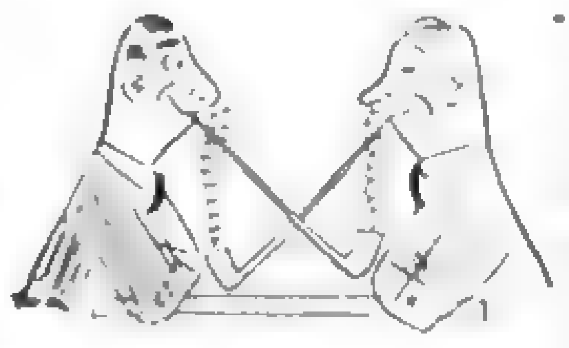
CHEZ PAREE
Chicago

The World's Fair, being in the nature of the nation's birthday celebration, you might like to prowl around the spots where the old town began. Fraunces' Tavern is kept as it was when Washington gave his farewell dinner to his staff. It is a nice place for lunch. The Cedar Street Chop House is almost as old and caters to men who eat heartily. India House, once the center of shippers from the seven seas, is worth a visit. So is Sweets, at the foot of Fulton Street, home of fresh fish in an old-fashioned setting. This sector is better for mid-day dining as Wall Street abandons the territory early in the day. (The Battery Park and Aquarium, worth visiting, but no food.)

We once entertained some French newspaper men who thought the greatest sights of New York were (1) the Pulaski Skyway, (2) the Triborough Bridge, (3) George Washington Bridge. At the end of the latter you can find The Riviera, one of the show places of the vicinity. A circular room looks out over the majestic Hudson, a floor show of some sort is always afoot and there are divers other continental forms of entertainment.

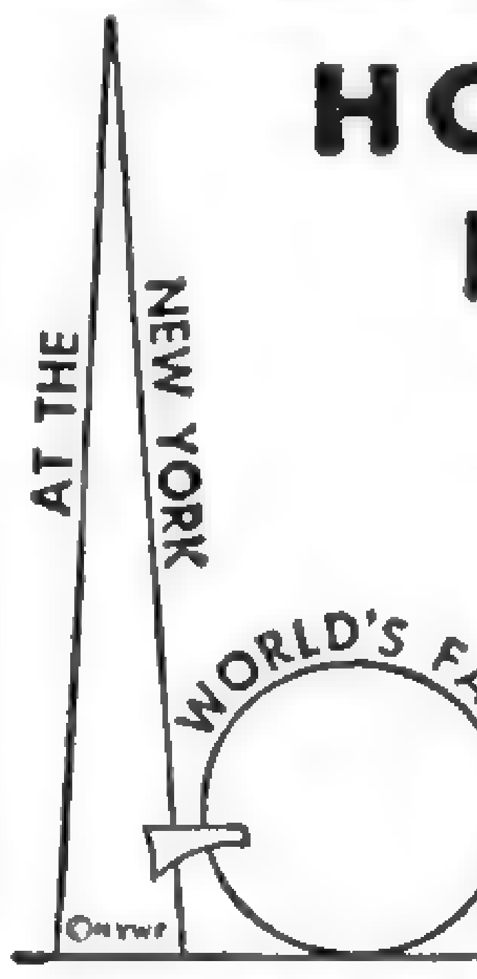


Keen's Chop House is a marvel in this age of transition. The town changes its face so often that inhabitants, not to mention occasional visitors, have a hard time finding their way home. But Keen's is now as it was thirty years ago. Except, of course, the pipe club has more members. If you dine at Keen's, they give you a churchwarden pipe, assign you a number and place on the rafters and at every visit you may call for your pipe. The tobacco is on the house. Also the pipe club members receive a plum pudding at Christmas which is something to remember. For experience try one of those four-inch mutton chops with a mug of ale.

Joe Chevalier, late of Mon Paris, has opened up a handsome stand for himself at 53 East 54th St. Gladly we report that reticence has been the theme song of the decorator, and the room and bar are among the handsomest in town. (We could do without two trick mirrors.) Chevalier has long been one of the master restaurant men and you will be assured of excellent food and unlimited wines. Try their curries and by all means their souffle at the end of your repast. Chevalier, we are also glad to note, has the habit of serving liquor from bottles when you name your brand, and not leaving the choice to the whims of a bartender.

The Monte Carlo is now the top spot of the town, having won the honors away from the emporium that proudly filled the photographers' and debs' idle moments for many seasons. Unless you are well known as a member of the accepted cafe society, we doubt if you can get past the ropes. In case you can't, we will tell you a little about it. For years a jinx, it was brought to success by Felix Ferry, international entrepreneur, and Gene Cavallero, famous for the Colony Restaurant. All the spot needed, evidently, was experts at the wheel. The decorations, changed as often as owners and the sign in front, are now in the popular Regency baroque. We liked the room better in its original state but the ladies seem to prefer rococo didoes, considering the hats they wear. Ted Straeter and his band furnish the dance music for the town's swankier feet and the kitchen is up to the standard maintained by Gene for years at his Colony.

Diners with international palates may fill out a long denied experience at the World's Fair. Manhattan, for some reason, has been without a Dutch restaurant ever since Peter Stuyvesant began to dine at home, or thereabouts. Heineken's at the Fair not only gives you a chance at the food that makes the Hollanders happy but also gives you a chance at plenty of the excellent Heineken's Beer, long a favorite tipple of the discerning.



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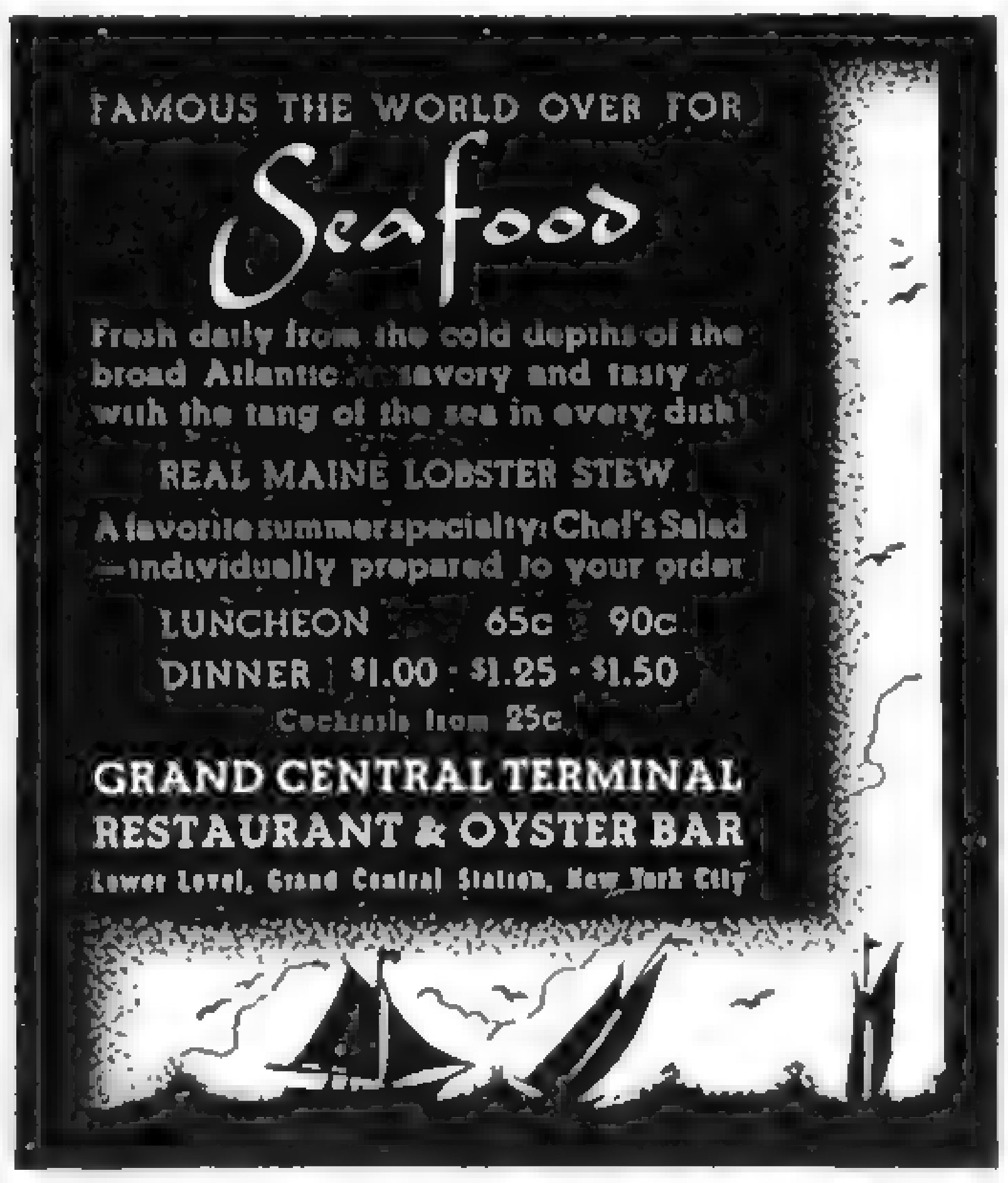

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"A steering wheel gear-shift that's swift and handy! Steering and parking just no effort at all! A car that loves to GO . . . and makes going so easy! For people who like the active life . . . people like me!"

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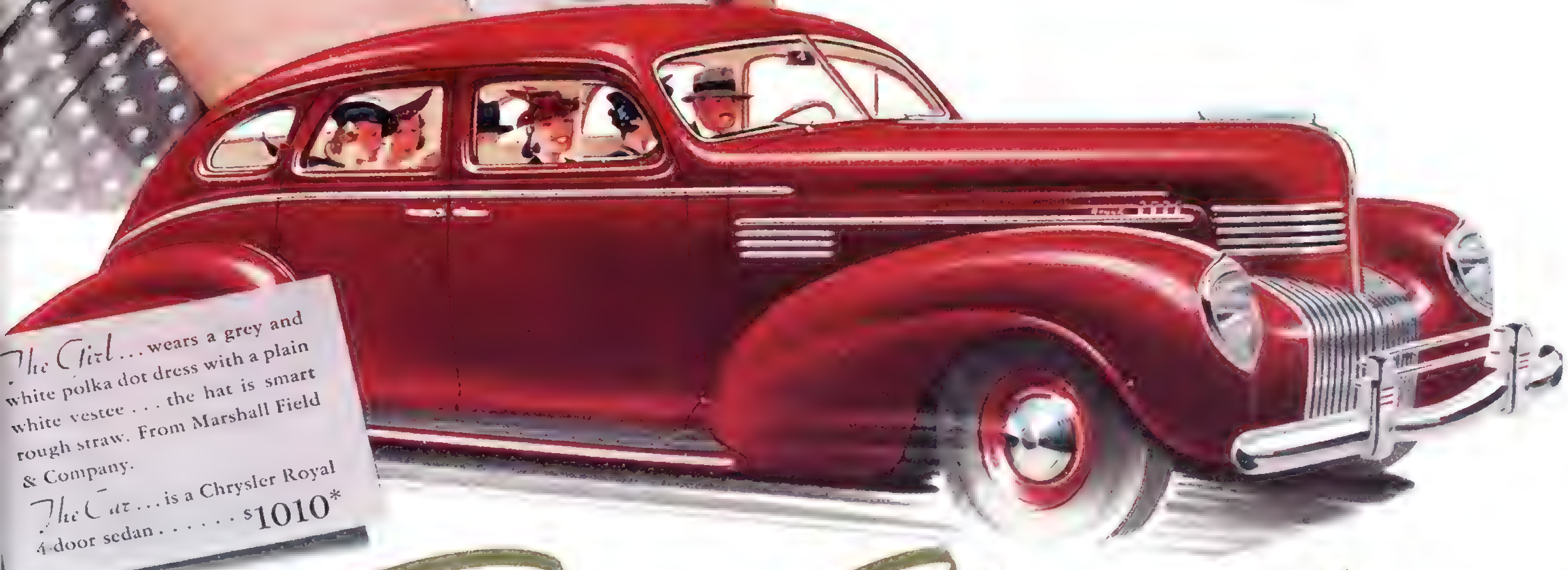

The Girl . . . wears a grey and white polka dot dress with a plain white vestee . . . the hat is smart rough straw. From Marshall Field & Company.

The Car . . . is a Chrysler Royal 4-door sedan $1010*

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A cool garden oasis
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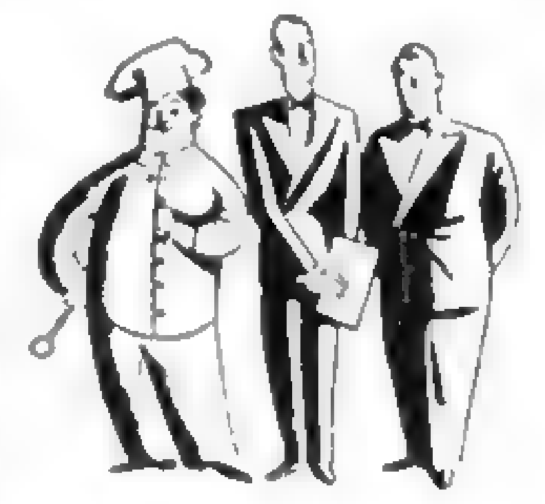
The legend has it that the native never knows much about his own city. Prepare to learn something about Manhattan, if you are of the Knickerbocker clan, for your visiting kin will know all about the town and insist on showing it to you. About the time you believe you have them safely tucked away in the acres of the Fair, they will bob up and want to do the town with you. And so that you won't be caught off-base we'll do a little spade work and you can appear as sophisticated about the big city as they think you are.

The cocktail habits of the city are pretty well set by now and the town divides itself up into regions, geographical or social. Sometimes the particular excellence of the service attracts folks to a bar, sometimes the crowd that frequents it. Once in Paris, S. Jay Kaufman took us to a seven course dinner, with every course in a different restaurant. We don't advise you to try that. But we will give you a chart and let you map your own course.



We like to sit on the little mezzanine of the Sherry Netherland and look off across the park and see General Sherman riding while the lady walks. The dry Martini cocktails there are superb. Across the street, you will find a gay crowd in the Savoy-Plaza, most of them staying on for a buffet supper off the silver cart. In the handsome oak room of the Plaza gather the tired Wall Street tycoons; The Plaza is one of the few places that carries the old-time charm—comfortable chairs, high ceilings and tall glasses. The St. Moritz, down Fifty-Ninth Street, and the Essex a block further toward Broadway, have pleasant side-walk terraces, the clientele toward the Broadway side. Back on Fifth Avenue, at the bar of the St. Regis, are two international landmarks: the Maxfield Parrish mural of Old King Cole that once hung above the old Knickerbocker bar and Petiot, known as "The Frog" to millions of Americans who went to Harry's Bar in Paris, during and after the other war.

Newspaper men, boys who write high-powered ads and the literary gents may be found at "21" or Jack and Charlie's, if they are not watching the debutantes at The Stork Club. Make your peace with the man on the ropes for the Stork can be awfully exclusive and you want your friends to feel that the town knows you as you know the town. The Madison Bar, the Barclay, the Chatham become busy at five with top-flight executives. The New Weston overflows with talent from the nearby Columbia Broadcasting station and customers who followed M. Barriere from the old Brevoort. For the world's most beautiful women be sure and mosey into Tony's Trouville on East 52nd St.

Now where do we eat? Assuming that you want to vary the diet from the excellent international kitchens at the World's Fair, you still will want to keep up to that high standard. Dining at a great hotel is always an experience. In the Waldorf-Astoria point out the Sert murals; here is a painter who works on gold leaf so that he can get extra illuminosity. Any expert town-painter knows the proper person to see about the dinner. Send a challenge to Gabriel Lugot, master chef, at the Waldorf, telling him that you are entertaining friends of importance. He may suggest, as he did for us, first, a Dry Sherry, an avocado filled with crab meat and red pepper dressing, a clear soup, breast of guinea hen, orange and escarole salad and a Cherry Royale for dessert. With the guinea hen try a Richebourg '23 and with the dessert, a Champagne. End with Cognac and coffee.

GEE, HE SMOKES THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK TOBACCO
TRACK 2
JUST MARRIED

If you want to have a happy honeymoon—you needn't learn to croon. Just smoke London Dock. For the rich, fragrant aroma of this *special, aromatic blend* definitely has a way with the women. Then it's simply a matter of *love my pipe—love me!* Ask your tobacconist for London Dock today. Or send 10¢ for liberal sample to...
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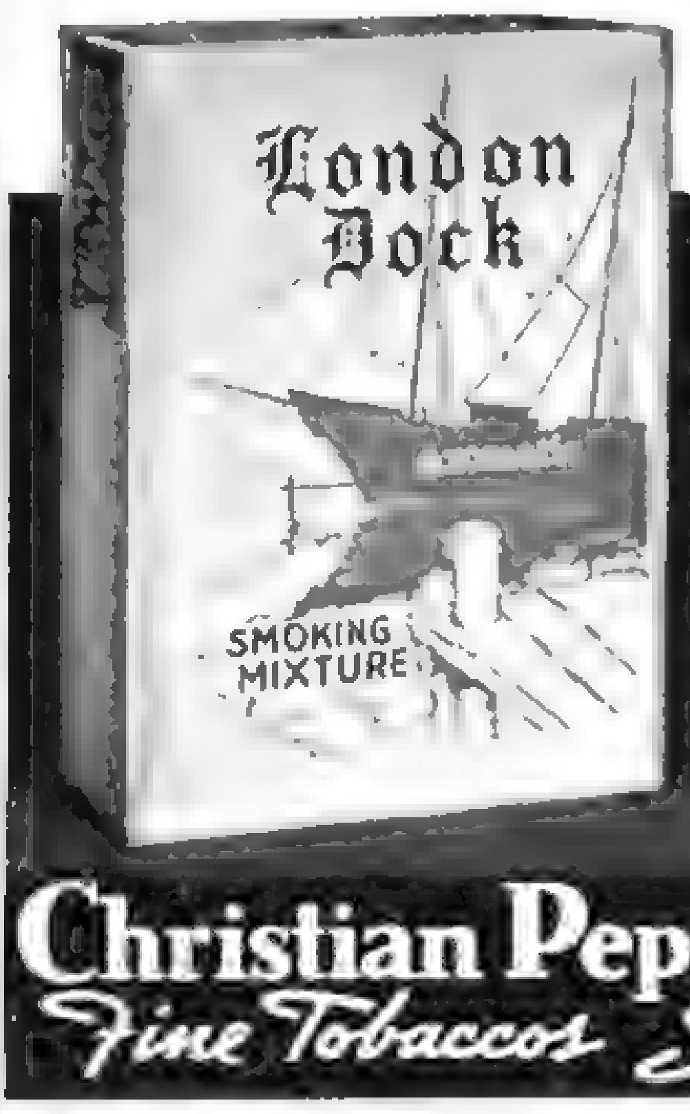

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A PALE DRY **BEER**
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DISCOVERY COLORS in the new Palm Beach Suits: There's JUTE, a rich, distinctive tan...There's WICKER, a sunlit shade just off snow white...There's Nassau Blue, Gulf Green and a world of new pastels, in the smartest sport models of the Season... And now, at last, your business days can be comfortable in these rich browns, blues and grays—solid colors or handsomely striped...Ounces lighter than ever. See them all at your favorite clothiers—including the famous Palm Beach White.

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YOU'LL MARVEL at their coolness—their superb fit and drape. The new shoulder lift; the everlasting fit at the collar; their perfect behavior when washed or cleaned... Yes, sir—There are discoveries ahead in these 1939 Palm Beach Suits that let your body breathe—and the most welcome discovery of all will be the price...$15.50. The new Slacks are $4.75. The Evening Formal (white coat, black trousers), $18.50.

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FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

In choosing suits and slacks for men, boys and students, be sure to look for this label. It identifies the genuine.

Christmas now comes twice a year

Every magazine offers a big treat at Christmas time with special subscription rates in honor of the holiday season.

But Christmas is something that belongs to everybody.

Among the magazines, however, Esquire can be pardoned for staking first claim to Father's Day. We didn't start it, but we've been in there pitching on and around every June 18th to make it a success. We think it's a swell sentiment. We know, also, that Father's Day is materialistic enough to help business . . . but that doesn't hold us back either. We feel Father is in business too.

So, anyway, for Father at least, Christmas ought to come twice a year. And in celebration of Esquire's pet project, we're borrowing some of the holiday gift-giving spirit from December 25th and lending it to June 18th with some very special Father's Day subscription rates.

Until June 30th, you can obtain a full year of colorful entertainment with Esquire for only $3. Since the magazine subscription rate to Esquire is $5 per year, the saving you enjoy with the special $3 rate speaks for itself.

Gift Note: In addition to the subscription you'll want to enter for yourself, we can think of no more appropriate way of commemorating Father's Day than by presenting yearly subscriptions to Dad and your friends. We've designed a captivating gift announcement card that will have your name inscribed on it as donor. This card and the Father's Day issue, wrapped as a gift, will reach Dad and your friends just before Father's Day.

Esquire THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER CARD BOUND IN THIS ISSUE

"MY BOY GAVE ME THIS"

"To Dad from Jim"

MOST FATHERS (though they wouldn't confess it) are sentimental creatures at heart.

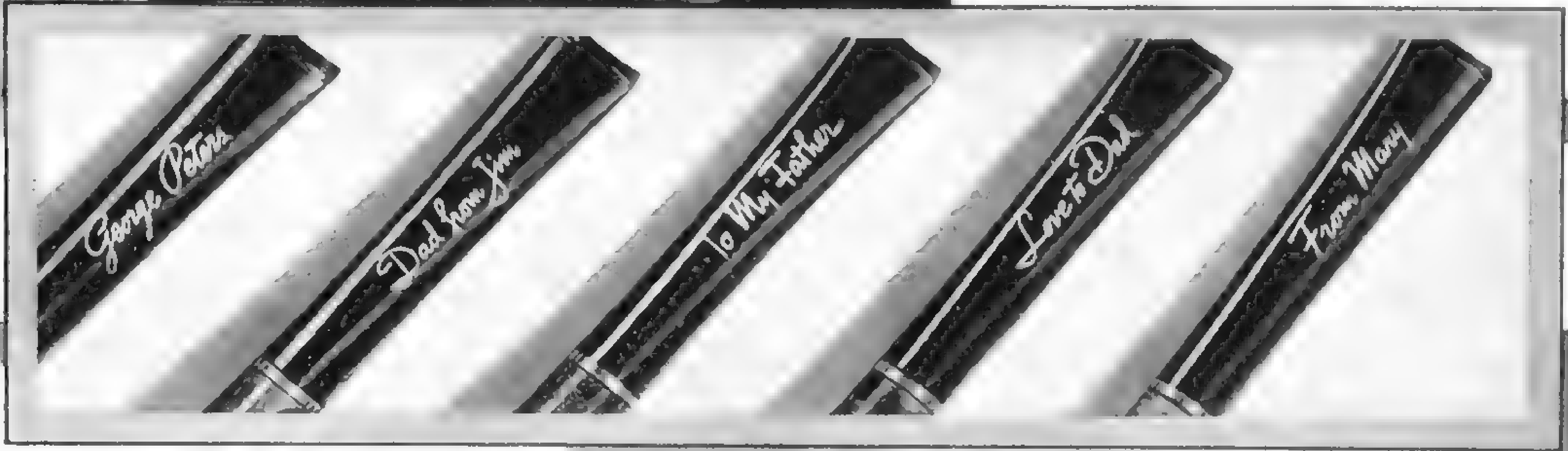
As breadwinners for the family, they give much—expect little.

Therefore, any gift to a Dad that shows thoughtfulness and consideration usually makes a deep and lasting impression.

To a pipe-smoker or even to a man who hankers to smoke a pipe, the Edgeworth Sampler Kit described below invariably brings a thrill of satisfaction — and the assurance of complete smoking pleasure.

Reminder: June 18th is Father's Day!

DAD'S SIGNATURE ENGRAVED ON STEM OF PIPE



OR ANY OTHER MESSAGE YOU CHOOSE

OFFER FOR FATHER'S DAY

Attention Wives, Sons, Daughters!

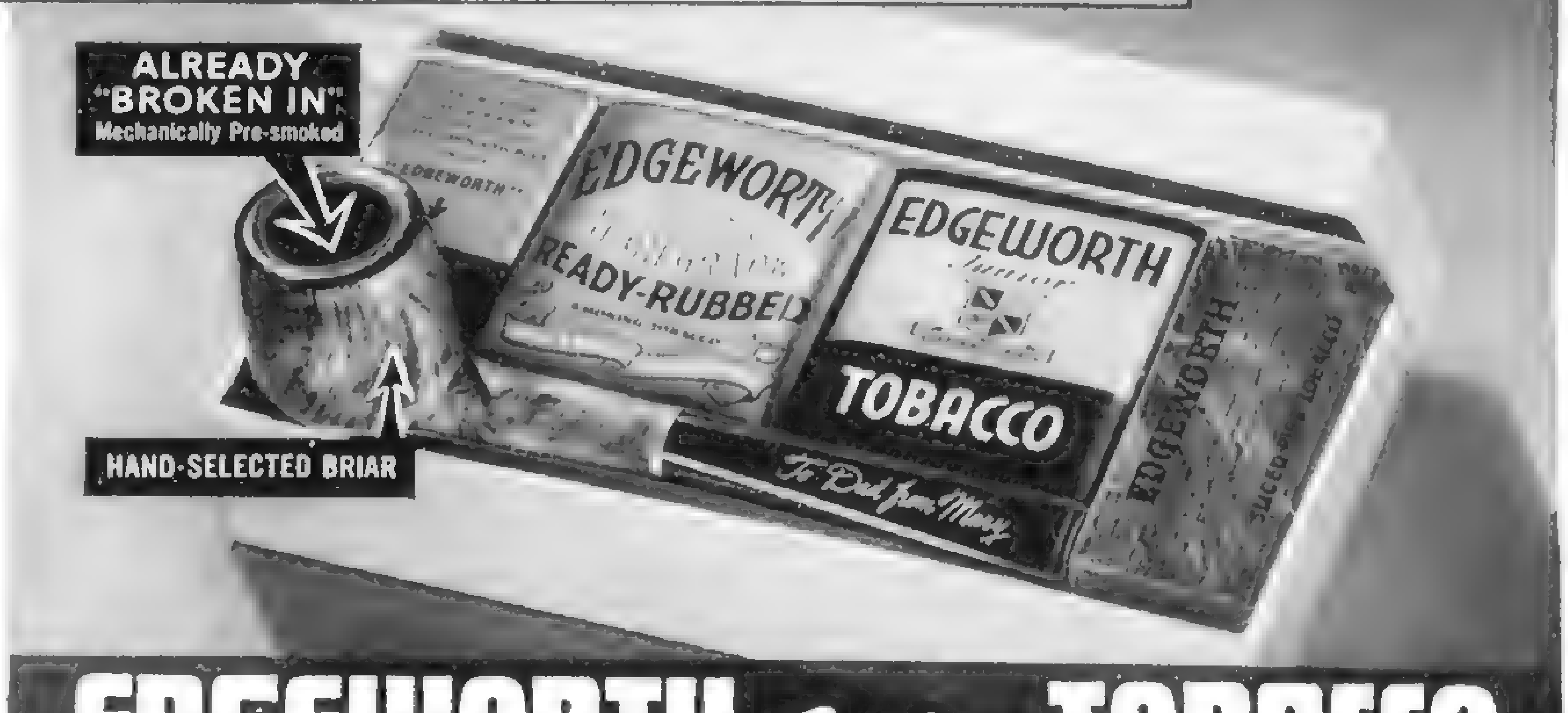
THIS unusual Father's Day gift offer introduces pipe smoking at its best. For complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine quality tobacco and starting under ideal conditions.

HERE'S OUR OFFER

FIRST: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for over 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from cheap leaf any more than you can expect the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump steak price.

We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means no tongue bite and permits the full enjoyment of its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome Signature Pipe *Made by Linkman* that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "broken in") with genuine Edgeworth. It makes pipe smoking "click" from the first puff. Then to give an added interest in this pipe, we engrave any personal signature or any other message you wish in gold color on the stem. No gift so personal.



EDGEWORTH *Smoking* TOBACCO

TO GET THE GIFT SAMPLER KIT—TEAR OFF THIS ORDER FORM AND MAIL WITH $1.00
(In Canada $1.60 Duty Paid)

LARUS & BRO. Co., Dept. K
Richmond, Va.

Enclosed please find $1.00 (In Canada $1.50 Duty Paid) for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit . . . Opposite is message or signature to *engrave* on the stem of pipe. (Please *print* clearly your name and address below.)

MESSAGE OR SIGNATURE E. D.

Please write message or signature you wish on pipe within exact space allotted above

Name.............. ....*Address*.... ....

City.............................*State*.............. ....

PLEASE SEND US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Dealer's Name..........................*Address*..............................

City. ....*State*................................

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
1939

Round and round the City...

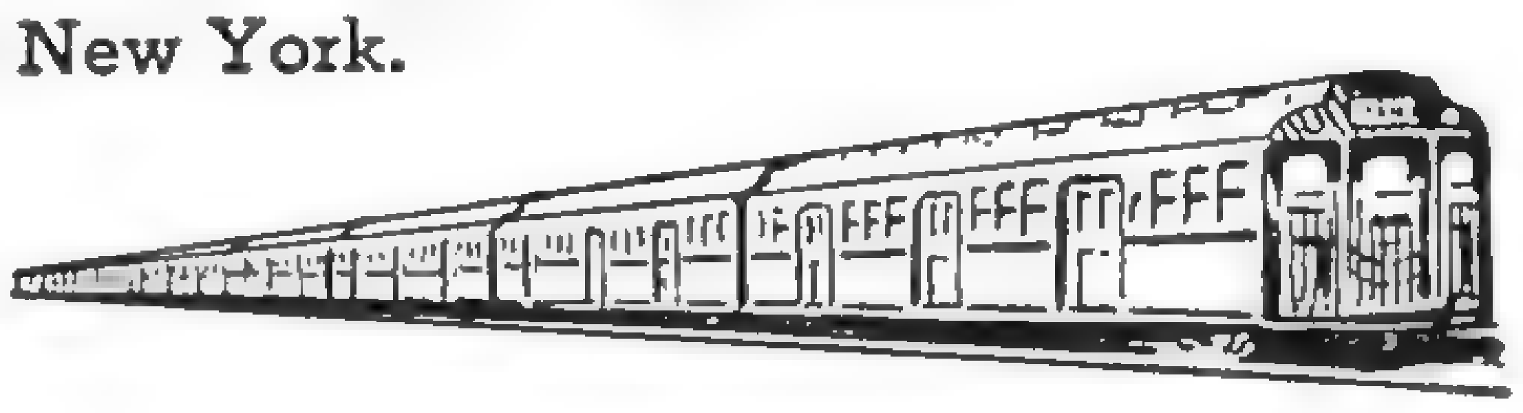
and out to the Fair
by SUBWAY and TRAIN

THE FAIR has opened! At Grand Central, Times Square and Penn Station, via the Holland Tunnel, Lincoln Tunnel and George Washington Bridge, by train, plane and automobile, the millions are pouring in from all over America to enjoy the sights of New York.

This year is "see" time and "spend" time in the Big Town. For advertisers it's BONUS time . . . bonuses of extra sales, bonuses of extra circulation, bonuses of extra impressions at no extra cost.

In Transportation Advertising particularly you're *sure* of plus value because THE route to the World's Fair is via subway train or Long Island Railroad.

On the way out, on the way back and all around the city you can talk to Fair-goers and sight-seers through the colorful medium of car cards. The cost is *low*—average rate, about a nickel a thousand rider-readers. **For full information ask your agency or write immediately to Street Railways Advertising Company, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York.**



TAKE A TIP FROM MILLIONS

GENUINE
PALM BEACH CRAVATS
Styled by "Beau Brummell"

At your favorite sporting event . . . wherever style is on parade . . . you'll see discriminating men wearing Genuine Palm Beach Cravats. They're *The World's Greatest Washable Ties* . . . easier to tie . . . harder to muss . . . sunfast in color . . . wash perfectly . . . made with the famous, patented 4FOLD CONSTRUCTION that ties the correct "dimpled" knot. Better men's shops everywhere are now featuring Genuine Palm Beach Cravats in new blendings of cool, crisp, summer tones. You will applaud their wide variety of original patterns.

THE WEISBAUM BROS.-BROWER CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO
Makers of 4Fold Sportown Wool Ties and Burton's Poplin Ties

Beware of imitations. None genuine without the Palm Beach label.

MADE IN U. S. A.

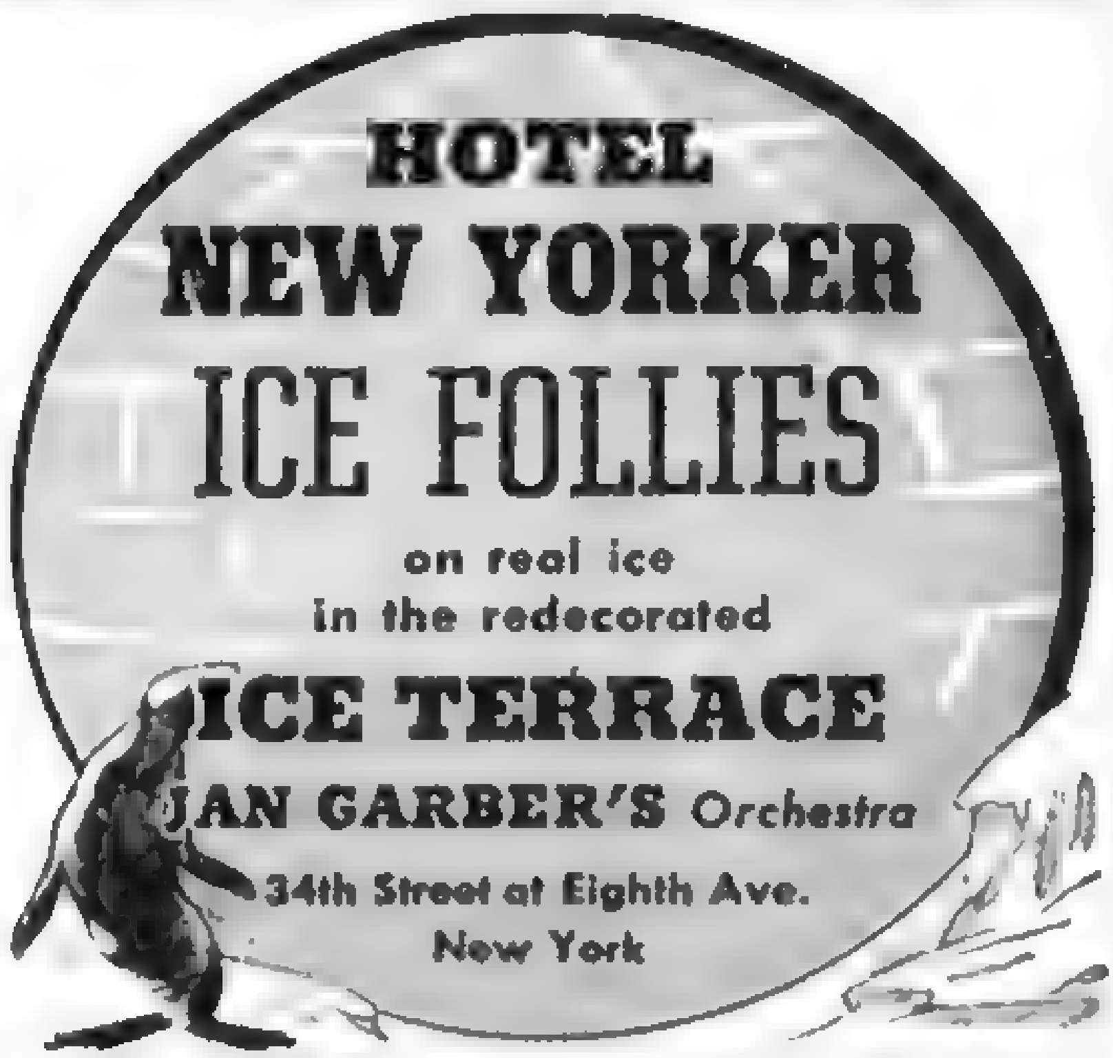
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
WASHABLE TIE
$1.

Bow Ties (Adjustable) . . 75¢
Handkerchiefs to Blend . . 75¢

all America
"BEAU BRUMMELL"
Ties the best
Palm Beach

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
THE WORLD'S FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
Imported from England ~of course!
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Imported Exclusively by
PARK & TILFORD
Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.


HOTEL NEW YORKER
ICE FOLLIES
on real ice
in the redecorated
ICE TERRACE
JAN GARBER'S Orchestra
34th Street at Eighth Ave.
New York

Now In Its THIRD Year!
Hawaiian Room
Hundreds of thousands have enjoyed the famous native music and dancing at this unique restaurant and its popularity is ever increasing!
You'll like stopping at this friendly hotel! Personalized service—convenient location.
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Ave. at 48th St., New York
Charles E. Rochester, Vice-Pres. & Mng. Dir

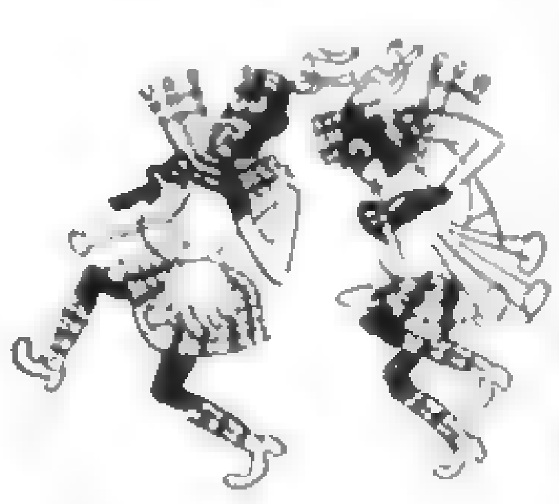
Newspapermen, cartoonists and foreign correspondents are always A1 exhibits for visiting firemen. The Artists and Writers, or "Bleeks", in the New York Tribune building, always holds enough scribblers to start a war. The Palm, a rather disreputable restaurant as to appearance, on Second Avenue, near 44th St., caters to the men of The News, Mirror and uptown Sun. The steaks are excellent and the walls covered with impromptu cartoons by famous diners.

In the Broadway sector, beginning at the Terrace Room of the New Yorker, the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, on up to the Skywalk Cafe and Roof of the Astor, popular dance bands and floor shows hold sway. Bill Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, in the basement of the Paramount Hotel, is a gaudy, raucous and nostalgic recreation of the fun of the mauve decade. Done by John Murray Anderson, it is tops as is the supershow at the Casa Manana, sponsored by the same pair of astute showmen. The Paradise, which has run on for years to one pattern, always manages to ensnare some of the prettiest show girls extant. Joe Zelli, one of the institutions left over from the A. E. F. in France, has been trying his luck in this country lately. His latest adventure, in a cellar on Broadway above 52nd, is called Arabian Nights. The atmosphere is as authentic as is necessary. Havana Madrid, down a block or two, is the sole survivor of the Spanish influence that hit the town two years ago, in this sector. Always a top-notch show there, with a Spanish kitchen. This place shares with El Chico, Sheridan Square, the real Spanish trade from our neighbors below the equator. El Chico is the import headquarters, all Spanish talent starting there.

New York night life is scaled mainly for those who attend the theatre after dinner. But if you have dined in state and have an hour or so before the supper places begin to hum, there is a good deal of diversion on Fifty-second St. Leon and Eddie's have a ten o'clock rendering of their mad-house revue. Personally we feel a visit to New York would be hollow if it did not include a hearing of Eddie Davis singing his frank ballads. The swing joints, also, manage to squeeze in a few hot sessions for that part of the evening. The Famous Door, the Onyx and the Hickory House now all whoop it up for the jitterbugs and their more sedate parents.

Those out around midnight have a rich choice. The swank St. Regis Iridium Room with its brilliant ice carnival or continental roof (it once was the Viennese), the Plaza's Persian Room or the unique Rainbow Room all offer entertainment. The latter place should be on every list, with the handsome room, the highest in the world, devoted to dancing, dining and viewing.

Supper shows are over around 2. There are still a couple of hours before closing. With the help of taxi cabs to dash from the Village Barn, or Barney's or a jam session at Nick's, you can stop at Kelly's Barn on West 51st, en route to another shot at 52nd. Don't miss Jack White and his wacky crew, a form of entertainment hard to describe. White is to entertainment what Bob Benchley is to belles lettres. Tommy Lyman, who is daddy of all the song-insult school, who was popular at Yale, and in Paris after the war, now holds forth at Ike's, on 48th, just off Fifth. Later the town moves up to Harlem, first port of call for all continental visitors. There is something about the gusto and enjoyment of the Harlem type of dancing and band playing that cannot be duplicated. The Savoy Ball Room is worth a visit. The later the better. As bars close at 4, you will want a nap before starting out for the Fair next day.



England's Finest Cork-Tipped Cigarette
NOW REDUCED IN PRICE
20 for 50¢
Also in Tins of 50 for $1.25
THANK the new reciprocal trade treaty between the United States and Great Britain for these lower prices on Craven "A." Now you may avail yourself of these famous English cigarettes at prices only slightly higher than those you would pay for ordinary brands. So, try Craven "A" today for a new adventure in smoking pleasure. A blend of the choicest tobaccos, Craven "A" is an exceptionally mild and satisfying cigarette . . . always cool, always smooth, always easy on the throat. Available in the United States at the better clubs, hotels and tobacco shops.
CARRERAS, LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND
U. S. Agents: FABER, COE & GREGG, INC., New York, Chicago
Craven 'A'
LONDON CIGARETTES

Paint the Town with
JOHNNY MESSNER
When you come to town "go to town" in a big way with Johnny Messner's music at the famous MARINE GRILL in the hotel McAlpin, where smart New York celebrates.
DAILY ROOM RATES
Single from $3. Double from $4.50.
MARINE GRILL
HOTEL McALPIN
BROADWAY AT 34th STREET
NEW YORK
Under KNOTT Mgt. John J. Woelfle, Mgr.

JIMMY KELLY'S
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL. 4-1414
DINNER $1.25 $1.75
REVUE 8.45 11.45 2.15
The Montmartre of New York

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

ALONG WITH YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR CLUBS . . .

Your TASTE, too, has changed!

REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN ...

. . . the corner loungers jeered at golf as "cow-pasture pool"?

. . . and the players *slugged* sluggish gutta-percha balls with clumsy clubs?

. . . and dressed in heavy clothes that looked as though they'd been designed by a Scottish cartoonist who *hated* golf?

. . . and toasted the 19th hole in a "*slug*" of heavy-bodied whiskey in tune with those times . . . and as foreign to your taste as their tweeds?

BUT NOW, THE SCENE CHANGES...

Of course you don't remember. Times . . . tastes . . . have changed . . . but up to now, *not* bottled-in-bond whiskies.

Signet's the *first* bonded whiskey of its kind! Delicate in flavor and bouquet. Gloriously rich and ripe, yet as *light-bodied* as Scotch.

Because Signet is aged like the finest Scotch and Canadian whiskies and French brandies—in *aged* wood! In casks pre-mellowed by prior use in aging other fine Hiram Walker whiskies.

Signet . . . It's aged in *aged* wood

First Bonded Whiskey of its kind

Signet

Here's the Secret

All the great liquors of the world—the finest Scotches, the noblest brandies, the proudest Canadian whiskies, are aged as Signet is aged. For Signet is aged in casks *pre-mellowed* and *enriched* by prior use in aging other fine whiskies in our own distillery. That's the secret of the light body, delicate flavor, "clean" bouquet. That's why Signet is the first bonded whiskey of its kind!

A Hiram Walker Product
W
Bottled in Bond
Signet
100 Proof
4 Years Old
Straight Rye Whiskey
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc

COPR. 1939
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC
PEORIA, ILL

This whiskey is
4 years old.
100 proof

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WELCOME TO OUR FAIR CITY

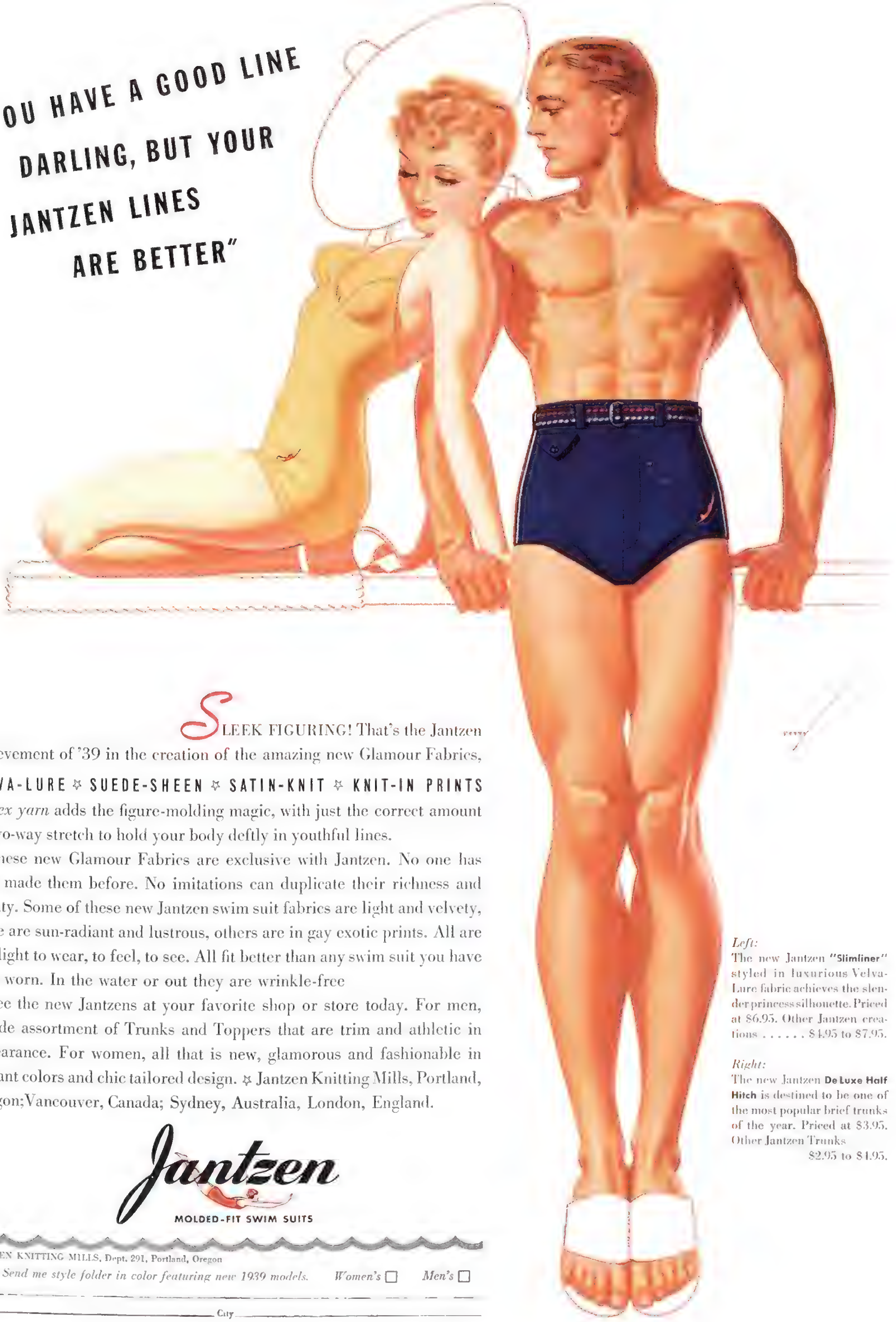
Don't miss the World's Fair in New York this summer. It's the greatest thing you ever saw—all 1,216 acres of it! Around the towering Trylon and the massive Perisphere are grouped $155,000,000 worth of buildings and exhibits from all corners of the world to thrill and amaze you.

There's a double attraction awaiting you—the Fair and fascinating New York City, itself. You'll want to take in all the sights for which New York is famous, from its points of breath-taking beauty to its roaring hustle and bustle.

While you're in New York for the World's Fair, keep in touch with what's going on through The Sun. It's the newspaper the intelligent and active New Yorkers prefer, full of news and entertaining features. And The Sun is "tops" for announcements of New York's great shops and department stores.

The Sun
NEW YORK

"It's the Newspaper to read while you're in New York for the World's Fair"



SLEEK FIGURING! That's the Jantzen achievement of '39 in the creation of the amazing new Glamour Fabrics,

VELVA-LURE ☆ SUEDE-SHEEN ☆ SATIN-KNIT ☆ KNIT-IN PRINTS

Lastex yarn adds the figure-molding magic, with just the correct amount of two-way stretch to hold your body deftly in youthful lines.

These new Glamour Fabrics are exclusive with Jantzen. No one has ever made them before. No imitations can duplicate their richness and beauty. Some of these new Jantzen swim suit fabrics are light and velvety, some are sun-radiant and lustrous, others are in gay exotic prints. All are a delight to wear, to feel, to see. All fit better than any swim suit you have ever worn. In the water or out they are wrinkle-free

See the new Jantzens at your favorite shop or store today. For men, a wide assortment of Trunks and Toppers that are trim and athletic in appearance. For women, all that is new, glamorous and fashionable in vibrant colors and chic tailored design. ☆ Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia, London, England.

Left:
The new Jantzen **"Slimliner"** styled in luxurious Velva-Lure fabric achieves the slender princess silhouette. Priced at $6.95. Other Jantzen creations . . . . . . $4.95 to $7.95.

Right:
The new Jantzen **De Luxe Half Hitch** is destined to be one of the most popular brief trunks of the year. Priced at $3.95. Other Jantzen Trunks $2.95 to $1.95.

Jantzen

MOLDED-FIT SWIM SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 291, Portland, Oregon

Send me style folder in color featuring new 1939 models. *Women's* ☐ *Men's* ☐

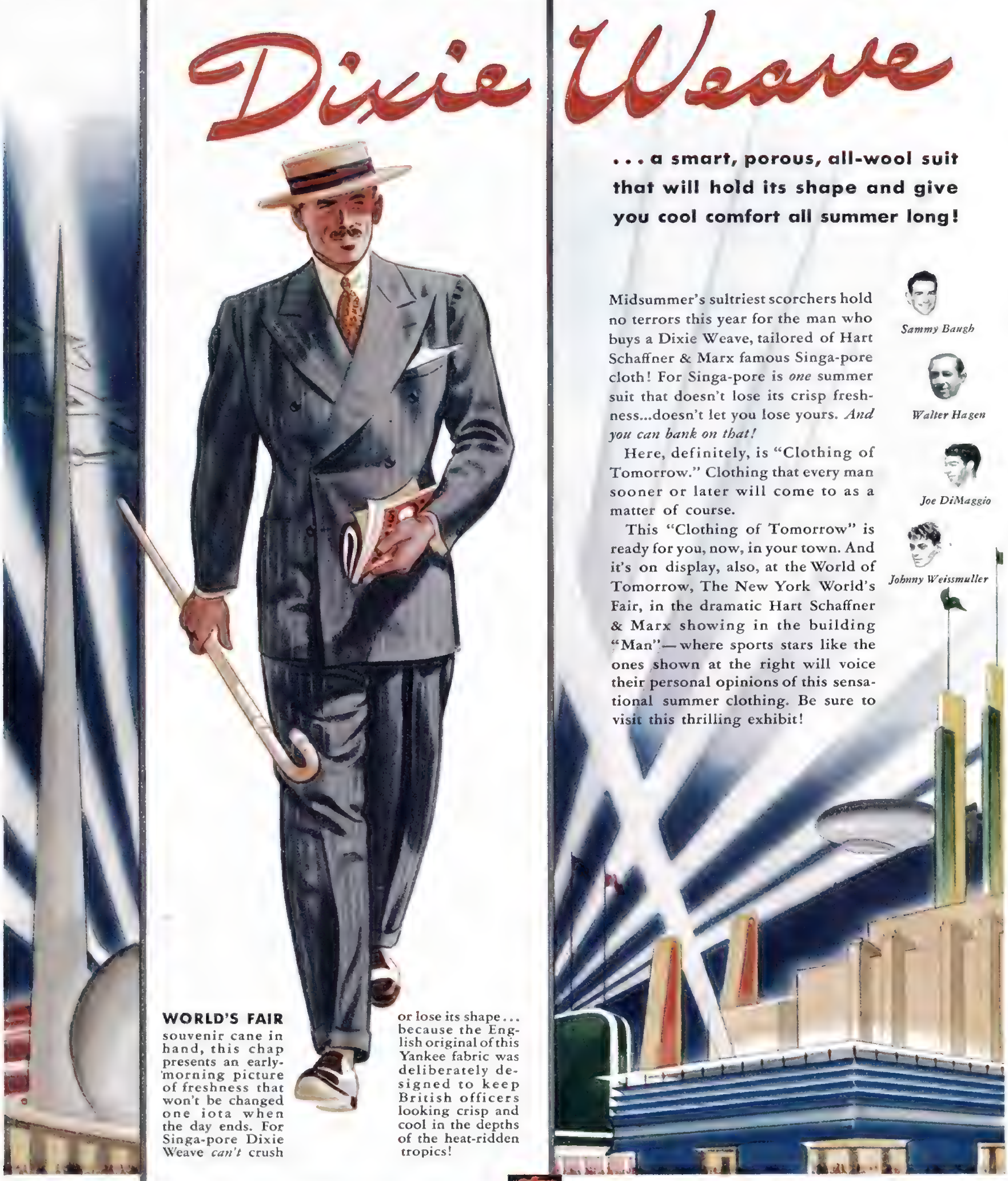
Name________________________________

Street__________________ City__________________

Here is truly CLOTHING OF TOMORROW!* The Singa-pore

Dixie Weave

. . . a smart, porous, all-wool suit that will hold its shape and give you cool comfort all summer long!



Midsummer's sultriest scorchers hold no terrors this year for the man who buys a Dixie Weave, tailored of Hart Schaffner & Marx famous Singa-pore cloth! For Singa-pore is *one* summer suit that doesn't lose its crisp freshness...doesn't let you lose yours. *And you can bank on that!*

Here, definitely, is "Clothing of Tomorrow." Clothing that every man sooner or later will come to as a matter of course.

This "Clothing of Tomorrow" is ready for you, now, in your town. And it's on display, also, at the World of Tomorrow, The New York World's Fair, in the dramatic Hart Schaffner & Marx showing in the building "Man"—where sports stars like the ones shown at the right will voice their personal opinions of this sensational summer clothing. Be sure to visit this thrilling exhibit!

Sammy Baugh

Walter Hagen

Joe DiMaggio

Johnny Weissmuller

WORLD'S FAIR souvenir cane in hand, this chap presents an early-morning picture of freshness that won't be changed one iota when the day ends. For Singa-pore Dixie Weave *can't* crush or lose its shape... because the English original of this Yankee fabric was deliberately designed to keep British officers looking crisp and cool in the depths of the heat-ridden tropics!

*Registered

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . A Big Thing to Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Why I Am Faithful to My Wife

Lives there a man with soul so dead that he isn't occasionally tempted by flattery from attractive women?

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE been married ten years, all this while faithful to my wife. And lately—reading ultra-modern fiction, listening to people describe their erotic adventures, watching the defections of my men friends—lately I have come to regard myself with wonder.

Not admiration, not smug satisfaction. Wonder. Just why have I remained true to the girl I married, and why doesn't it hurt to be that way?

Because it doesn't. Not really. I have been tempted to go the way of all flesh, a number of times tempted, but thus far I've stayed in line. And this without having to make New Year's resolutions, swear mighty oaths, or tie myself to the mast Ulysses fashion.

How come?

If I were my grandfather, or possibly even my father, it might be explained on moral grounds. The argument would run roughly as follows: I have taken this woman to be my lawful wedded wife. Man's law and the infinitely more powerful law of God constrain me to remain faithful to her now and at all times in the future, forever and ever, until death do us part. This being the case, any act of faithlessness is a sin, too vile and heinous even to contemplate. If I transgress, if I step over the traces into marital infidelity, I shall inevitably be visited with damnation.

It was a good argument, noble and authoritative, but somehow a great deal of water has run under the bridge since then.

Take me, for instance. I consider myself a fairly decent chap, and yet the hell-fire-if-you-do-it theory has lost meaning for me. Meaning and force. It has been outmoded, given way to other sanctions. Alone and unsupported, no such concepts as morality or damnation would keep me faithful to my wife.

Nor am I simply afraid of being caught. Fear is of course one element in the situation—masculine fear, rooting in a wholesome respect for feminine intuition.

My wife has a goodly supply of intuition; in fact, she is uncanny at divining things which according to the prosier male mind she has no right even to suspect. If I were to bundle up a diamond ring until it resembled a pair of roller skates and give it to the missus for Christmas, she would certainly know, long before she unwrapped it, that it *was* a ring. Did I essay to hide a case of treasured Scotch in the garage while my wife was on vacation, she would scarcely have her hat off before she smelled out my secret.

What, then, if I wandered from the path of husbandly virtue? Sooner or later intuition would put my wife on the trail, sooner or later tongues would harry her to the kill. Consider how we rub elbows nowadays. We have innumerable friends, neighbors, acquaintances; we are members of a jostling close community; we come and go and eat and laugh and die practically in the public lap. In a net of relationships like this it is devilishly hard to do anything odd without attracting the spotlight. Privacy has folded up like an Arab's tent. The slightest irregularities in conduct are noticed, and, if they promise diversion, briskly commented upon. A too-long sojourn on the terrace, a lunch engagement that you fail to report at home—it all tends to get into the record. You fancy no one knows, but at the most inopportune time—at a cosy little dinner party, say—some sweet cat of a Borgia coos across the table:

"Oh, darling, was your hubby in Chicago last week? How *in*teresting! Harriet Gorse was there, too . . ."

Tough sledding for most married men, doubly tough for me. Because I am the sort of fellow who habitually spends most of his time under ye olde family rooftree. I don't "run the roads," as they say in Maine. I belong to no stag clubs, attend very few purely masculine dinners, play no pool or poker. As a writer who does his typewriter pecking at home, I lack the standard alibi of a sudden business trip to Denver or St. Louis, the excuse of prolonged conferences with a big boss in New York. Home body that I am, my absences are rare. Rare and on that account subject to the strong light of wifely interest. Not suspicion—*interest*. A faked trip, a jaunt trumped up for the sake of another woman, would be difficult, if not impossible.

I hope I am not chicken-hearted about it. We men mustn't be that. Feminine intuition is unfair to husbands, organized or disorganized; assisting gossips are an outrage. A man shouldn't be cowed by dastardly opposition of this sort. Stay faithful to my wife merely because I might get caught? Not I. If it were only a question of that particular risk, I'd try my luck in the tournament, fighting single-handed against the odds of feminine wiles and whispering campaigns. I'd do it out of stubbornness and male pride, I'd do it for love of danger and the sake of stolen sweets. Yet I haven't. Beyond fear there are other, more important deterrents.

One of these is the terrific time and energy required to follow up and consummate an illicit amour.

If I were in my twenties it would be different. In such case I'd still revel in an abundance of physical energy, and I could take keen delight in the custom of pursuing love whither it led. I might sneak through dark woods and laugh at thorns and chuckholes and mosquitoes, I'd wait under a tree that shook delayed raindrops down my neck, I could enthusiastically make love to my inamorata in the confines of a secluded parked automobile. Yes, and count it all a privilege, a glorious opportunity. Lucky, lucky me, and so forth.

The trouble is, however, that I am not in my twenties, and have not been for more than a decade.

Therefore I should not be sustained by the naïve thirsts of the very young. Youth gambols up and down with its tongue hanging out because it is inexperienced, and yearns for conquest and adventure. The boy in his twenties is still intrigued by the mystery that is Woman, the man of forty most often is not. Like other citizens of my age I have long since found out what women look like, act like, and wherein they differ one from another, in intimate as well as superficial particulars. I've had my share of information, my quota of marcelled scalps. Running after further conquests would be an arduous task. Too arduous, considering the returns. The game is no longer worth the candle.

Ah, but doesn't vanity prod me into clandestine love? Vanity is man's weak point, women tell us with scorn; it is our spiritual rickets, a kind of chronic predisposition to horrid disease which every male inherits from his father, back and back to the beginnings of time, when men got their start at playing the twin role of Brute and Beast. Where lives there the husband whose wife has never to him said, "Why, that woman can wrap you right around her finger, just by flattering you!"

No use arguing that we men are not vain, not susceptible to sweet compli-

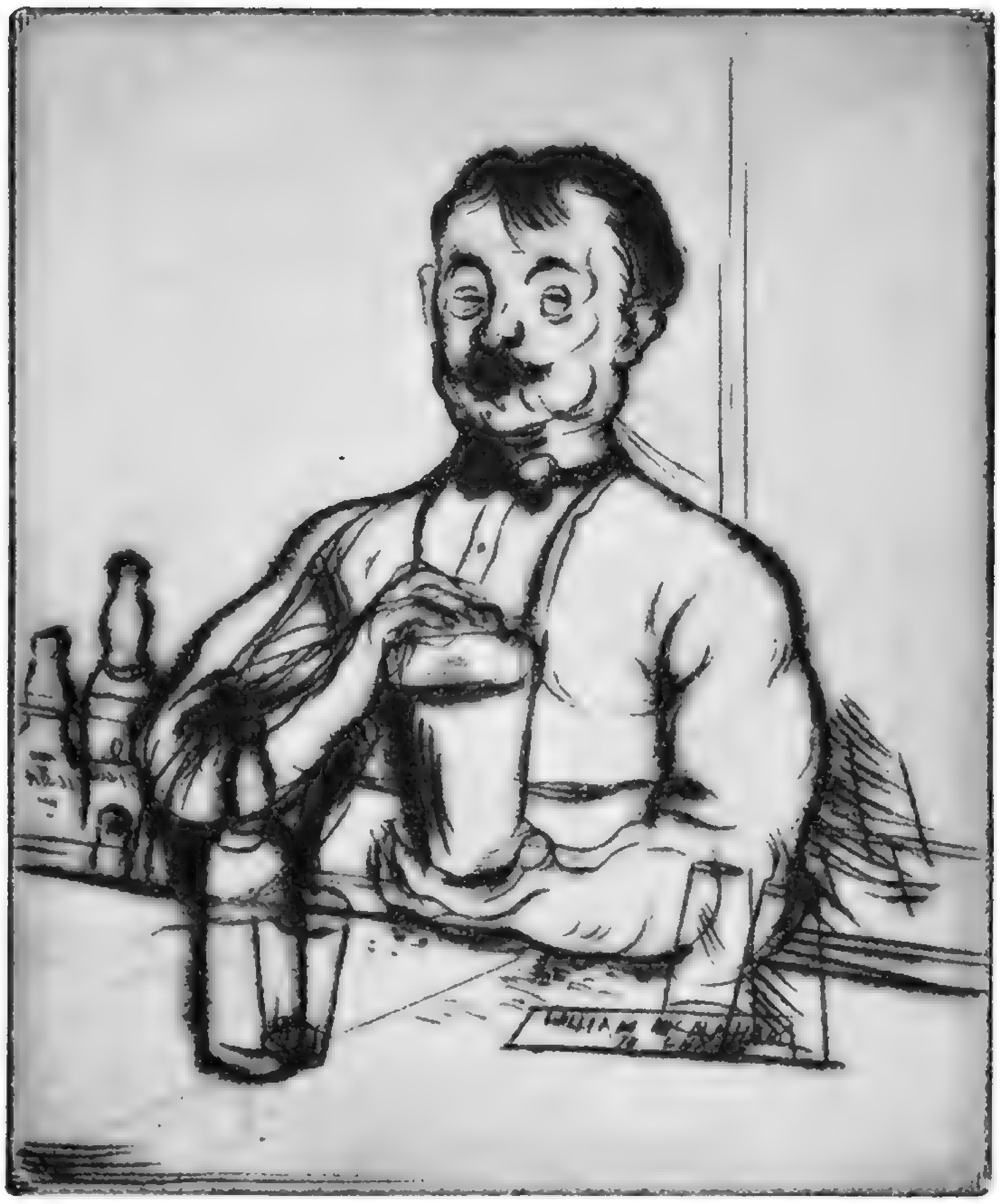
Continued on page 136

The Monument

The boss couldn't see why the bartender minded mixing just a little varnish in the drinks

by IRWIN SHAW

• FICTION •



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"I do not want any of his own brand," McMahon said firmly. He blew on a glass and wiped it with deliberate care. "I have my own opinion of his own brand."

Mr. Grimmet looked sad, sitting across the bar on a high stool, and Thesing shrugged like a salesman, not giving up the fight, but moving to a new position to continue the attack. McMahon picked up another glass in his clean, soft bartender's hands. He wiped it, his face serious and determined and flushed right up to the bald spot that his plastered down hair couldn't cover. There was nobody else in the bar at the front part of the restaurant.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. In the rear three waiters stood arguing. Every day at three o'clock the three waiters gathered in the back and argued.

"Fascism," one waiter said, "is a rehearsal for the cemetery."

"You read that someplace," another waiter said.

"All right," said the first waiter, "I read it someplace."

"An Italian," the third waiter said to the first waiter. "You are without a doubt one lousy Italian."

Mr. Grimmet turned around and called to the waiters: "Please reserve discussions of that character for when you go home. This is a restaurant, not Madison Square Garden."

He turned back to watching McMahon wiping the glasses. The three waiters looked at him with equal hate.

"Many of the best bars in the city," Thesing said in his musical salesman's voice, "use our own brand."

"Many of the best bars in the city," McMahon said, using the towel very hard, "ought to be turned into riding academies."

"That's funny," Thesing said, laughing almost naturally. "He's very funny, isn't he, Mr. Grimmet?"

"Listen, Billy," Mr. Grimmet said, leaning forward, disregarding Thesing, "listen to reason. In a mixed drink nobody can tell how much you paid for the rye that goes into it. That is the supreme beauty of cocktails."

McMahon didn't say anything. The red got a little deeper on his cheeks and on his bald spot and he put the clean glasses down with a sharp tinkle and the tinkle went through the shining lines of the other glasses on the shelves and sounded thinly through the empty restaurant. He was a little fat man, very compact, and he moved with great precision and style behind a bar and you could tell by watching him whether he was merry or sad or perturbed, just from the way he mixed a drink or put down a glass. Just now he was angry and Mr. Grimmet knew it.

Mr. Grimmet didn't want a fight, but there was quite a bit of money to be saved. He put out his hand appealingly to Thesing.

"Tell me the truth, Thesing," he said. "Is your own brand bad?"

"Well," Thesing said slowly, "a lot of people like it. It is very superior for a product of its type."

"Varnish type," McMahon said, facing the shelves. "Carefully matched developing fluid."

Thesing laughed, the laugh he used from nine to six. "Witty," he said, "the sparkling bartender." McMahon wheeled and looked at him, head down a little on his chest. "I meant it," Thesing protested. "I sincerely meant it."

"I want to tell you," Mr. Grimmet said to McMahon, fixing him with his eye, "that we can save seven dollars a case on our own brand." McMahon started whistling the tenor aria from *Pagliacci*. He looked up at the ceiling and wiped a glass and whistled. Mr. Grimmet felt like firing him and remembered that at least twice a month he felt like firing McMahon.

"Please stop whistling," he said politely. "We have a matter to discuss."

McMahon stopped whistling and Mr. Grimmet still felt like firing him.

"Times're not so good," Mr. Grimmet said in a cajoling tone of voice, hating himself for descending to such tactics before an employee of his. "Remember, McMahon, Coolidge is no longer in the White House. I am the last one in the world to compromise with quality, but we must remember, we are in business and it is 1939."

"Thesing's own brand," McMahon said, "would destroy the stomach of a healthy horse."

"Mussolini!" the first waiter's voice came out from the back of the restaurant. "Every day on Broadway I pass forty-five actors who could do his act better."

"I am going to tell you one thing," Mr. Grimmet said with obvious calmness to McMahon. "I am the owner of this restaurant."

McMahon whistled some more from *Pagliacci*. Thesing moved wisely down the bar a bit.

"I am interested in making money," Mr. Grimmet said. "What would you say, Mr. McMahon, if I ordered you to use Thesing's own brand?"

"I would say, 'I am through, Mr. Grimmet.' Once and for all."

Mr. Grimmet rubbed his face unhappily and stared coldly at the waiters in the back of the restaurant. The waiters remained silent and stared coldly back at him. "What's it to you?" Mr. Grimmet asked McMahon angrily. "What do you care if we use another whiskey? Do you have to drink it?"

"In my bar, Mr. Grimmet," McMahon said, putting down his towel and the glasses and facing his employer squarely, "in my bar, good drinks are served."

"Nobody will know the difference!" Mr. Grimmet got off his stool and jumped up and down gently. "What do Americans know about liquor? Nothing! Read any book that

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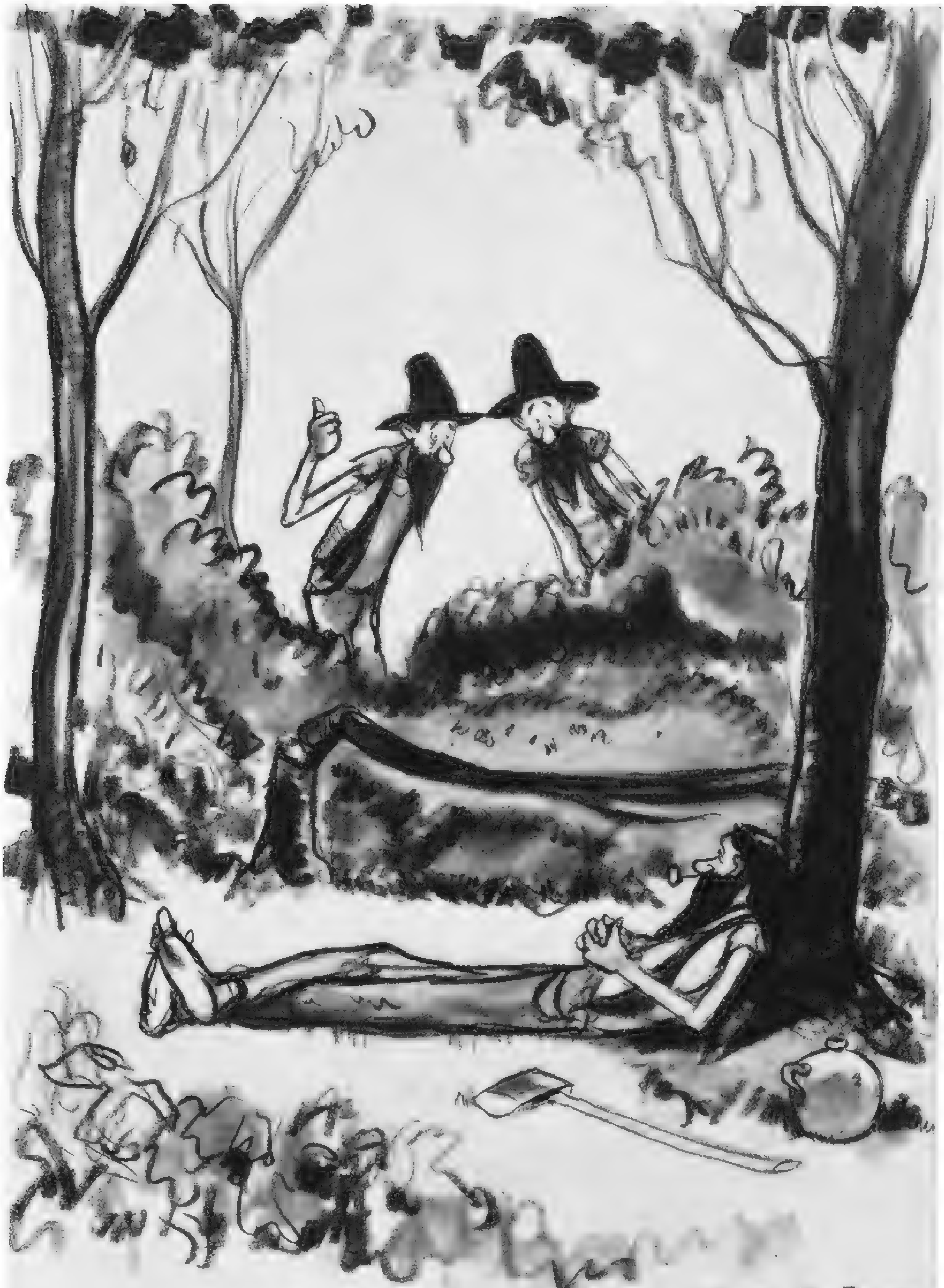

"Hey Willy! Gran'pappy's over here ketched in a b'ar trap . . . go ask gran'maw ef she wants to git that winter underwear off'n him now afore he gits loose"

The Censor Marches On...

The first of a series on the Puritans' progress, and setbacks, in the war on freedom in art

by MORRIS L. ERNST & ALEXANDER LINDEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"Of the many awful and pathetic cases brought to our attention perhaps the saddest and most pathetic of all was when a lady in deep mourning called and told of the death-bed confession made by her sister, eighteen years of age, who just before she died told of having received from the mails certain foul matters which had been sent by a procuress in this city for her to read, and which was followed up by her downfall, ruin and death. She told of other girls who had first received similar matters by mail and then had been ruined in the same manner. This mourning sister in speaking of those who had been the cause of the ruin of her younger sister said: 'They have diamonds and money but may the curse be upon them!'"

—ANTHONY COMSTOCK, *Vice Society Report* (1898)

THERE is a story about a publisher who received the manuscript of a sex-novel and was rather worried about it. He decided to play safe and went to his lawyer. The lawyer shook his head. "Give me a set of facts," he said, "and *I'll* tell you with a fair degree of certainty whether the facts constitute a run-of-the-mill crime. The law of embezzlement, of forgery, of assault, is clear; I can define each offense and give you the elements. But the law of obscenity is something else again. It uses such weasel words as obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent; it affords no realistic yardstick to measure the illegality of material."

The publisher snorted. "That's a lot of comfort," he said. "Do you mean to say there's no way I can make sure?" The attorney pondered a while, and then said: "Let's go down to the District Attorney and put it up to him. He's the prosecuting officer of the county; if the book violates the law, he's the one that'll have to get after you. Maybe he'll give us an opinion." So they went down to see the District Attorney, told their story. The District Attorney listened without interest. His job, he said, was to prosecute, not to review books. They somehow persuaded him to take the manuscript, and told him they'd be back in a week. When the week was up, they were in his office again.

The publisher rejoiced to think that his problem was on the verge of solution. He tapped the manuscript that lay on the District Attorney's desk. "It isn't obscene, is it?" he asked cheerily. The District Attorney handed him the manuscript. "You go ahead and publish it," he said. "We'll indict you and try you. If the jury convicts you, the book's obscene. If it acquits you, it's not obscene."

THE LEGAL TEST OF DECENCY

The legal test of obscenity was first laid down in 1868, in the English case of *Regina v. Hicklin*. There it was said that an obscene book was one which had the tendency "to deprave and corrupt those whose minds were open to immoral influences, and into whose hands the publication might fall."

One does not have to examine hundreds of obscenity cases to realize what a web of generalities is woven into this definition, and how susceptible it is of misapplication and abuse. How is a person depraved? How is he corrupted? Just what is the nature of the morally corrosive process which comes within the law's interdict? How is it to be ascertained? When is a mind open to immoral influences? What constitutes a non-receptive mind, and who may be presumed to possess one? What if a book is fit for a normal adult, but may conceivably harm a child or a moron? Is it the intent and purport of the law to reduce the reading matter of mature persons to the level of adolescents or idiots?

William Sharp

Let's take a look at some of the cases that have come up in the courts during the last generation, and see if they throw any light on these questions.

MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN

Theophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, back in 1916, gave the first impetus to the drive for the liberalization of the obscenity law as applied to books. Despite its sensuous imagery and erotic episodes, the novel was not an apology for libertinism; it was an indictment of the sterile estheticism of Gautier's day. It urged the worship of beauty and the rejection of taboos that stood between man and the enjoyment of life. To the moralists of a generation ago, as to the censor of Gautier's time (Gautier lost the wreath of the Academy for writing the book), *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was heresy. Mr. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and successor to the mantle of Anthony Comstock haled book-seller Halsey into court for selling a copy. One magistrate dismissed the complaint, but Mr. Sumner found another who was willing to hold Halsey for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. Halsey was acquitted. He then sued the Vice Society for malicious prosecution, and recovered substantial damages. The case was carried to the highest court of the State of New York, and Halsey's judgment was upheld. The Vice Society paid him $2500 and interest.

The *Mademoiselle de Maupin* case was important for several reasons. It established the precedent that classics were not to be judged by standards applicable to ordinary works. For generations judges had insisted that the question of obscenity was one for the average man (who was presumed to know what was decent), and that expert testimony was therefore not admissible. While the New York Court of Appeals did not avowedly override this ancient and vulnerable rule in the *Mademoiselle de Maupin* case, by quoting generously from authorities concerning Gautier and his literary reputation, the court at least by implication emasculated the long-established interdict. Furthermore, the prosecution had urged that Gautier's book should be condemned because it derided virtue. The Court made it clear that there was nothing in the law which required literary works to be moral tracts. The groundwork was laid for the cases that were to follow.

MADELEINE

It is a mystery how the house of Harper's ever came to publish *Madeleine*, the anonymous autobiography of a lady of joy. The consequences were curious.

The book was a detailed account of a career of prostitution. It described the workings of brothels, the methods of enticement used, the perversities and extortions practiced. There were passages dealing with drunken orgies, venereal diseases, pregnancies and abortions. At the instance of Mr. Sumner, both Harper's and Clinton T. Brainard, its president, were charged with violation of the obscenity law.

The naming of Mr. Brainard as a defendant was puzzling. For one thing, it wasn't the policy of the Vice Society to get after officers of

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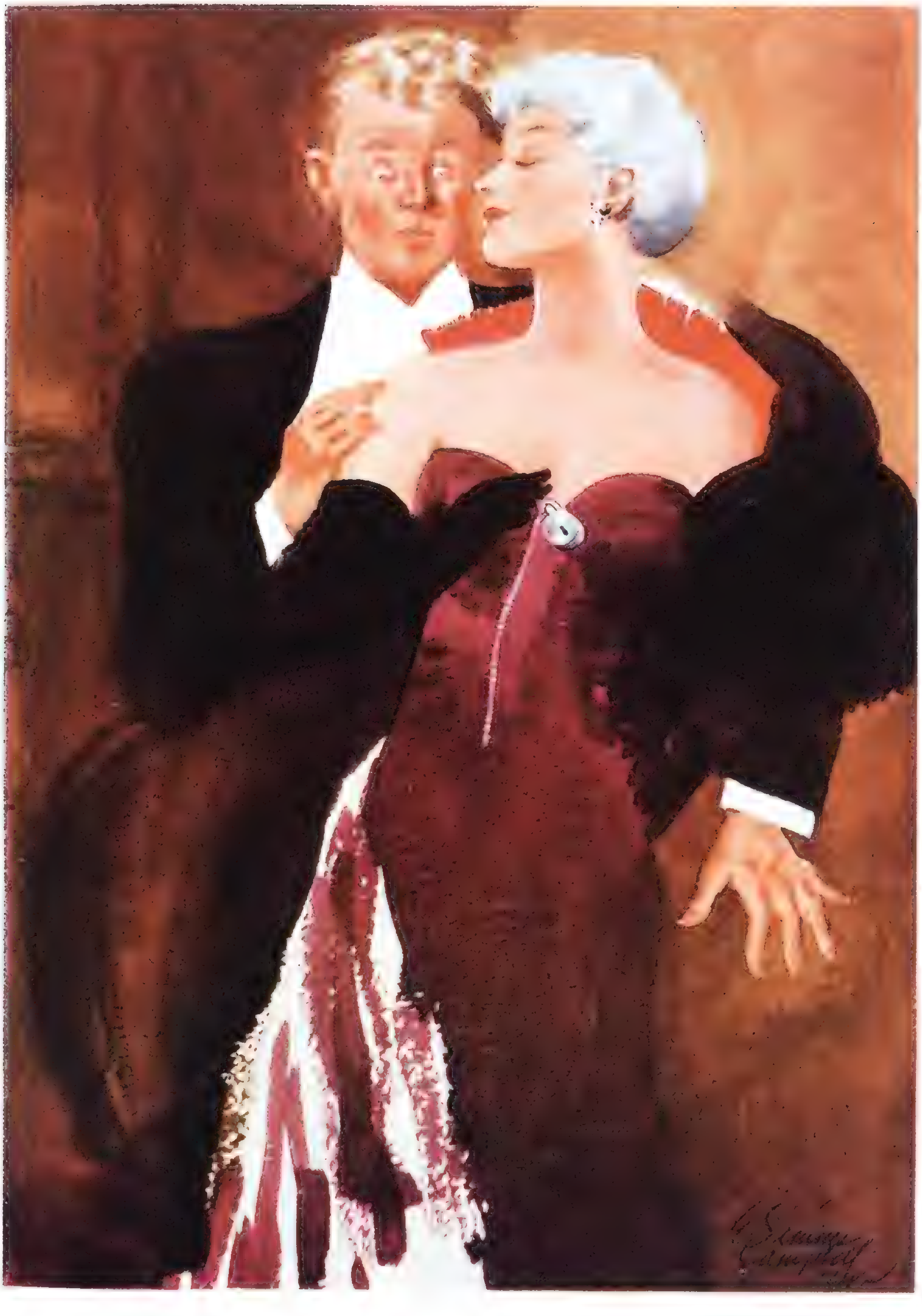
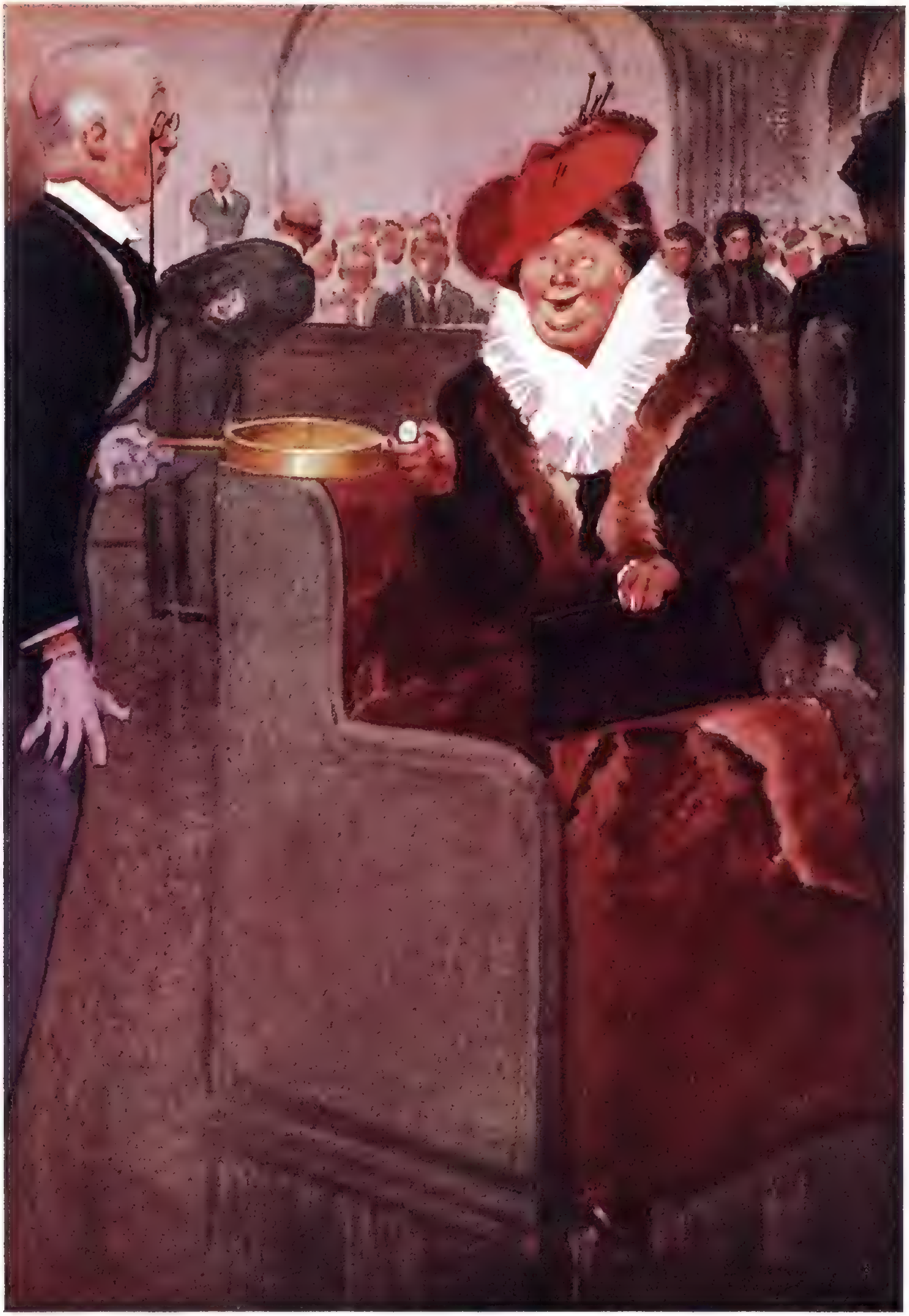

E. Simms Campbell

"The zipper came with the dress, but the padlock is my own idea"



"Double or nothing"

I Say It's False!

Since questionnaires have freed him from all misconceptions, this wise guy proves two and two are not four

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

ALMOST all of the newspapers I read, and a good many of the magazines, contain information tests, and I am never the one to pass these up. And I take pride in reporting that on those questions of the true-or-false variety I am nothing short of a bearcat. I practically never miss.

It isn't that I'm well-informed or smart; it's simply that, from study, I've evolved an almost foolproof system, one that is simplicity itself.

If I am asked to determine the truth or the falsity of any commonly accepted generality, any statement that seems reasonable and sensible, I simply say "False!" and I'm invariably right.

I never bother to study the question on its merits. That's a waste of time, and it may prompt me to go wrong. These fellows who make up the questions seem to have a knack of picking holes in all the established beliefs of humanity. "Blondes are more emotional than brunettes." False, of course. "Cats can see in the dark." We've all been brought up to believe that they can, so the statement is obviously wrong. "Women are worse drivers than men." You'd think they are, so obviously they aren't. See how simple it is?

I have taken so many of these tests, that I do them in my sleep now. In my mind I see the questions, the answers (always "false," remember), and the detailed explanations of how mankind happened to become seized with the particular delusion that is now being exploded before my eyes. A sample true-or-false test, as my impressions form it, runs about like this:

Q: Horses have four legs. True or false?

A: False! Horses have three legs. Scientific tests have determined that the so-called left fore-"leg" of a horse is not a leg at all. Study of its cellular structure shows that it is in reality merely an extension of the equine breastbone, and hence cannot qualify technically as being a leg. The popular belief that horses have four legs accordingly has no basis in scientific fact.

Q: Washington was the first president of the United States. True or false?

A: False! There have never been any presidents of the United States. In the Federal Convention of 1783, a man named Scopesby was assigned to incorporate provisions for the election of a president into the Constitution, but he was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, and, without the consent of the assembly, turned the task over to a compatriot, John Wade. It was Wade who unconstitutionally worked up the provisions which thereby have no legal standing whatsoever. The error still persists to this day, and the American populace still believes that the men it elects to office are presidents in good constitutional standing.

Q: Blind people cannot see. True or false?

A: False! Blind people *can* see. Careful study of the derivation of the word "see" reveals that it springs from the old Anglo-Saxon word *se,* (Dutch: *ze*) which means, as nearly as it can be translated: "to get a general hazy idea of things." It is obvious that the impressions that blind people get of their surroundings either by touch and smell or from the information relayed to them by people with normal eyesight, qualify under this definition.

Q: You can sleep better in a comfortable bed than on a hard floor. True or false?

A: False as usual! Recent tests at the University of Chicago revealed the opposite. Ten subjects slept in comfortable beds for seven nights after which they were assigned various tasks. They were then ordered to sleep on hardwood floors for another period of seven nights. There were complaints for the first two nights, but after that, every subject slept like a baby. Moreover, the subjects accomplished nothing unusual after sleeping on beds, but after the floor tests, here is what the group did: Wrote two symphonies. Placed in the semi-finals of the intercollegiate boxing tournament. Discovered a cure for whooping cough. Painted a picture which compared favorably with the *Mona Lisa.* Cornered U. S. Steel. Received a total of 742 proposals of marriage. The explanation lies in the fact that the fabular muscles (the ones that make people accomplish unusual things) are given beneficial stimulation by contact with hard materials whereas lying in soft beds simply tends to atrophy them.

Q: Fat people weigh more than thin people. How about it?

A: Not on your life! All wrong as usual. Fat people have greater volume than thin people, and this extra volume causes more air resistance to their susceptibility to gravity. In other words, fat people only *appear* to weigh more than thin people because our present-day scales are not correctly graduated to deduct properly for this additional air-resistance. If they were, it would be found that all people weigh exactly the same.

Q: Dogs cannot climb trees. True or false?

A: False! All dogs are perfectly capable of climbing trees. The reason they do not do so is because of an element in the bark of trees (scennic acid) which is injurious to their feet. If it were not for that, as tests with trees from which that acid has been removed prove, dogs would climb trees just as eagerly as cats.

Q: It is colder in winter than in summer. True or false?

A: Not on your tintype! The common custom of wearing heavy clothing in wintertime has caused this popular misconception. Heavy clothing impedes the circulation and hence leads to the erroneous belief that one is "cold." The so-called "evidence" of the thermometer also adds to the misconception. Actually the mercury in thermometers does not sink lower on account of the colder weather but because there is a different chemical make-up in the air during the winter season. The proof of this whole matter lies in the fact that certain animals that do not wear binding clothes and never look at thermometers, get along all right.

Q: Skunks smell terrible. True or false?

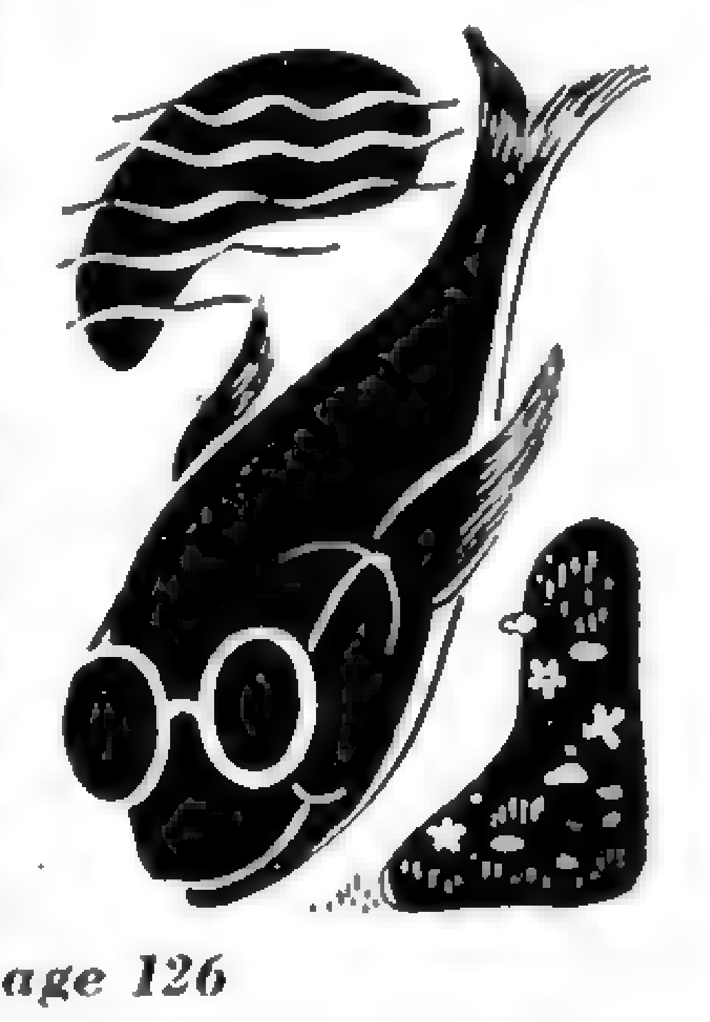
A: False! It is not the skunk that smells terrible, but the air surrounding him. Therefore skunks do *not* smell terrible.

Q: Fish suffocate if they are removed from water. How about it?

A: No sir! This delusion belongs strictly in the realm of folklore and superstition. Fish, it is true, die when taken out of their native element, but they only *appear* to suffocate. Actually the reason for their demise is due to the fact that fish cannot stand the intense light that pervades the atmosphere. Their eyes suffer so severely from it, that they die for this reason.

Q: Wellington defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. True or false?

A: False! Neither of them was at the scene of battle, recently-disclosed records prove. Napoleon was killed in the retreat from Moscow, and a French sergeant named Duprois, who resembled him closely, was chosen to take command of the armies so that the enemy should never become



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Uncle Randolph's Buried Treasure

Charles was sworn to secrecy concerning the map for no word of it must ever reach that deep-dyed villain, Emmanuel Ginsberg

by DAN WICKENDEN

FICTION

One summer Charles went back to Seawater to put his grandmother's house in order before it was sold. He expected to feel depressed: the air smelled ancient and sterile, the furniture looked ghostly under sheets furred thick with dust, and the garden had fallen into a desolation of weeds; but in the end he stayed an extra week, until the memory of his only other visit, and the brief sojourn of Uncle Randolph, had become complete in his mind once more.

It began with the picture of a small boy, himself at seven or eight, kneeling in the window of the upstairs hall with his nose pressed to the glass. Rain fell outside; rain had been falling for days and the small boy was bored and unhappy. His grandmother was so very old that she found it difficult to believe he existed, except when he made a noise; his parents were thousands of miles away in a place called Europe, and it seemed improbable to him that they would ever return.

The small boy kneeled in the window for a long time, watching the rain, until at last he was diverted by the appearance of a man who walked briskly under the wet trees across the road. He was a short stout man, carrying an umbrella and a suitcase, and he bounced a little as he walked: there was so much gaiety in his movement that Charles was irritated and made a face at him through the window.

Immediately the stout man halted and gazed across the street, angrily, Charles thought, drawing back from the window. He stood with his fists clenched in fear, and watched as the umbrella waved about uncertainly, made up its mind, and floated across the street with the stout man trotting beneath. The gate clicked, footsteps sounded on the flagged walk, in the depths of the house a bell jingled. Then there was a long silence, until Charles became more curious than frightened. He crept to the window, inched it up, and leaned out to discover what had happened.

At first he could see nothing but the rain and the dripping shrubbery, but suddenly the umbrella bobbed out backward and there the stout man was, staring up, with raindrops hitting his spectacles and draggling the long black ribbon attached to them. Charles clutched the curtain tight and almost pitched head foremost on top of him; at last, because he could think of nothing else to do, he made another face.

This gave the stout man pause; he continued to gaze up through the falling rain. Then he made a face at Charles.

Charles smiled, and the man smiled. He swept off his hat and bowed very low, with the umbrella wilting over his shoulder like a monstrous black flower.

That was Charles' first memory of his Uncle Randolph.

The next time he was sitting on the beach in the sun, building a sand castle and thinking even that wasn't much fun when there was no one around to admire it.

Presently his Uncle Randolph appeared, coming along jauntily in his shiny black suit with the sun flashing on his glasses and the ribbon streaming in the breeze. Charles felt distrustful: his uncle had mostly ignored him since the first afternoon, but had talked incessantly to the old lady, Charles' grandmother, and at intervals had uttered a high shrill laugh, snatching the glasses from his nose and waving them in the air, for no reason at all, so far as Charles could see.

Now he opened his eyes wide in admiration. "Well!" he said. "What a wonderful castle!"

Charles merely grunted.

"Would you mind very much if I helped?" Uncle Randolph asked.

Charles dug his fists into the sand. "All right," he said. "I guess you can if you want to."

The castle became enormous. It extended over the beach in all directions and the central tower was almost as tall as Charles. When it was finished they both sat back and looked at it dreamily, uttering sighs of pride and satisfaction. There had never been a sand castle like that before, and Charles thought a little sadly there would never be one like it again.

"I suppose you wonder why I've come here," Uncle Randolph said after a while, but he continued to gaze fondly at his handiwork.

Charles shook his head.

"To see your grandmother, of course. That's one reason. *But,*" said Uncle Randolph explosively, with a noise like a cork popping from a bottle, "it isn't the only reason. Oh, dear me, no!" He chuckled; he took off his glasses and tapped with them on Charles' knee. "You're bored, aren't you?" he said.

Charles nodded.

"You shouldn't be," said Uncle Randolph, and beamed at him. "And do you know why? Because," he said, lowering his voice, "there's a buried treasure in the neighborhood. What do you think of that?"

Charles stared at him solemnly. "Where?" he whispered.

"Ah!" said Uncle Randolph, and set the glasses back on his nose. "That I don't know yet. But I mean to find out, Charles—with your assistance." He nodded his head rapidly. "You mustn't tell your grandmother I said so, but one of your ancestors was a pirate, and he was the one who buried the treasure . . . Have you looked in the attic for anything like an old map? He must have left a map behind him. One day when your grandmother isn't around, we'll have to find it."

Charles wanted to start looking right away. He jumped up, but his uncle stretched out one hand warningly.

"I must tell you," he said, "there is a certain amount of danger. Because, my dear Charles, some one else knows about this treasure. A thin, squinty-eyed individual by the name of Ginsberg, Emmanuel Ginsberg. Somehow he has come into possession of a duplicate map, and once let the news leak out that we're hunting for the treasure and he'll be here like a shot, with his squinting eyes, Charles, and a limp, a very slight limp, and, of course, the duplicate map. So you mustn't talk about it to anybody. If we're very careful, Emmanuel Ginsberg will never know."

Charles nodded.

"Emmanuel Ginsberg," said Uncle Randolph, as impressively as he could in his high voice, "is a villain of the deepest dye."

Charles was sure of it.

He could remember several days after that when he was afraid his uncle was never going to say anything more about the treasure; but Emmanuel Ginsberg, with his squinty eyes and the slight limp, walked through Charles' dreams, carting off the treasure while Uncle Randolph stood by, impotently waving his glasses.

At last, however, on a still, hot afternoon when Charles' grandmother was visiting friends in the village and Lulu the cook was busy in the kitchen, Uncle Randolph plucked at his sleeve and drew him upstairs into the attic, locking the door behind them. They searched a long time in the thick warmth that smelled of shingles and camphor and old clothes, until Charles was sure they would never find the map: there were so many trunks, and all the trunks were so large. But just as he was growing tired Uncle Randolph leaned past him, plunging his arm deep into a hatbox stuffed full of old letters, and said, "Look! Look, Charles! What's that?" From under the letters he pulled a piece of parchment and waved it in Charles' face. "Here we are!" he cried, and beamed at Charles in the twilight. Dust streaked his face and clung to the knees of his trousers; he looked hot and distracted, but very happy. "Parchment," he said, gazing down at the map, "parchment, Charles, the real stuff." He jammed the glasses back on his nose and rolled the map into a tight wand. "I'll keep it in a safe place, and as soon as I've deciphered it, we'll set out."

Charles did not sleep well that night; in the morning he woke much earlier than usual. When Uncle Randolph did not appear at the breakfast table and Lulu said he had gone out in a rowboat before the sun was up, Charles was really angry, and ran out of the house, down to the beach, to see where his uncle was. Obviously he must be looking for the treasure by himself.

He appeared presently, rowing hard, but Charles stood silent and accusing until he had beached the boat and jumped out. He was carrying a shovel, and when he saw Charles he looked guilty.

"You've been looking for the treasure," Charles said.

"Well," said Uncle Randolph, and tried to hide the shovel behind him, "yes and no, Charles, yes and no. I've hired a boat, you see, because I *suspect* that the treasure is buried on the island out there." He waved a hand at the small island that floated half a mile offshore; Charles gazed at it with a new appreciation. "I've been doing a little—a little preliminary prospecting. I wanted to verify a few points that came up last night when I was studying the map. But see for yourself!" He dropped the shovel, reached into his pocket, and unrolled the map on the sand. "See," he said, "here's a cove, here's a boulder, and *here* is the stump of an old pine tree. And fifty paces to the east, then twenty-five paces to the north, and you'll find yourself precisely above the spot where the treasure is." He put the map away again. "Doesn't it excite you, Charles? It's almost within our grasp."

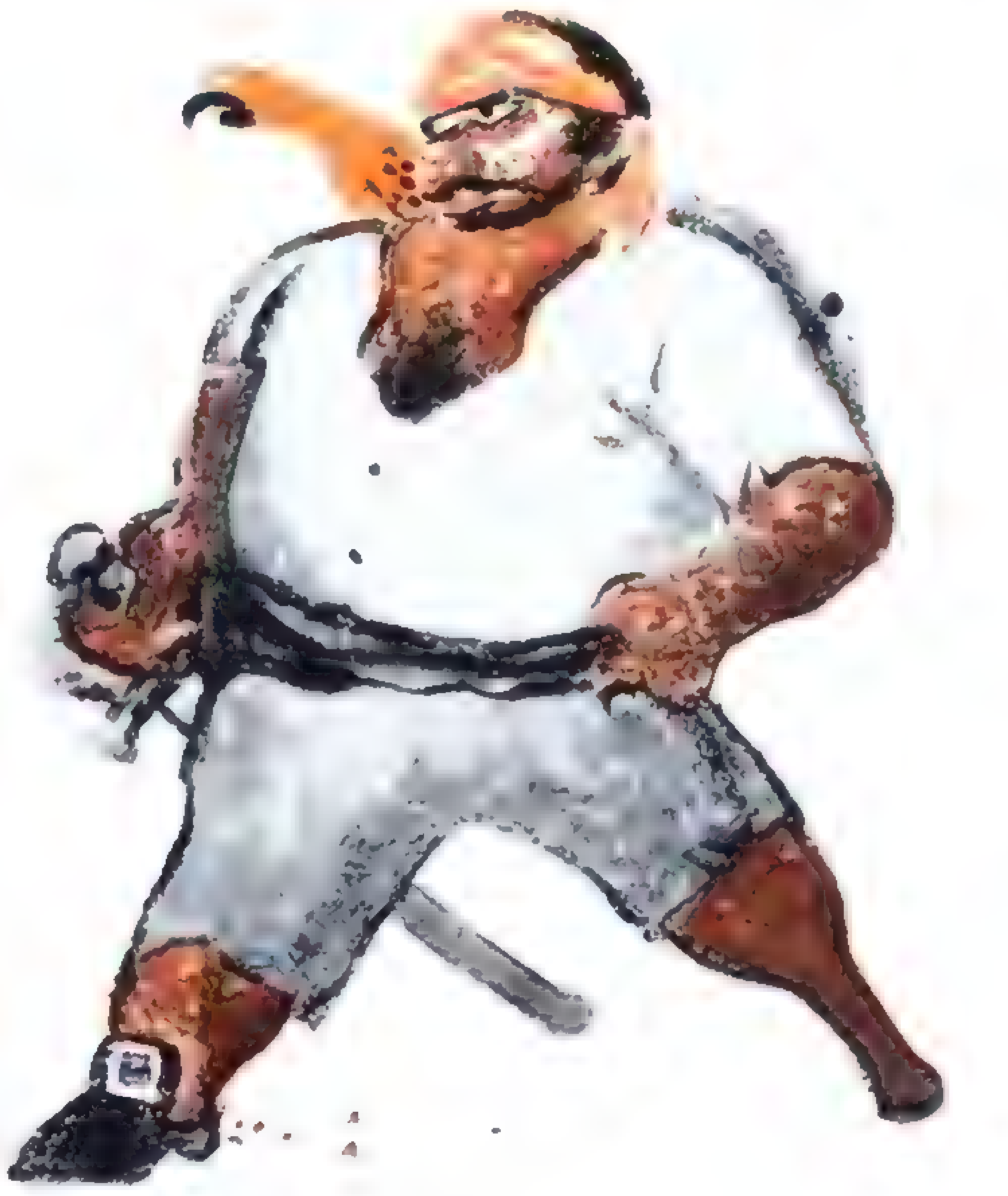
"And then we'll all be rich?" Charles asked.

His uncle stooped to pick up the shovel. "Well—not *rich*, exactly. No, your ancestor was a pirate in a rather modest way. *But!*" he said explosively, "a buried treasure is a buried treasure, after all." He beamed at Charles. "His name, incidentally, was Roderick the Ruthless. In his modest way he was a terror, my dear Charles, a terror. The Scourge of Seawater, they sometimes called him."

Charles expressed a wish to set out for the island immediately, but his uncle persuaded him to wait until the next morning. "We'll start early," he said, "and take a picnic lunch. Tomorrow morning, Charles, *if* the weather is fine."

They stole across the lawn under a sky that looked remote and pure; trees stood motionless and silence lay implacably on the world as though nothing could break it. The scrunch of their feet in wet sand was no disturbance in that enormous quiet; the bay stretched to the horizon without a ripple. Charles, in a state of ecstasy and terror, scrambled into the rowboat, where two shovels and a rusty pickaxe lay waiting. He had never been up so early before and he felt as though he must be still asleep and dreaming. The creak of rowlocks and the faint lapping of water against the boat were comforting noises, but it was a long time before he dared to look back at the shore, and saw that nowhere on the wide expanse of sand was there a sign of Emmanuel Ginsberg.

By the time they reached the island the sun was well above the trees, but no sound came to them from the mainland, and the light remained clear and innocent: on such a day no squinting villain would dare limp forth, and Charles, while gazing at the island, began to forget Emmanuel Ginsberg.



MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

They rowed on slowly, ten yards offshore, searching for the cove indicated on the map. But there were many coves and many boulders; from all aspects the island looked the same, a disappointing mound of sand and rocks, grown over thickly with scrub pine, beach plum, and bayberry bushes.

After they had been all the way round once, Uncle Randolph shipped the oars and mopped his face with a dirty handkerchief. "Would you like to row for a change, Charles?" he suggested. "Then I can keep a sharper lookout. We seem to have missed it the first time. But never mind," he said, patting Charles on the knee, "we'll find the right cove sooner or later."

Charles pulled hard on the oars; he was so pleased with his skill at rowing that he was almost disappointed when his uncle stood up suddenly and shouted out, "There it is, Charles! That's the one!"

They dragged the boat well up on the beach and hid the lunch basket under a bayberry bush, and then squatted side by side over the map. At last Uncle Randolph reached a decision; he walked straight back from the boulder with Charles trotting after him, pushing away the stiff-twigged branches, until, among the sand and pine needles and drifted leaves, he discovered the stump of what must have been a larger tree than any now growing on the island.

"This is it, this is it!" Uncle Randolph squeaked, and in his excitement stamped a heel down hard on the sand. He removed his glasses and wiped them, blinking his eyes solemnly at Charles. The sun was very hot, the pines were fragrant all about them, and the astonishing silence went on and on, so that it seemed necessary to talk in whispers. "Fifty paces due east from this spot," said Uncle Randolph, gazing about rather wildly, "and twenty-five paces to the north—" He stared at the sun, he consulted his watch. "A compass," he muttered, "now why didn't I think of a compass? . . . But it doesn't matter."

He swung about and thrust his way between the bushes, counting aloud and mopping his brow. Branches snapped into place behind him; the shiny black suit vanished, but Charles could hear the crashings and the rustlings still, and his uncle's voice counting breathlessly aloud: " . . . forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty! All right, Charles, come on . . . Now you stand *here*," he said when Charles had found him, "and I'll pace off the rest." He seemed actually to be quivering; the glasses vibrated on his nose and he stared at the small boy with his eyes wide open and his brows raised. "Midnight," he called back over his shoulder, "it was midnight, Charles, when they buried the treasure, and his men stood in a ring with flaring pine knots held high over their heads; and within a year they were dead, every one of them. Dead! Only half of them left this island alive, that night, and the rest were murdered within the year. Oh, he was a cruel one, a ruthless one, but he's dust these hundred years, Charles, and he can't harm us now, or keep his treasure from us. Twenty-four, twenty-five," said Uncle Randolph. "Here's the spot, Charles. Run and get the shovels, will you, while I mark off a circle?"

Charles went quickly and in terror back to the place where they had left the boat. He did not like being alone in the hot silence: even under such a bright sun the ghosts of murdered pirates might rise and bar his way, and he could not be sure there was nothing malicious in the way branches snapped in his face and scratched his knees.

It was a great relief to see his uncle again. He had cleared the pine needles and the dead leaves and twigs away from a large circular patch of open ground, in the middle of which he now sat panting; for he had not removed his coat.

"Ah, here you are!" he said, and reached his hand for a shovel.

They began to dig immediately.

They dug for hours while the sunlight fell hotter and the pines smelled stronger; sand slid back into their excavation, it seemed, as fast as they dug it out.

In the end it was Charles' shovel that struck the chest first. At the sound of metal on wood he began to dig in a frenzy and created a landslide which half filled the hole again. After that they both dug more carefully and at last the chest was uncovered

Continued in center of page 147

Nippon Covers the War

The press publicizes the military to keep the home fires burning and never allows the truth to spoil a good tale

by LASELLE GILMAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

CONFUCIUS said: "Truth does not depart from human nature; if what is regarded as truth departs from human nature, it may not be regarded as truth."

In war, the first casualty is Truth.

Japan's regimented Press is on a strictly competitive basis, but in Tokyo the Japanese reader reads only what is good for him, and thus acquires no "dangerous thoughts." China's Press, now harried into the hinterland, is also highly competitive; however, Chungking is not so concerned with dangerous thoughts, and the Chinese reader is therefore comparatively well-informed on the progress of the Sino-Nippon hostilities, which are approaching their second anniversary. This is not because the Chinese Press contains all the news that's fit to print; it is because the Chinese reader is free to read newspapers and magazines published in the occupied areas and abroad. In China's interior, censorship of imported reading material is not as strict as censorship of local publications. But Chinese censorship in wartime is as nothing compared with Japanese censorship.

This state of affairs in Dai Nippon is not obvious. In the metropolitan daily newspapers there are no startling and tell-tale blank spaces in the columns to indicate the activity of the Blue-Pencilers. Government supervision of the Press to the extent of posting officials in the editorial offices of each paper is unnecessary. The editors know what they can print and what they cannot, and they censor themselves. They do it gladly and willingly, as a patriotic duty, and most censorship in the Island Empire is self-imposed. No printed lists of instructions need be circularized among leading publishers, and while there are certain general regulations in force, this self-censorship is chiefly governed by unwritten law. The leading publications set the pace and standard, and the rest unquestioningly follow. The broad policies of the government, the army and the navy are understood and all means, including newspapers, work toward those ends.

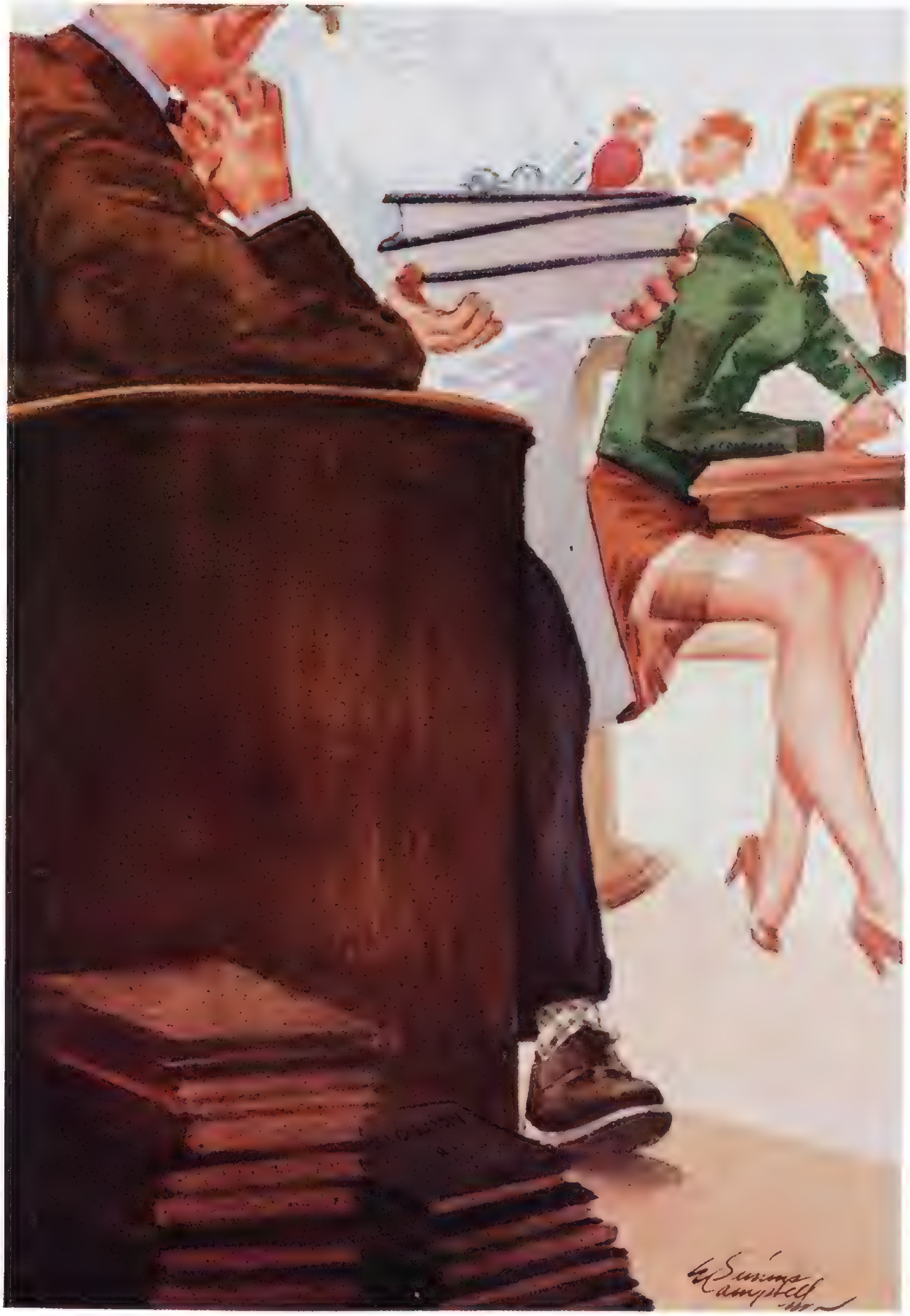
Now and then a recalcitrant publisher may violate this understanding, but retribution is quick and sure. Japan is not yet precisely a corporate state and Japanese journalists insist that their most treasured possession is the freedom of the press, but there is a significant absence of any editorial opposition to army commitments in Asia and resultant reactions at home. Such scattered reactions may make their appearance off and on among the people of Japan themselves but, naturally, outspokenness and criticism, even the whisper of a grumble, is efficiently suppressed by the police, and while the pressure is being applied the newspapers turn their backs and make no comment. Occasionally an English-language publication in Japan, controlled by foreign interests, has presumed to ignore the unwritten law and express a few individual views. Comparatively few Japanese read these papers so the heresies do not spread far, and no Japanese paper would reprint them, but indiscreet publishers suffer none the less in loss of postal privileges, officially-inspired strikes of native employees, and direct warnings.

The Japanese Press, nevertheless, remains a matter of private enterprise and is not government-owned. One newspaper in Japan boasts the biggest circulation in the world—1,400,000 daily. This is the *Asahi*, which has both Tokyo and Osaka editions (the Osaka edition being the larger), as well as several provincial editions. Close runners-up are the *Osaka Mainichi* (1,200,000) and the *Yomiuri Shimbun* (1,000,000). The *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* also claims a million circulation. Both the *Nichi-Nichi* and the *Mainichi* are capitalized at over Yen 10,000,000. These papers are as modern and up-to-date as big American and British dailies, highly departmentalized, with armies of employees; their buildings are imposing and their mechanical equipment is the best that yen can buy—although as yet no efficient linotype has been invented to set Japanese characters. They use all methods of news gathering and transmission and some of the larger papers maintain their own private bureaus in the United States, Europe and China, fully staffed with trained correspondents.

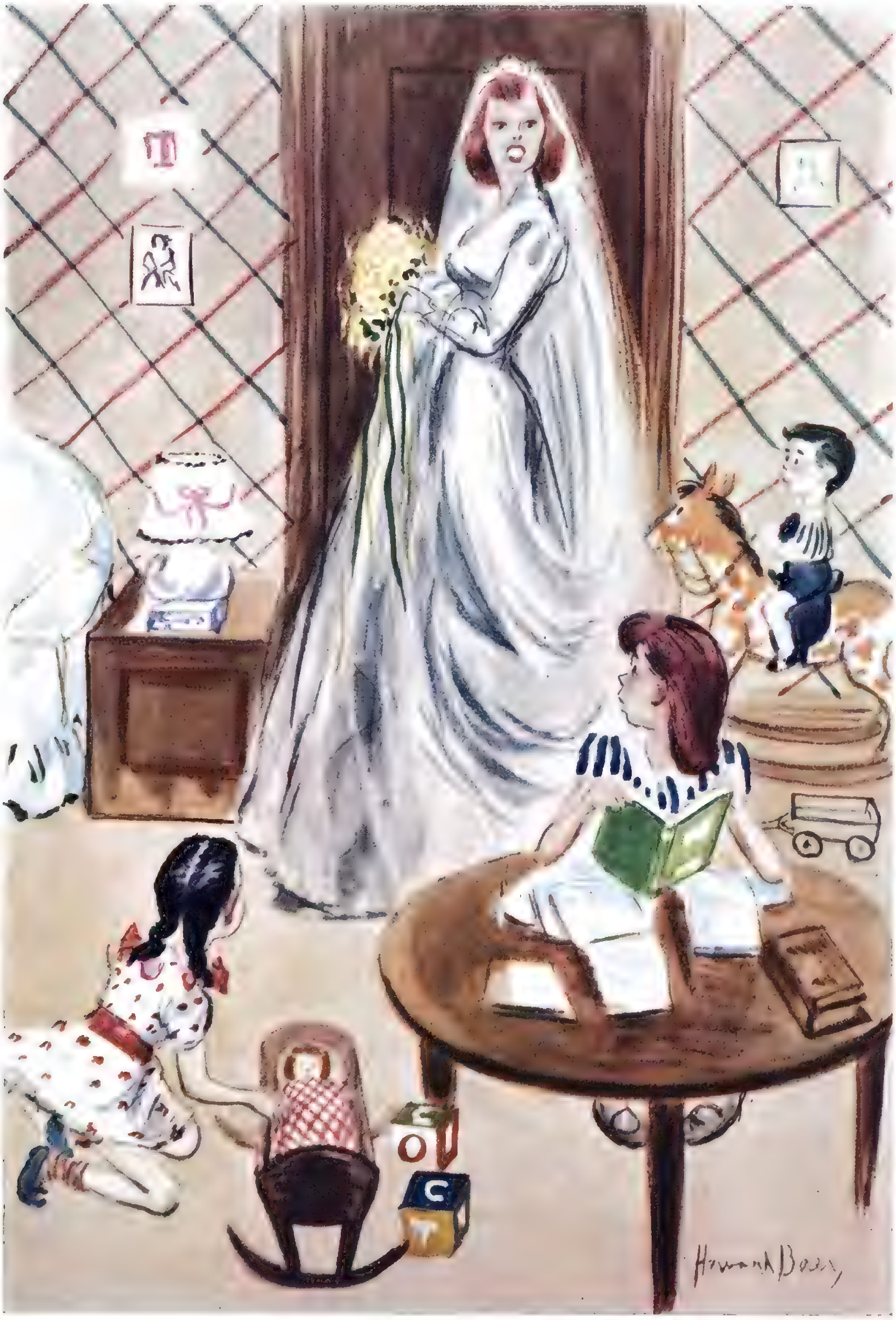
There are about 7700 publications in Japan which can be classified as newspapers. Of these, some 1200 are dailies. Approximately 30 per cent of them are centered in Tokyo, the capital, and Osaka, the economic and industrial center of the Empire. These dailies are believed to have a total circulation of about 19,000,000, which is around one-third the population of Japan proper and a quarter of the entire Empire's population. Since there are some 17,500,000 households in Japan, this means that the average family reads at least one paper daily. Standards of living may be low, but so are the costs of newspapers, for a year's subscription is only one or one-and-a-half yen.

The English-language Press is comparatively negligible. The *Mainichi* and the *Nichi-Nichi* publish English editions, and there is an English-language paper called the *Japan Times*, which is also Japanese-owned and operated. There are only two foreign-owned papers: the *Japan Advertiser*, registered as an American daily with B. W. Fleisher as publisher, and the *Kobe Chronicle*, owned by D. G. Young, a Briton. The *Advertiser* is partially staffed by Americans and circulates chiefly for the benefit of American businessmen and

Continued on page 155


E. Simms Campbell

"P-s-s-s-t—I think she's cribbing, professor, but don't say anything just yet"


O
C
T
Howard Baer

"Be very good children and mama'll bring home a wonderful surprise!"

Them Was the Days

When baseball was polite and fine plays on either side brought applause from the gentlemen and bouquets from the ladies

by ALVIN F. HARLOW

• SPORTS •

NOWADAYS a little dash of rough stuff—just a soupçon—is believed by managers to be relished by the crowds at a baseball game. Not too much, y'understand; not enough to be called rowdyism; but just sliding into a baseman, spiked-shoe-soles-first, or deftly giving a runner the "hip" and throwing him for a double Immelmann—things like that are supposed to add "color" to an afternoon at the park and to give the crowd that whiff of blood which makes them come back, hoping for more. The St. Louis Cardinals, while at the height of their fame as the Gas House Gang some four years ago, practically mauled Detroit out of a World's Series with their feet and fists. And as for quarreling with the umpire by manager and players, and uproarious, even abusive rooting by the audiences, if baseball hadn't these stimuli nowadays, it would probably fold up and die.

Can anyone believe that all these were once deprecated? Can any modern fan grasp the spirit of a quaint, unworldly-sounding item in a sporting column of 1866 which says, "Before the season closes, we hope to be able to record several victories for the Union Club, for they are a gentlemanly set of players and are worthy of success." Nowadays character counts for little with the public by comparison with the ability to win games. And what we would consider practically ideal behavior on the field and in the stands would have been looked upon as boisterous and infuriate six or seven decades ago. If you don't believe it, read the published reports of the games and the comments of the sports writers. When Henry Chadwick, the famous old Boston baseball scribe, ran over to Worcester one day in 1880 to see the Cincinnati Reds play there, he wrote:—"We took the morning train for Worcester and had the pleasure of witnessing not only a closely contested match, but a game played by two of the most gentlemanly teams in the League arena. It was in fact quite a treat to see a championship contest played as this was without a word of 'kicking,' fault-finding, disputing of decisions or grumbling at errors." Furthermore, "The attendance was highly respectable, a number of ladies occupying seats in the stands."

Tony Palazzo

Still earlier, before leagues with regular schedules were organized, and all save college teams were of what we would now call the semi-professional variety, the emphasis on harmony was still more pronounced; though evidently there were a few poor, weak souls who couldn't quite live up to the code. Once in a while we hear of them. When the Eurekas of Newark played the Atlantics of Brooklyn in 1865, we read that "The game was played in a very friendly spirit, though the Atlantics did not play with such good humor as on the 14th, Pearce forgetting himself in one instance in a manner we trust never to see again." We are left in the dark as to what ghastly breach of etiquette Pearce committed. Maybe he thumbed his nose at the umpire. Maybe he cussed! Right from the start an effort was made to eliminate profanity from baseball. In the very first game that we find noticed in the newspapers in New York—that between the Knickerbockers and the New York Club in May, 1846, won by the latter by a score of 23 to 1—we discover that Davis of the New Yorkers was "fined six cents for swearing"—and served him right, too, say we. No good sportsman ever swears.

When the Harvard University team played the Atlantics at Brooklyn in 1866, one reporter wrote, "We have especially to commend to our clubs the model behavior of the Harvards on the field. When errors were made, not a word of fault-finding was heard, gentlemanly words of pardon for errors of play replacing the growling that we have so often heard in the same field." That good old Harvard culture will tell!

Chadwick journeyed down from Boston to witness that contest, and he wrote, "A noteworthy feature of the game was the harmony which marked the occasion, and the model conduct of the contestants on the field, and perfect order and thorough impartiality of the large crowd of spectators. Especially have we to commend the example of the Harvard players for their politeness to one another when errors of play were committed. Instead of fault-finding, apologies were made to each other. This is the right spirit to play ball. Far preferable and more manly is it to observe these social amenities than to see a contest marred by the schoolboy style of grumbling and fault-finding. We trust the grumbling style of play is played out. Another thing worthy of remark was the equality of applause bestowed on the contestants when good plays were made, the Bostonians sharing equally with the Brooklynites. In this respect, Brooklyn gave Boston a lesson; for in the Modern Athens, the crowds are very partial in their accord of praise to their local organization."

Just as he lamented, it was quite another matter when the Mutuals played Harvard at Cambridge a little later. "There was much partisan feeling shown among the spectators, beautiful plays by the Mutuals being received in silence, while even an indifferent exhibition of skill by a Harvard was received with "rah! rah's!" Still, we suppose the feeling was manifested rather by the rough element, as we noticed that the repeated hissing of the decisions of the umpire came from that portion of the field upon which the so-called 'muckers' were congregated in force. The Harvards themselves, at the close of the game, gave three rousing cheers for their visitors, which was returned with a will."

That same year, when Harvard played the Eurekas, a reporter wrote of the collegians, "A better disciplined team we never saw. Even under the excitement of the game" (which was nerve-racking in its closeness, the score being 42 to 39) "all played like gentlemen throughout; no grumbling, no yelling, but simply obeying orders quietly but effectively, was the feature of their play."

In the hinterland, the most gracious hospitality was extended by the home team to a visiting aggregation. When the Brooklyn Atlantics went up to Syracuse in 1858 to play the Central Citys, they arrived on the evening before the game. Next morning the Central City management had a fleet of carriages at the hotel and the visitors were taken on a tour of the principal points of interest in the city, including the salt works. After dinner, carriages were supplied to take them out to the ball park, where "an immense crowd"

Continued on page 178

No Peace with the Sea

The submarine crew had often told the officers they were going home and now they were going without the officers

by PAUL HAGGARD

• FICTION •

THE mist faded like a ghost at cockcrow. The rasping, querulous cross winds of false dawn found the submarine rolling uncared for on choppy, pyrite-green waves. The devil coast of North Africa was but a dim scribble, saw-toothed against the azure and khaki clouds. Glittering Orion and bright Sirius had just dimmed and the wind rose stronger.

The sea heaved to keep pace with the wind hissing around the valve vents of the wet-steel submarine. It jerked at the flagless halliards, the short radio mast, the plugged muzzle of the deadly four-inch deck gun set at maximum elevation.

It whirled on. Waves, in stubby geysers, ran like unmannered children, and whooped down the open hatch. Nobody closed it.

Abaft the chariot bridge something lay—something wedged in between the two lonely periscopes wound high on their wire cables; a young dead petty officer in the uniform of the royal navy. His head was a bloody pulp, a Mauser automatic still tight in one lobster-red hand. His eyes, like boiled blue onions, still looked in loggy surprise towards the hatch from which death had come so horribly and so unexpectedly.

The sea, now a luminous aquamarine, gave him continual burial; then passed him by to snarl and hiss over the tin fish, and send more stinging cold brine down the open hatch.

Suddenly there was a staccato rattle in the belly of the monster. Compressed air hissed as the blowers forced exhaust vapors, white and reeking into the sea; as they made pressure in the ventilation tubes. The whir of motors grew. Water, oil-stained, dripped silver and rainbow colored, out of the long line of scupper holes. The rudder went hard left. The ship turned. Diesel engines clutched the propellers and the boat, in its slight buoyancy, headed away from the land that now sprawled aluminum-colored and green on the lee rail.

A man, large, brown, nude to the hips, and barefooted, came up out of the hatch. Like a graceful bronze tomcat, he muscled his way by the rungs welded to the conning tower. He stopped to look down at the dead petty officer, then grinned and rubbed a bleeding fist and patted the black Luger in his belt. Torpedoer looked happy and tired from great effort. He filled his barrel-like chest with salt air and watched with care the full bowl of the sea and sky, and the far distant roll of the sea plains.

Two sailors joined him, little soggy men, blue-white like fish-bellies, from life under wet steel; tattooed, big eyed with what they had done that long night; with what they made of their twisted destinies. They were glad to breathe again the cold air after the damp bluish gloaming, the oil-filled, gas-loaded air of the submarine's metal-gutted control rooms.

"Air fresh from home," said Torpedoer, sucking in deep lungfuls.

"It's come a long way," the Herring mumbled.

A thousand years ago it seemed they had sailed from home. Sailed on a sunny day with banners flying and folks on the dock and brave, wine-washed speeches, and the last kiss and hug. .

And then four hours out on the robust seas the officers had seized the ship, shot down two men in cold blood—torn down their country's flag and declared themselves for the rebels. They remembered it well that moment; they standing whitefaced, the bodies of their brothers dead underfoot, the officers armed, asking them who were for the rebels and who were for the fish. They had all answered for the rebels, after The Tailor had said he was for the fish—and to the fish he had gone.

They had sailed the hell-ship for ages—starved, beaten—seen three more of the crew thrown over the steel-wet side for refusing to man the torpedo tubes against a ship from home loaded with children and women fleeing the air bombers.

The officers slept in shifts, watched and beat the men until they had decided to drop a warhead and blow themselves all up together. Better death with dignity than this crawling along the sea bottoms; than this sinking, at gun point, of fishing boats and food ships and women and children.

It was the day after little Tripper had been beaten to death by a wrench in the captain's hand, that they had been caught by Torpedoer unscrewing a red warhead. He had cursed them and spoken of another way out. And, they had taken it. And the officers had died in a fast, mad five minutes over their mess table, and the petty officer had felt the same wrench that had finished little Tripper.

Now they were going home, safe at last unless the officer at the radio keys had not been caught in time. They would know soon.

The pounding, pulsating vibrations of the Diesels now nosed the pigboat E.N.E. The half-nude giant swore strongly, loudly and pointed north. A smudge of smoke penciled the sky, and up across the seascape came three destroyers, still hull down, but coming fast and headed for the tossing submarine.

"Something told them!" yelled the giant Torpedoer.

A little sailor answered to the giant, "They must have gotten a radio message out before we threw them overboard, Torpedoer. We're in for it now."

Torpedoer nodded and eyed the dripping four-inch gun, the bolted Carley life-rafts, the sealed boat stowed on the port skids. All shipshape. He ignored the petty officer.

"Everybody to stations! Herring, we'll take her down in a crash dive with open vents on the tanks—and I want the torpedo tubes manned."

"Very well," said the Herring.

"The boys may be a bit delayed starting for home."

The two little sailors dropped down into the jeopardized atmosphere of the tin fish. Torpedoer followed them into the central operating compartment and tripped the hatch shut. He would have full hands now with those hounds sniffing for him. Everything was happening fast. The bright lights of the control chamber showed recent and gory disaster. Blood mixed with oil and gamboge water in the scuppers. Three of the men at diving station bore the bright badge of wounds, and two shapes lay dead uninterested in their surroundings, on wire mesh bunks.

Torpedoer eyed the crew. They showed wolf teeth, pink tongues, yellow eyeballs: and grinned. Valves, gauges, manifolds and switchboards were manned and waiting. They were going home—as they had often told the officers. Now they were going without officers.

Along the bulkheads a maze of pipes and conduits lead past water-tight doors to battery room, torpedo section, and tiny galley.

Torpedoer waited for the last minute. They needed all the air they could take. The crew stood ready, their minds full of thoughts of home-cooked food, of small fry, and wives, and old folk long unseen.

The wireless began to sing. They waited. Hearts beat faster under blue jumpers. The Herring came out of his mouse-hole full of radio tools and said with mockery:

"The destroyers ask you politely to stand by on the surface and hold yourself ready for court-martial for throwing the officers overboard without their swim suits—signed by that honorable dog—the flotilla commander. Answer awaited with interest."

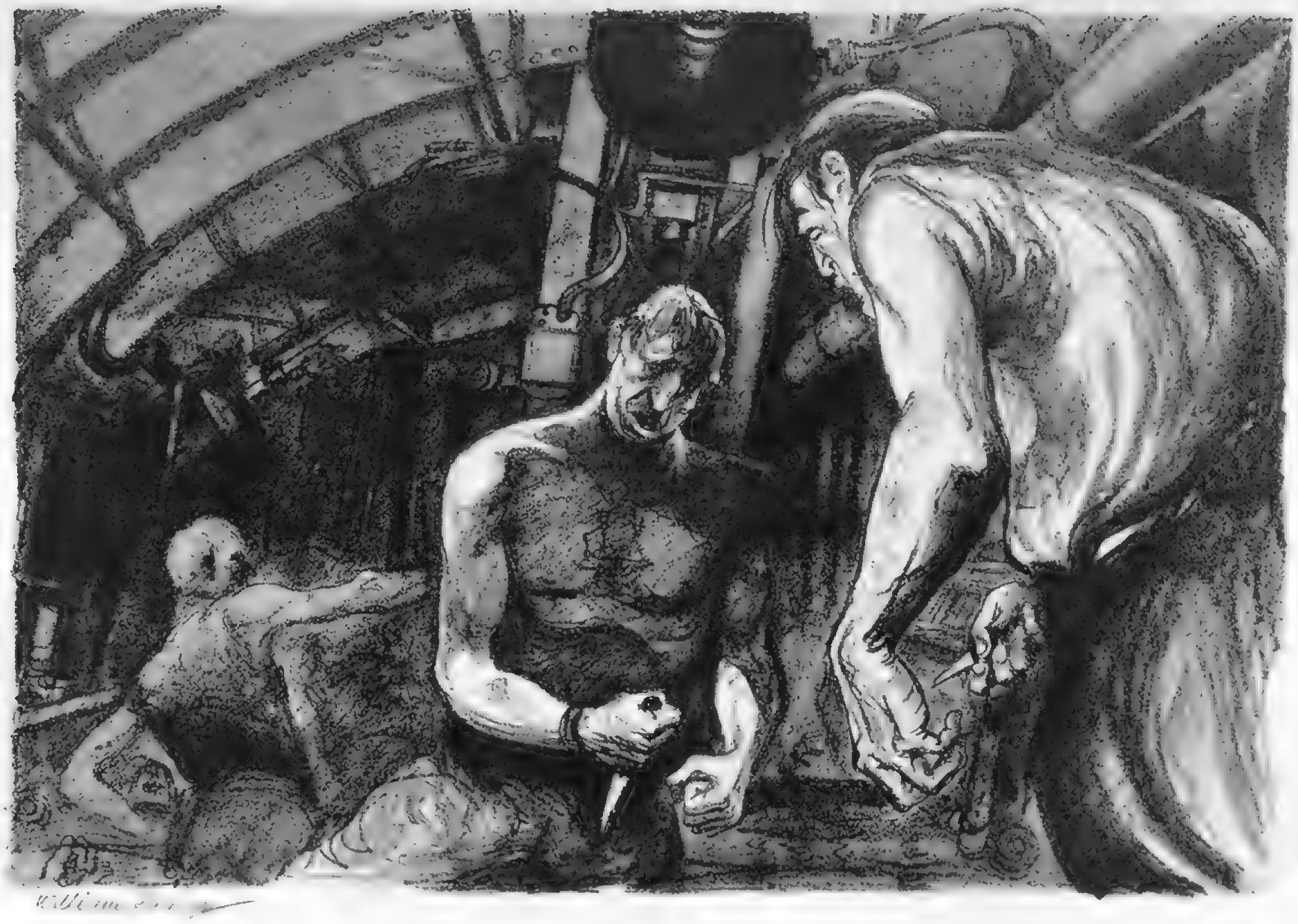
Torpedoer slapped his thighs. "I'm too busy to write. Get ready to house the periscopes. Radio the flotilla commander his nose needs powdering again."

The crew laughed, for the flotilla commander, to the scandal of the fleet, wore pale pink talcum on his big, red, shiny, nose. A joker, Torpedoer! He was a card, that man; and a leader. He had talked them into snatching this ship and making for the home ports of the republic. How the flotilla commander's nose must glow in rage *now!*

The rudder indicator showed 35° left.

"Prepare to dive!" shouted Torpedoer.

Already the main inlet valves were closed. The air hissed in big blue bubbles out of the



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

tanks. The boat shook, twisted, settled as the bronze wheels of the low-diving rudders abaft the propeller went into action. The air bubble in the red trim level tube oscillated as the ship pitched. The klaxon screeched, *already diving* and the Diesels disconnected. The muffled stop valves were closed and everyone stood ready, orderly and expert in his task. Redkerchief worked over the Kingston levers. Action signals snapped.

"Main electric motors ready."

"Ventilation valves in order."

The needle on the depth gauge shook. "One third ahead," said Torpedoer taking down his first command, "both motors."

The ship felt the sea pressure against her thin skin of steel and her hull trembled like a maiden. She was delicately built, and put together with cunning intricate care and had to be pampered along.

"Five degrees down—both planes."

The ship sank as driven. The cold sea held her close; and damp, chipped, white walls dripped tears. Diving wheels whirled as the sub steadied off and the bow dipped up. The men felt the acid-filled air and rancid oil smells clap over them, but now they were off, on their own, headed for places they knew.

"Forward and after tanks—ballast tanks flooded."

"Check all main vents," said Torpedoer, worrying about destroyers as the ammeter needles surged to 0 and went up to 700 amperes. The sea sounded against the hull and the fish drove forward at 40 feet submerged—a silver darting thing, fleeing from bigger fish. The petty officer had floated off the bridge, and was now turning over and over in the bottle-green sea in much the same fashion as a dancer in graceful slow motion.

Then the waters shook. The Herring felt the vibrations of destroyer propellers overhead in the sensitive diaphragms of his ear-phones.

"Destroyers directly overhead and on the lee quarter."

Torpedoer looked at the bubble mark on the compass card and nodded to the man at the big switchboard.

Sparks said calmly, "40 feet. 1800 pounds negative buoyancy."

"Hoist the periscopes. Battle stations everybody," ordered Torpedoer.

"Destroyers directly overhead and on the starboard bow."

The guy wires screamed; the cables wound and the periscopes went up two dripping yards. Torpedoer twisted the highest magnification on the lens, while Sparks turned the lights down to a dim blue glow. The men stood waiting. Sounds ricocheted off their ears. The motors whirled; the curved horizontal glass of red liquid in the indicator danced as the ship turned and tried to shake off the mad churning of destroyer screws.

Sparks stood ready at his main switchboard, hands on heavy circuit breakers, switches, gyro-compass panels, and the other things that under action might knock about and need special care. Abaft, Redkerchief waited calmly over the levers.

Suddenly the world spun! Suddenly the darkness of night set in, and the sub shook as a loud explosion astern rocked them from side to side. The concussion drove at their eardrums. The boat reared like a mad stallion pricked by bees; the men lay prostrate in wet darkness. Some counted aloud the seconds left them to live.

Torpedoer hauled erect, banging fists against projecting steel; blood, hot and salty in his mouth. "A depth charge. Trip that switch!"

Sparks pushed a current breaker kicked out by the concussion; the lights went on again. The pump suction started, more lights came on, showing men down in the murky, water-flooded compartment, bleeding, hit against the many levers in the crowded space. With a roar the water came in, cold, hard and menacing with the force of a whole sea behind it. A pipe had blown and the brine was coming in faster now, turning a white-green—brine by the cold chilly ton. The men turned whiter and panted, open-mouthed. A little brown man with white hair threw himself against the long locking gear on the top ventilation valve, and the clapper valve went home. The inside flapper caught and cut off the death-dealing waters. A loggy little stream of drops still fell—but the torrent was cut off.

"Stand by!" said Torpedoer.

"That was close," gasped Sparks.

"Too close," said Whitehair, blowing water out of his nose. "I could feel the devil snatching me. If I wore a shirttail I would have been lost."

"Stations," growled Torpedoer, trying to look calmly into the eyepiece of the periscope and across the hair crosslines. He saw the plunging bow of a destroyer tearing the sea to shredded foam. Men struggled on her deck with black ash cans—depth charges—that Torpedoer knew would come stabbing at their life. They would have to stay and take it. They were in no shape to run underwater with rivets sprung, a leak in the tubes, and needle points of water coming in through the thin hull. He watched Sparks inspect the electric cables in their armored sleeves, the water-tight stuffing boxes, valves and mani-

Continued on page 158

What Men Don't Like About Women

Beginning a series of articles on irritating little feminine habits, first: regarding letters and wires

by **THOMAS D. HORTON**

•ARTICLE•

THEIR UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS

WOMEN expect you to answer and comment upon every implied and direct question and implication in their letters, including such a one as, "Don't you think we are having wonderful summer weather this winter?" The man who receives a letter from a woman containing the latter question must either agree or say that the dear thing has an uproarious sense of humor. Otherwise, she will put him down as a boor and a cad, who has no use for her. A woman is never sure that a man has read her letter unless he acknowledges, in one way or another, every sentence in it.

In other words, women treat letters as if they were inventories, to be checked and certified.

THEIR REFUSAL TO EXCUSE DELAY

A woman will sometimes take two, three weeks in answering a man's letter, and think nothing of the discourtesy of it. But she will severely reprimand the man if he doesn't answer her note by return mail—or at the latest by the next day. If a man is terribly busy, out of town, or his daily routine is complicated by serious illness in his family, she will balk and squawk. Her letters must always be treated as royal communiqués. She will say, "Even if you were busy, the way you say you were, and I don't know why you shouldn't tell me the truth, and while it is true that my letter, as you put it, was not a matter of life and death, still you could have dropped me a brief note—or even a postal—saying so. After all, the least you can be is polite. That's not asking too much, is it? If I'm asking something unreasonable, tell me. I'm always glad to learn. I'm not like some people, who think they know it all."

THEIR USE OF THE POST OFFICE AS A FREE DETECTIVE AGENCY

A woman not only reads a man's letter proper most carefully; she also examines the postmark, the post office station and the time. If a man by pure accident says that he mailed the letter at 10 a.m. downtown, and the woman noticed that the postmark said Station N (an uptown station), 2 p.m., she will at once shower him with a barrage of questions, like a district attorney, to make him confess his horrible, murderous lie. The fact that a man sometimes gives a letter to a friend to mail, and that the friend takes it with him uptown or downtown, never occurs to the woman . . . After several such inquisitions, it occurs to the man that his dear lady has been spying on him in one fashion or another, that making love to a detective is no pleasure, and he decides to shake her off. When will women learn the most elemental principle of human relations, that the best way of making men dishonest is to force them constantly to prove their honesty?

THEIR SILLY DATING OF LETTERS

A man usually dates his letter with the day of the week or the day of the month, thus: Monday, or June 13th, 1938. This is simple, direct, and polite. But a woman is not satisfied with this. She dates her letters thus: "Wednesday night in bed," "Tuesday afternoon under *the* apple tree, you know," "Saturday M., by the sea," "Thursday morning, only partly dressed," and "During a dull show." Maybe women think this is cute; actually it is embarrassing, or annoyingly irrelevant at best. It adds nothing to the content of the letter, and the intended coquetry doesn't work. When a man is informed that his beloved wrote the letter "Thursday morning, only partly dressed," his first reaction is "So what?" . . . It is very dangerous to a woman for her man to ask too often "So what?" about her and her letters. He is inevitably led to the basic question, "What is there in Marjorie after all?" The man who asks such a question already knows the answer. It is: nothing or very little.

THEIR STATIONERY

Women's stationery is a mess of monograms, perfume, deckle-edges, hard cards, criss-cross lines, dreadful color combinations, and annoying size of envelopes. It takes a man four or five times longer to open a woman's letter than a man's. This puts him in an unpleasant frame of mind for reading. Then his troubles start anew, for women have a habit of not numbering their pages, and of writing on page 3 as if it were page 2, and on page 2 as if it were page 3. No wonder women's letters irritate men so much. Even if a woman says she loves you, you are not sure that she said she loves *you* or Uncle John, or whether it is Aunt Sue who really loves you. Reading a woman's letter is like reading a dictator's speech: you are constantly afraid of being glad for the wrong reasons—or for no good reasons at all.

RODNEY deSARRO

THEIR SUPER-ILLITERACY

Women have so great a love for the Walter Winchell and ga-ga kind of English that a large number of them employ it in their letters—and the men can barely understand what they're talking about. A letter like the following is not at all extraordinary: "My own darling person—This not a real letter, just a note to let know we O.K. and your baby misses her poppy so much, so mucheee. I are so happy you sent me pic. of darling self for me keep under pillowy sweet sweet. My cold better and I think of you *so* much. Good-nite my own sweet poppy, nighty-nite. Your very own Babee. P.S. Special kisses xxxxx P.P.S.: I are sleepy." . . . Such letters are amusing only to strangers. When a man gets three of these every week for a month, he is bored or he merely glances at the letters. He says to himself, "Oh. Lord, the same poopery from Mabel."

THEIR POSTSCRIPTS ON THE ENVELOPE

It is not uncommon for a man to get a letter from his girl—addressed to the office—with some such postscript on it as "Mommy loves poppy" or "A big kiss and a big, big hug for my sugar." How does the man feel? He feels awful. He knows the office boy has read and snickered at the postscript, and that his secretary has done the same. He is ashamed of himself—and of his girl for making such a public fool of herself. . . . How long can love last when anger and shame enter into it?

THEIR ASTOUNDING IRRELEVANCIES

When women sit down to write letters logic seems to leave them completely. They jumble everything together. Phrases like the following are readily recognizable among men: "Ethel is all over her cold, and I *do do do* love you . . . I had my tooth pulled, then I read a book, and thought of you . . . It was Christmas, and I was in Red Bank, N.J. . . . I cried after I washed my stockings . . . I remember I wrote you that day

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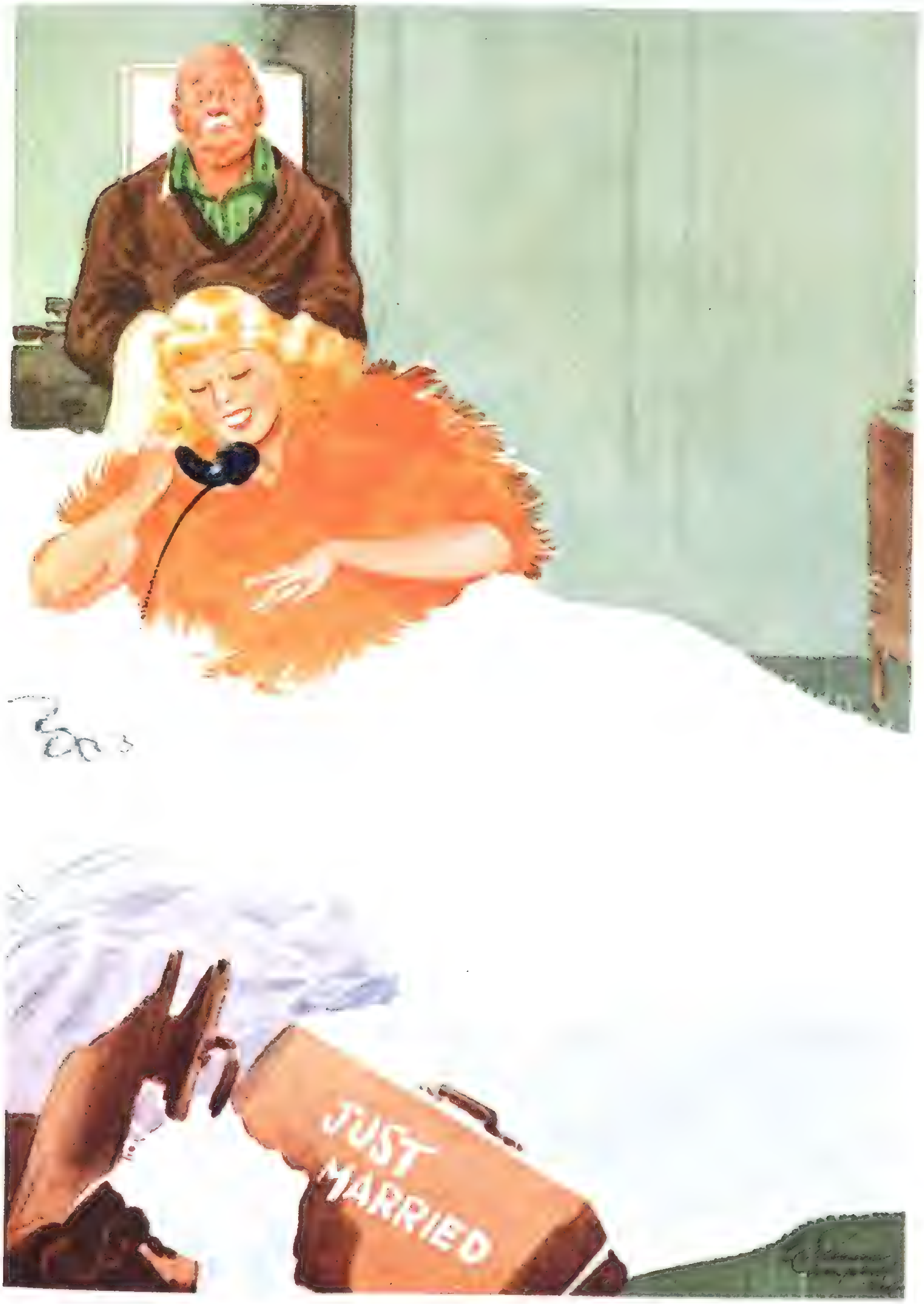
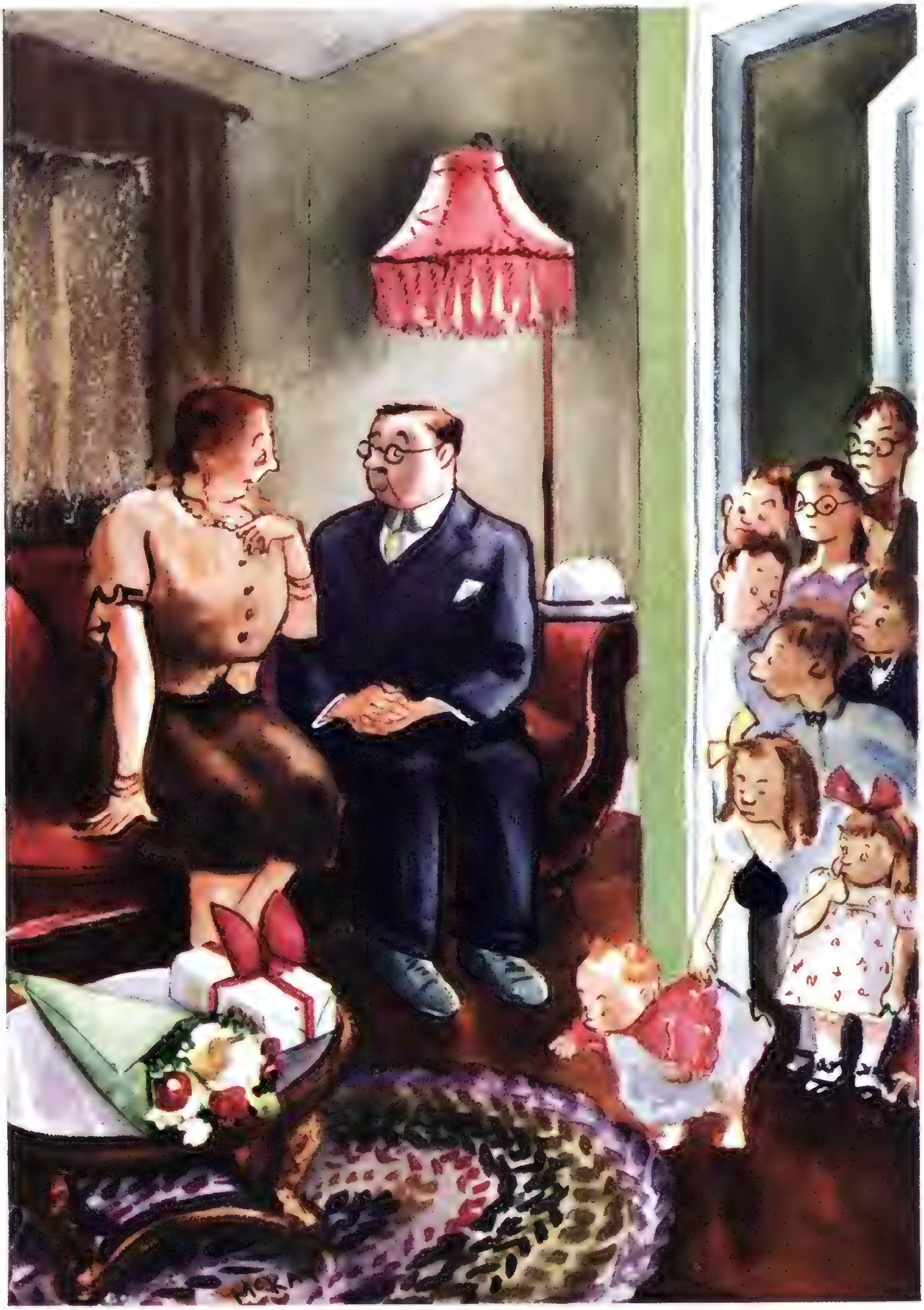

JUST MARRIED

"Naturally—the biggest thrill of my life was when he plunked the ring on my finger"



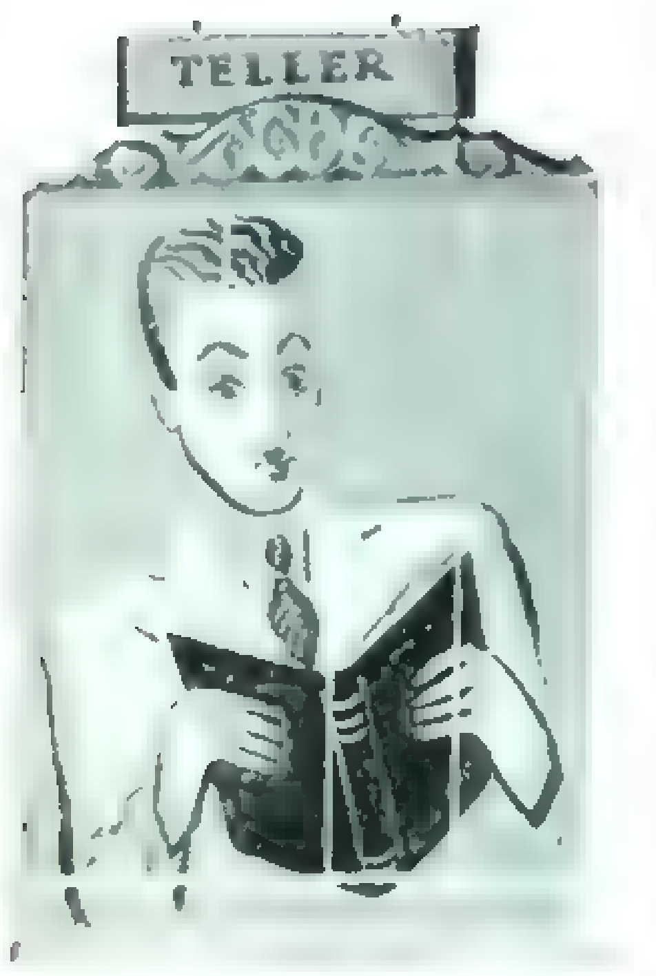
"I think you should know, Mr. Henty—I've got a past"

Obituary Note

The art of conversation was ducksoup for Wilbur but he forgot that most people in Morton City didn't need to be stimulated

by LYNN MONTROSS

• SATIRE •



You could have knocked me over with a toothpick when I heard that Wilbur had committed suicide. Wilbur Beevis, of all people! But there was not any doubt about his intentions. Just before jumping off the bridge he made doubly certain by swallowing arsenic and putting a bullet through his brain.

People still don't understand. Even now, months afterwards, people still stop you on Main Street and say, "I don't understand about Wilbur Beevis. Do you suppose—?"

They think it was because his girl ditched him or because he lost his job. But I know better. I've been friends with Wilbur since we were both knee-high to a grasshopper, and I can tell the world it went a whole lot deeper than that.

I remember as if it were yesterday when we graduated from Morton City High. Wilbur was valedictorian, besides winning his letter in three major sports. Everybody said he'd go a long way.

The class oration was the best that anybody could recollect. Why, it had old Senator Potts' baccalaureate address beat a mile! At home evenings, you see, Wilbur had been reading a book about how to become a good public speaker. His subject was self-improvement, and he said that just learning difficult things was not self-improvement. A circus juggler, he said, spent many years learning tricks that did not contribute one whit to the world's progress. But how much better it would be, he said, if the circus juggler spent only half as much time and effort in mastering something constructive which contributed to the world's progress.

That was the kind of class oration it was from start to finish, and none of us will ever forget the inspiring thoughts Wilbur left with us.

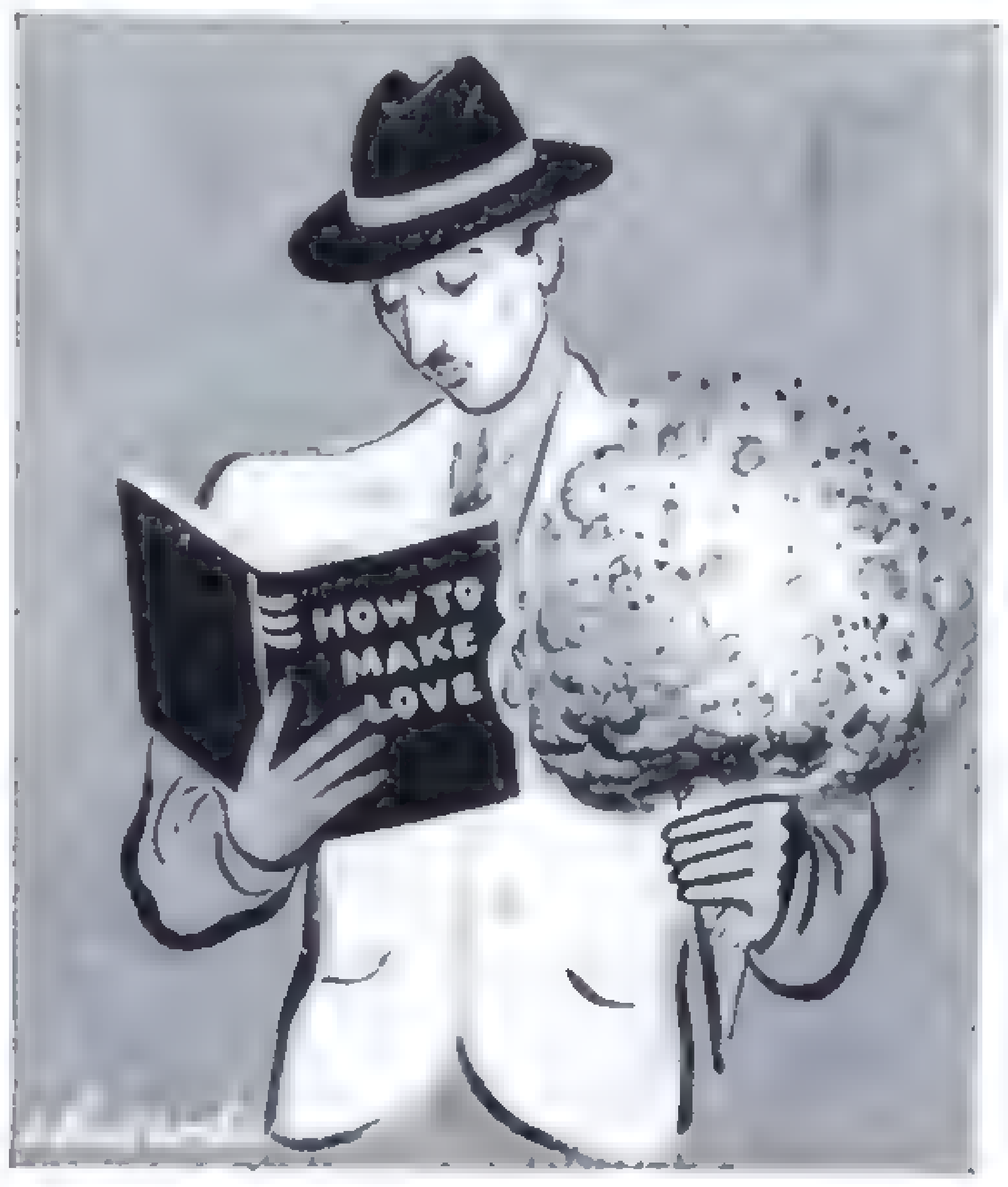
He had shown so much promise that nobody was surprised when he got a job in the First National Bank soon after graduation. Nobody was surprised a couple years later when he became engaged to Madge Andrews, the best catch in Morton City. Her mother gave an announcement party, and old Grandpa Andrews hid upstairs by the hot air register and let down cardboard doves that spelled out Madge and Wilbur. All the girls exclaimed *oh* and *ah*, of course, but they weren't surprised. They were already embroidering guest towels for the shower, knowing that Wilbur was the only boy in town who had any kind of a chance with Madge.

Naturally Wilbur felt that marriage was too important a step just to be left to a person's instincts, and he sent away for a book about what every young husband should know. It came addressed in a plain wrapper, an awfully high-toned book which spoke frankly yet delicately about things that are usually discussed in whispers.

A person could not read two pages without feeling ashamed of himself for belonging to the masculine sex. The book said that love was like a fragile flower, but that many brides were forced to submit to unwelcome attentions. There was a chapter about unbridled lust that would make anyone pause to take serious thought, yet it was all written in language that one could have used in the presence of one's wife, mother, sister or sweetheart.

Maybe it was on account of remembering this chapter that Wilbur only got half a haircut the day before the wedding. Harry Dilger, our popular tonsorial artist, was a card when it came to telling stories, and he used to like to embarrass Wilbur. So just as Harry got to using the clippers behind the ears he sprung the one about the traveling man in the upper berth. Somebody of less moral courage might have pretended to laugh, but not Wilbur Beevis. Without a word he leaped up from the chair, put down a quarter and walked out of the shop. He was so indignant that he walked halfway down Main Street before he remembered that he still had the checkered gingham cloth pinned around his neck.

At the wedding Wilbur did look a little comical behind the ears, but that wasn't any excuse for what Madge did afterwards. She should have admired and respected Wilbur for thinking that love was like a fragile flower; but instead she suddenly left him after three weeks and got the marriage annulled. That same day she eloped with Harry Dilger, and the last we heard of Madge she was a lady barber in Pittsburgh, where she and Harry were doing quite well together in a two-chair shop.



Another man might not have rallied after such a blow from fate, but Wilbur always had his self-improvement to fall back on. In no time at all he was reading a five-foot shelf of books and taking a correspondence course in French.

But what really enabled him to forget was that book about how to become a good conversationalist. It said that most people do not become good conversationalists because they are not good listeners, and because they do not exclaim now and then so as to encourage the other party to continue. Of course it didn't take long for a smart boy like Wilbur to master the art of interesting people, but what he should have remembered is that most people in Morton City do not *need* any encouragement. If you don't shush them up, they will talk an arm off you even if you do not exclaim now and then in order to display interest.

Take Eddie Holden. He served with the Marines in the War, and the moment there is a lull in the conversation he will tell you how he was the only man in the platoon who survived. Eddie used to wait around the corner after breakfast, and a block away Pop Reeves would be watching his chance to tell Wilbur about his operation for gallstones. It got so that people were lined up all the way from Wilbur's house to the bank, and nobody in Morton City was more popular.

Even nights after work he didn't have any peace. As soon as the word got around, perfect strangers took to calling on him—crackpots and elocutionists and Irish tenors. But Wilbur couldn't help himself. No matter how many times he had heard a thing before, his face would light up with an interested expression while he exclaimed "Indeed!" or "Well put!" or "How fascinating!"

The trouble was that he usually got to work half an hour late, morning and noon, and Colonel Buchanan had to call him up on the carpet. The Colonel was real fond of Wilbur, though some people said it was because a boy with more spunk would have asked for a raise. But the president of a bank can't stand for his teller keeping such hours, and he said, "Now see here, Wilbur, don't you think you've gone about far enough with this self-improvement? I don't mind a reasonable amount of self-improvement," he said, "but you're running it into the ground."

In spite of himself Wilbur leaned forward, like the book said, an encouraging smile on his face, and his big brown eyes gleaming warmly. "I hadn't thought of it, Colonel Buchanan," he said, "yet now that you bring up the subject, I find it very absorbing. But there are one or two points I am not clear about and I would appreciate it if you would continue."

This stumped the colonel a minute, then

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Petermen's Saint

Sam Jones said there were no police characters, no criminals, no good people and bad people—only people

by RALPH GOLL

• SEMI-FICTION •

When Sam Jones took office as mayor of Toledo and hung up a copy of the Golden Rule with an announcement that it would be the policy of his administration, the politicians snickered. It was an act, they said. The newspapers and churches, under some compulsion to do lip-service to the fundamental principle of Christ, applauded discreetly and began scheming to use the new mayor's religious motif to further their pet taboos.

Ordinary citizens were openly scornful, recalling the classical example of the Golden Rule set by J. N. Free a few years before. Free was a wandering crackpot known all over Ohio as "the Immortal J. N." When a hotel, recognizing the publicity value of his presence, offered to throw off half its regular rate to him, he responded with the wit of the witless, "Being a true Christian, I'll throw off the other half."

Probably the one man in Toledo who had any faith in Jones or his program was the Missouri Parson, a former circuit rider and friend of the James Boys, who had abandoned pulpit pounding for safe blowing. The Parson still wore clerical garb while making the marks for crib-cracking jobs, contending that such missions were essentially religious since they contemplated the unburdening of certain rich men who otherwise might have difficulty getting into Heaven.

Standing at the bar in the Bulldog saloon, a few steps from the rented offices that served as Toledo's city hall, he conceived the notion of responding to Mayor Jones' gesture by cutting the Golden Rule on the backbar mirror. Even in 1898 the Bulldog was notorious as a yeggmen's scatter, Jones' predecessors having been too busy looting the municipal treasury to disturb lesser thieves in the neighborhood. The proprietor, Johnny Singer, had been a cracksman in the gunpowder-funnel period, which gave him the *nom de guerre* of Powder Johnny.

The Parson passed his idea along to Powder Johnny, who approved it with an epigram: "What's good for politicians ought to be good for yeggs."

A pocket edition New Testament furnished both the text and tool for the lettering job as the cracksman-cleric carried in its loose binding his most valuable possessions, including a set of diamond-pointed bits. All day he drilled at the glass while a ribald crowd looked on, finishing just as Powder Johnny turned on the gas lights.

"Swell!" cried the proprietor, pleased by the scintillating letters. "It looks like the inside of a diamond broker's keister."

Above the gleaming motto hung a canvas of a reclining nude. Below it were betting odds, a soap-cake caricature of John L. Sullivan and twin pyramids of bottles. The open space of mirror reflected the grinning mugs of such local burglars as Wild Bill Kennedy, Souphouse Pete and Jimmy Courtney.

Powder Johnny read slowly: "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'" He turned and looked at the Parson with disappointment. "If that's the Golden rule, it don't make sense. How in holy hell can a heavyman or a mayor live up to it? or even an honest John?"

The Parson, putting away his bit, folded the Testament in the best pulpit manner. "It comes straight from the Man who saved a floozie from being mobbed and took to Paradise a thief with whom he had been lynched. It's the real McCoy and I believe in it. That's why I never carry a gat."

It was the beginning of a dispute that lasted for weeks, vastly increasing the Bulldog's trade. The larcenous theologians carried the issue from beer to whisky and finally appealed to absinthe without settling their differences. Their arguments had the characteristics of their criminal categories, the dips urging their tricky points deftly, the petermen speaking with the ponderous, explosive authority of overlords. The controversy was still continuing merrily when the Parson, attempting to take a mark in Lima, Ohio, was shot in the back by a night-hack.

The newspapers, learning that the Golden Rule had appeared in the underworld as well as city hall, wisecracked about a dawning millennium. The preachers thought it was time to act, so they waited on the mayor in a body.

"Mr. Mayor," said their spokesman, "we understand that you propose to give Toledo a Christian administration. We have come to offer our co-operation and ask that you abate the segregated district."

Jones, a redheaded, red-mustached giant, had the guileless smile of an infant. "What are we to do with the inmates of the houses?" he asked in a voice surprisingly gentle. The domini looked puzzled, whispered, coughed and finally advised that the usual procedure was to drive undesirable elements out of town.

The mayor rose and towered over them, no longer smiling but still soft-spoken. "Gentlemen, I promised you a Christian government. So long as I am mayor no unfortunate man or woman shall be driven from the city. You offer your help. I accept it. I'll close the line today and take the two worst women you can name into my home if each of you will take one."

The preachers went away as much baffled as the scribes and pharisees had been. They appointed a kind of holy office to inquire into the heresy of the Golden Rule. Opinion among the inquisitors divided as sharply as it had among the thieves. Ecclesiastical authority going back to Peter was consulted. Long tracts were written with the amazing logic of medieval monks debating the number of angels who could dance on a needle point.

The mayor was amused, but not derisive. "One would think," he observed, "that I had invented something new."

Sam Jones had no creative genius and few original ideas, only the child-like faith, simplicity of character and courage Christ had taught his disciples with doubtful success. By all accepted rules of failure and achievement, he should have been, not the mayor, but a habitué of Powder Johnny's place. He had the background of a typical yegg.

Born to the squalor of a Welsh colliery town, he had wandered into the Ohio oil fields at a time when they were producing millionaires and safeblowers. Most of the boys at the Bulldog had trained there, learning to use nitroglycerine—that new and terrific explosive that had made cracksmen the country's leading criminals and the word "safe" a mockery when applied to strongboxes.

Rubbing shoulders with novice petermen and handling liquid death, Jones acquired a fine contempt for both the existing social order and physical danger. His education had been negligible, but he managed to read the Bible, Declaration of Independence and *Leaves of Grass*. Out of them he formed a concept of life as a democracy based on love.

Before either ambition or disillusionment could spoil his ideal, fortune picked him for one of her favorites. Gambling everything on an oil well, he brought in the biggest producer ever shot in Ohio. Standard Oil squeezed him out. He opened a shop in Toledo and began manufacturing well drillers' supplies—"burglar tools for big business," he said.

Within a few years and without much effort, he amassed a half-million dollars, then began shopping for a humanitarian cause on which to spend it. The churches and charities had nothing to offer. He decided to look at politics. Attending a city convention of the Republican Party, the first caucus in his experience, he found the drunken delegates deadlocked on the choice of a candidate for mayor. Somebody recognized the big redheaded visitor and offered his name for nomination. He was acceptable to the bosses, who thought his ignorance would make him a perfect tool. Receiving the nomination, he carried the election without campaigning.

Thus the former oil-field adventurer, who knew no more of law and government than he had got from Christ, Tom Jefferson and Walt Whitman, had been put over on an important city; and thus Toledo had suddenly found its administration in the hands of a man whose name had no more significance than his announced policy of Golden Rule.

The jokes about the stranger in city hall were heard less frequently after citizens learned how neatly he had discomfited the clergy. At the Bulldog the yeggs looked with new respect at the motto on the mirror and Powder Johnny, who had taken the deceased Parson's place as chief defender of the principle, set up drinks for the house. The boys chanted a *Te Deum:*

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Jesus Christ, how glad I am!"

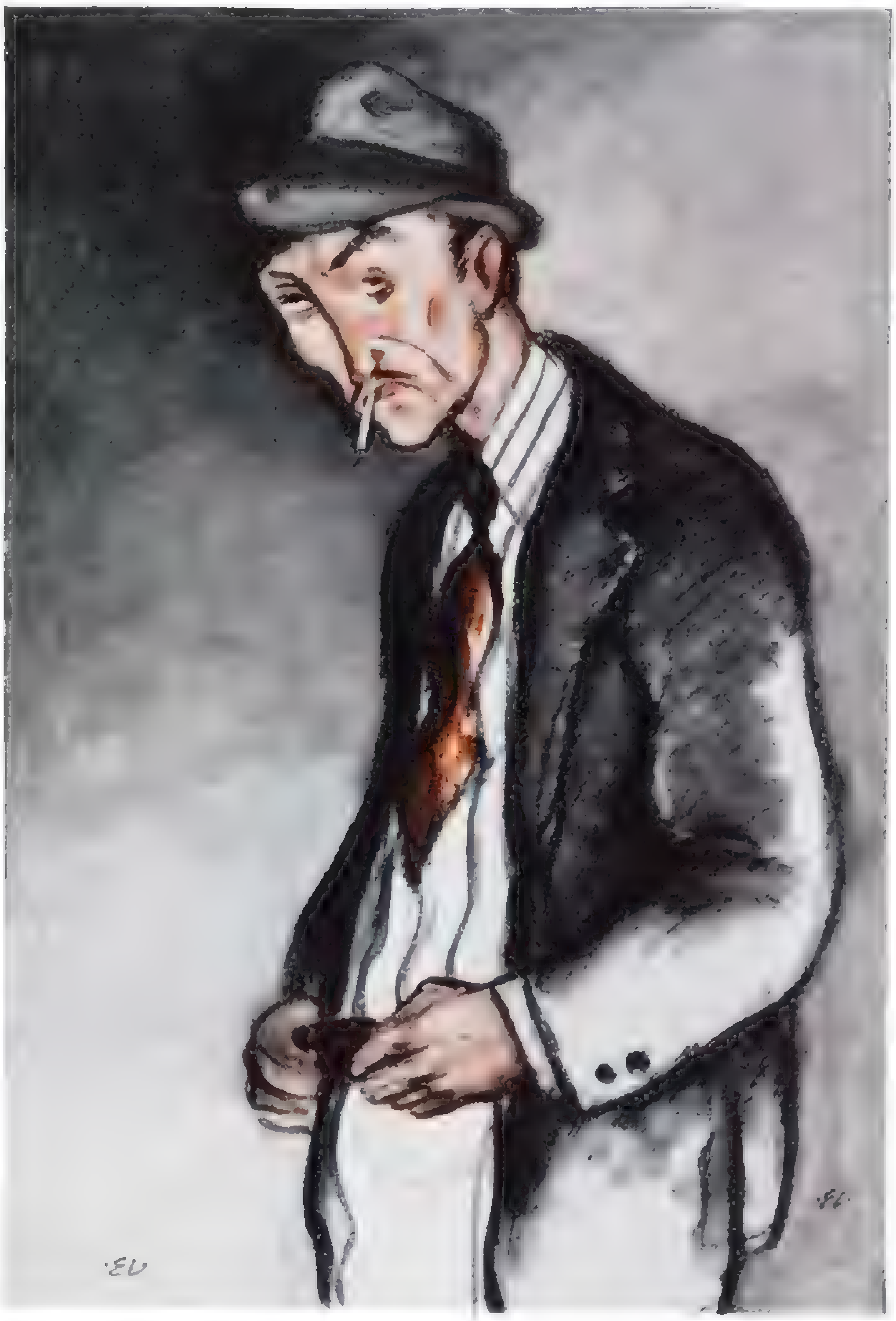
The politicos were the next to discover that both Sam Jones and the Golden Rule had meaning. Smiling at their pleas of loyalty and threats of reprisal, the mayor dismissed the grafters who infested the city departments and named officials of his own choice, at the same time repudiating his party. His methods of picking a man for a post were sometimes incredibly naïve. Perry Knapp obtained an appointment as police chief largely because he was a Walt Whitman fan and knew Jones' favorite quotation: "I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself, and henceforth I will not deny them—how can I deny myself?" Chief Knapp's first official act was to hang a big portrait of the good gray poet among the mugs of wanted men in his office at headquarters.

With the lusty old Walt head cop by proxy, Golden Rule Jones began a program of police and prison reform that was eventually to place Silver Jack Carew, hero of Brand Whitlock's detective stories, in charge of the plain clothes division and Charley Stevens, former circus clown, at the head of the workhouse.

General order number one from city hall was to abolish nightsticks and everything they symbolized. Chief Knapp carried it out with glee, collecting and burning the locust clubs and issuing white gloves and canes to the harness bulls who, in those days, prided themselves on the dents in their helmets, the length of their mustaches and the bagginess of their blues. Red faces redder still, the unhappy cops hid in alleys to escape the jibes of street urchins and hoodlums.

But Sam Jones was only beginning to humanize the police. The beautiful little green sweatbox on the second floor back, the perfect length of limber hose and that masterpiece of police cunning by which a recalcitrant prisoner's fingers could be disjointed, all were publicly destroyed. The city ordinances making arrests possible for investigation, loitering, vagrancy and illegal assembly—charges very dear to the heart beneath a badge—were repealed.

Old sergeants and inspectors wept in their grizzled beards. "What's the use of being a cop if you can't arrest anyone?" they complained, trying to keep up their batting averages by seizing as many drunks, street hustlers and petty thieves as possible.



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Violating all precedents and perhaps the letter of the law, Sam Jones came down to the dilapidated headquarters building in the market place and assumed the bench as police judge. The days he sat all cases were dismissed for want of evidence. On such days, too, the market made merry, with everyone trying to crowd into court for the show. Hucksters hurried through their sales, disposing of carrots and cabbages at bargain prices. Across the street from the station house the twenty-four-hour-a-day Grand Theater, where men could call a girl from the stage and take her out between acts—closed its doors from nine a.m. to noon.

It was funny, all agreed, to hear the police prosecutor pleading vainly for a jail sentence or a move-on order in the case of some known crook from out of town.

"This court recognizes no so-called police characters," the mayor-magistrate frequently said. "There are no criminal classes, no good people and no bad people, only people."

Jones was warned by friends and enemies alike that a continuation of his policy would bring all the crooks in the country to Toledo, inaugurate a reign of terror and lead to his removal from office by the state authorities. He was undisturbed. Human beings, whether the social system had made them outlaws or not, responded to decent treatment with decent behavior, he said; to love with love; to loyalty with loyalty. The Golden Rule could only fail through his own lack of faith in it.

Part of the prophecy of failure was soon fulfilled. Drawn by exaggerated reports of anarchy in Toledo, thieves, gamblers and prostitutes stampeded to the city from far and near, all prepared for a big killing. The dip mobs came, cannons, wires and stalls. The petermen brought their retinues of fingers, soup-cookers and gaycats. Sure-thing men, store boosters and house prowlers trailed along. The hotels and rooming houses of the downtown district were jammed with the underworld's ninety-eighters. Hobo jungles sprang up wherever there was any natural shelter. Soap-box anarchists spieled in the parks. Two hundred and thirty houses of prostitution were operating, and the number was increasing daily.

Terrified citizens barricaded their homes, expecting to be murdered in their beds when the outbreak came. Vigilantes armed themselves and conspired to take over the city government by force. The newspapers, preachers and politicians added to the panic, calling Jones an anti-Christ and criminal lunatic. Exhausting all other charges, the press of that stuffy period offered proof that the mayor "slept out of doors like a bum," which was probably true as he loved fresh air. In Columbus, state authorities considered the advisability of declaring martial law and heard hour-to-hour reports from special observers.

Although there had been as yet no increase in the normal amount of crime, Chief Knapp was worried. He paced the floor of his office, looked at Walt Whitman's picture and tried to find reassurance in his roughhewn face and poetry. Sam Jones smiled, still supremely confident that Christ could not be wrong.

Meanwhile a fantastic drama had opened behind the scenes. In the backrooms of the Bulldog, the Superior and a half-dozen other downtown saloons, America's foremost petermen and Toledo's most popular scatter-keepers were holding a series of conferences, trying to formulate a code of authority that would keep the Golden Rule in operation and the crooks in line. Powder Johnny and Bob Downey, who looked like Mark Twain and owned the Superior Bar and Hotel, were most active in representing the local thieves, well knowing that the destruction of their own interests would be certain to follow any general pillaging in which the newcomers engaged.

The stampeders had as their chief representative Montana Blizzard, whose feats of strength and endurance had made him the Paul Bunyan of yeggdom and hero of a score of ribald tales and poems. Until he arrived in Toledo, the mighty Blizzard had never heard of the Golden Rule except as something vaguely connected with missionstiffs. The one rule he knew and practiced religiously was never to blow a safe except in winter and then only on nights cold enough to

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A Late Cup of Tea

The old kindling man shouldn't have betrayed us to the Japanese and we planned to visit his hut that night

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

• FICTION •

It was a good night. Stars. No moon. We would get something done this night. But it was still early. We never do much before midnight.

Lin started talking about the coolies. He could not get over the way the coolies were coming through.

"It's an old story," I said. "You have family fights and that's all right, but when your next door neighbor sticks his nose in it, you know what he gets."

"And that's as far as it ever went before," Lin said. "Anything bigger than a family spat was somebody else's. They just left and came back after it was all over." It was nice sitting there talking to Lin before any of the others came. It was good just to be around him and watch him live. That's what I mean. It seemed like every minute he lived now was, by volume, about ten times the size of an ordinary minute.

In the first place he was getting a hard job done and holding his casualties low. His guerrilla fighters knew what they were doing because he thought out all the details of their jobs in advance.

War was new to me, but not to him. He had been more or less at war with the national government for the last ten years. He did things. He was tough, brave and smart, which also means cautious, and consequently we were getting results. At the G. H. Q. of our People's Self-Defense Army, Lin and those two professors from the Peiping universities were considered the best guerrilla leaders in China.

Lin was happy now. I think this was the first time in his life that he wasn't lonely.

"It's nice to have a lot of people on your side," he said. "You feel the warmth and strength and numerousness of them. Being hated long enough finally wears you out."

I could understand that.

I looked out the window. Somebody was coming.

We both slipped out our pistols, good ones we had stolen from the Japs.

But whoever it was slapped his thigh lightly twice, waited a moment and slapped it again.

That was the sign tonight, but we didn't put our guns away until the figure came on in and said, "This is Sing. Who's here?"

"Just Lin and me," I said. "What's new?"

"I really hate to say."

That's the way with Sing. He always knows something. He gets around. But he hates to tell what he knows. He still hasn't seen so much blood and horror that he's altogether used to it.

"Who is it now?" I said.

"The old kindling man. He knew where we buried those rails."

"He fell for that five-dollar reward?" I said.

"Yes."

That's the way it goes. The old kindling man is very old. He is broke and hungry. We all know that without talking about it. He has seen a hundred Lord wars and he probably doesn't understand that this one is different. Now he has done something he can't do.

"I hope he bought himself a good supper," Sing said.

There in the starlight, without striking a match, Lin added the old man's name to the list.

Then the tailor came with Lin's dress. We didn't borrow one because if anything went wrong it could be traced and then something would happen that nobody liked to think about. We already had some shoes and a wig.

Some others came while Lin was unwrapping the dress.

"If everything goes all right," I said, "we can stop by the old kindling man's hut on the way home. That ought to work out."

They all agreed that it would.

Lin had already stripped and was pulling on the stockings.

"Wait a minute, Lin."

It was Sing.

We all looked around.

"You can't do it," Sing said. "You can't look like a woman."

Lin explained he had a brassiere and two small balloons to give it shape.

"No," Sing said, "you will always look like a man."

He waited a minute.

"I'm effeminate," he said.

We all just stood there.

Our eyes were used to the dark and we could see into his. He turned his head slowly so everybody could see. He knew we would think he didn't have the guts. Couldn't be trusted to do anything as important and dangerous as this. He knew we thought he would crack and was giving us a chance to try to find out by looking.

"What about it, Lin?" I said.

Lin didn't say anything. He just handed Sing the dress and started pulling off the stockings.

We all felt fine. You wouldn't have expected this to happen. But now that we had thought about it, we knew Sing would make it. What was just another job to Lin would be Sing's big moment. He would put it over.

Everybody talked about something else. How bad we needed explosives, especially. We talked about what T. E. Lawrence had done in Arabia. But that was different. He had plenty of gelatin. About all we had were our hands and feet and what we could steal.

Sing was nearly ready.

We began checking to see if we had everything and if everybody knew his job. We were set.

Then one of the boys

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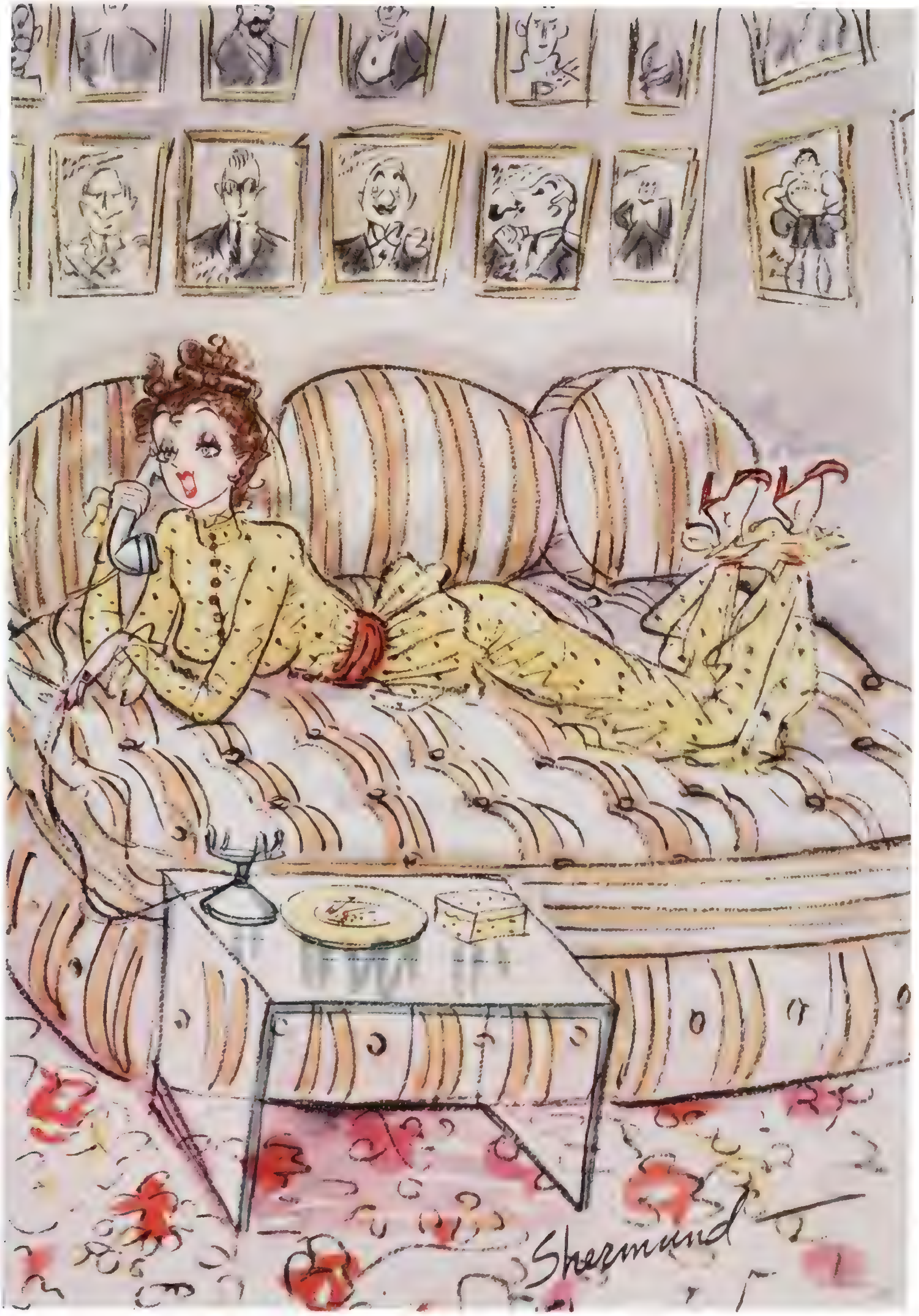
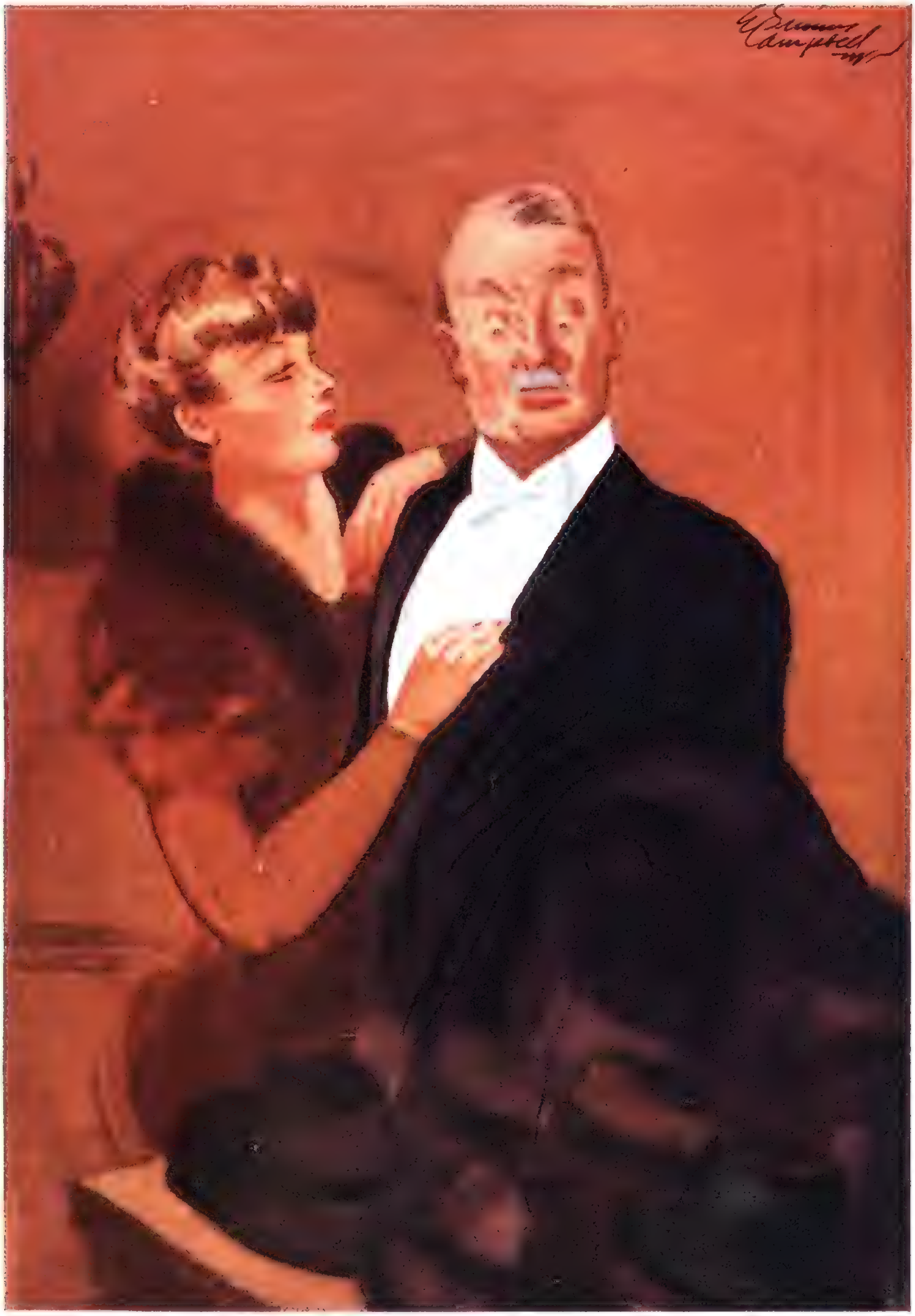


"Good evening!—Maizie Smith, Incorporated"



"After all, Judge, I feel that I owe the jury that acquitted me some slight obligation"

Still an Archduke . . .

Of a Habsburg truly self-made, who has been three times a refugee and has known more of work than luxury

by ARCHDUKE FRANZ JOSEF

• ARTICLE •

We of the Austrian, Imperial and Royal family have been dukes and archdukes and princes for seven long centuries. But today in Anno Domini 1939 we are either go-getters in the tempo of the industrial era of self-made men—or lost ghosts of a glittery past now tucked between the musty pages of history.

These are not the memoirs of any graybeard whose life cycle has spun itself out to the reminiscent stage and hence given rise to the irresistible urge to present the world with an autobiographical balance sheet. Rather, these are the spasmodic jottings of a very young man whose thirty-four years have nevertheless been a historical merry-go-round of vivid experiences in which royal splendor and drab poverty have each participated.

Born the grand-nephew of Austria's Emperor Franz Josef, after whom I was named, I was destined for a life altogether different than that which the twists of fate eventually accorded me.

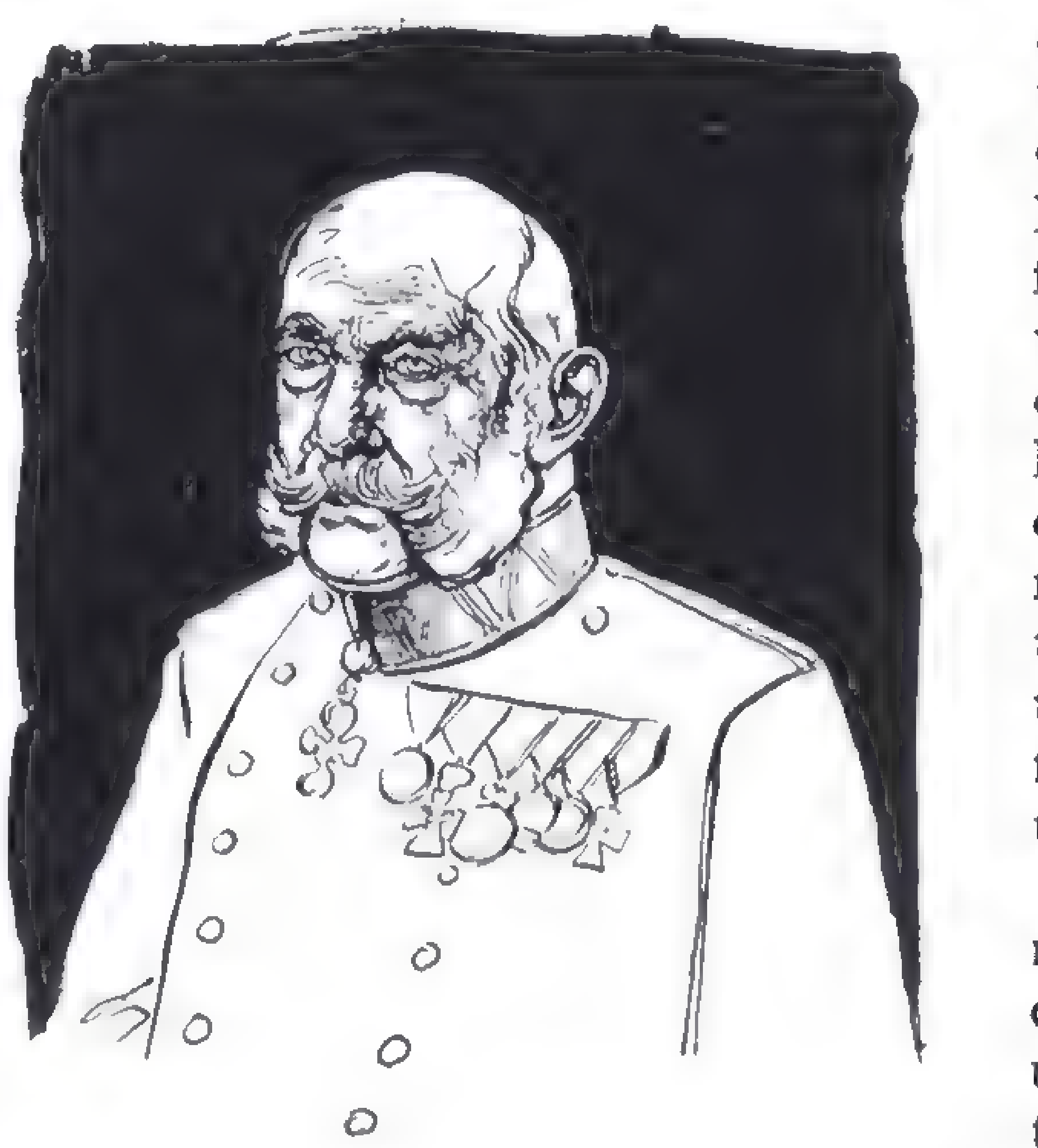
Today it is sometimes difficult for me to remember that I am an archduke and that although our dynasty for the moment happens not to be in active service, certain manifestations of my royal background are expected of me.

The greatest part of my life has been spent as an exile from my native land under circumstances which developed in me more of an ability to use my hands and mind than my genealogical tree.

I have worked as a day laborer for Henry Ford in one of his European plants; I have mastered all of the mechanics of aviation and radio; I have driven all manner of contraptions from a tractor to an 85-mile-an-hour streamlined American locomotive. About the only thing I haven't piloted is a submarine and some day I hope to make this conquest too. For nearly twenty years my life has been a perpetual struggle for existence in strange lands and at strange jobs. Perhaps this is why even now that I can afford to bask for a brief spell in the sunshine of the Riviera, I cannot say that I am altogether comfortable in this resort of the lazy and the rich. I have seen too much of the "other side" of life to be a playboy—even among playboys.

I was born in Vienna February 4, 1905, and in accordance with the family traditions was immediately tagged "Archduke Franz-Josef-Charles-Leopold-Blanche-Aldegonde-Ignace-Raphael-Michel-Vero."

My father was Archduke Leopold-Salvator, Inspector-General of the Austrian Artillery during the World War; and my mother was the Bourbon Princess Blanche of Castille whose father, the famous Don Carlos VII of Spain, fought a bitter war to regain the Spanish crown but finally lost, although curiously enough he managed to conquer the same portion of Catalonia which General Franco has conquered in the present civil war.



My first recollections of boyhood are a hazy conglomeration of uniforms and medals; the little white sailor suit and black tie I wore; the gay gold-braided uniform my father wore and his breastful of medals. Those medals served a curious purpose in my boyhood days—for I knew when I heard their unmistakable clank clank clank echoing through the corridor to our study that my father was approaching and that I had best be on my good behavior.

In those days we lived at Galitzienberg in a castle on a hill just outside of Vienna. There were ten children in our family—five girls and five boys of whom I was next to the youngest. Our house was divided into three parts: the central apartment was our parents'; the left wing was for the boys and the right for the girls.

My father was something of a mechanical genius and it is really from him that I inherited my great interest in everything mechanical. He was an amateur balloonist and one of his balloons was the first to cross the channel from England to France successfully. He was also a military inventor. He devised a forerunner of the army tank and patented a four-wheel transmission which he later sold in France.

My first impressions of my father are that of a kindly, bald-headed military man with fierce handlebar mustaches. He always listened seriously to our childish notions and had a few himself such as his explanation when one of us rudely asked how he happened to be bald. He said:

"It is because I studied so hard under an oil lamp."

Tall, blond, powerfully built, my father was one of the most elegant officers in the Imperial Austrian army. He was as stern a disciplinarian at home as he was with his troops. As soon as we were old enough, he assigned each of us a small plot of soil on our estate and told us to raise a garden. The family gardeners were not to show us how to fertilize the soil and plant seeds. To instill thrift and a sense of values in our minds, we were encouraged to sell our tomatoes and onions to the castle kitchen which paid us market prices for them.

Life in our home was strictly regimented. Our studies began promptly at 8 a.m. To play before buckling down to the serious schedule confronting us meant to get up at 6 a.m. Each of us was tutored alone as an individual. And we had to toe the mark. Once I was four hours late in returning home from a tramp in the woods. As soon as I came in the door, I heard the clank clank clank of my father's medals. He led me up to my room like a military prisoner and confined me there for fifteen days.

My mother used to read to us an hour a day in French to train us in French pronunciation—something every young prince was expected to know perfectly. Mostly she read from books about the French Revolution. Mother had a great fear of revolution, having seen its ravages first-hand in Spain, and she did her best to instill in us an understanding of how revolutions were born.

Our life in the country estate where I spent my childhood was far from the glittery tinseled picture of a prince's life that most people would imagine it to have been. There was little ceremony and few of the frills that are usually associated with royalty. My life was rather like that of any well-to-do American farmer's boy. Perhaps even a little less luxurious, for my parents were very conservative about money. My brothers and I had to pinch our pennies very carefully even to save up enough to indulge our craving for bicycles.

When I was about six years old I had my first real taste of royalty. I was brought by my mother to the Emperor Franz Josef. I shall never quite forget my terror as my mother took me through the long corridor of the summer palace of Schoenbrunn to the sitting room where the Emperor received his informal visitors. First of all, there had been a blast of trumpets and roll of

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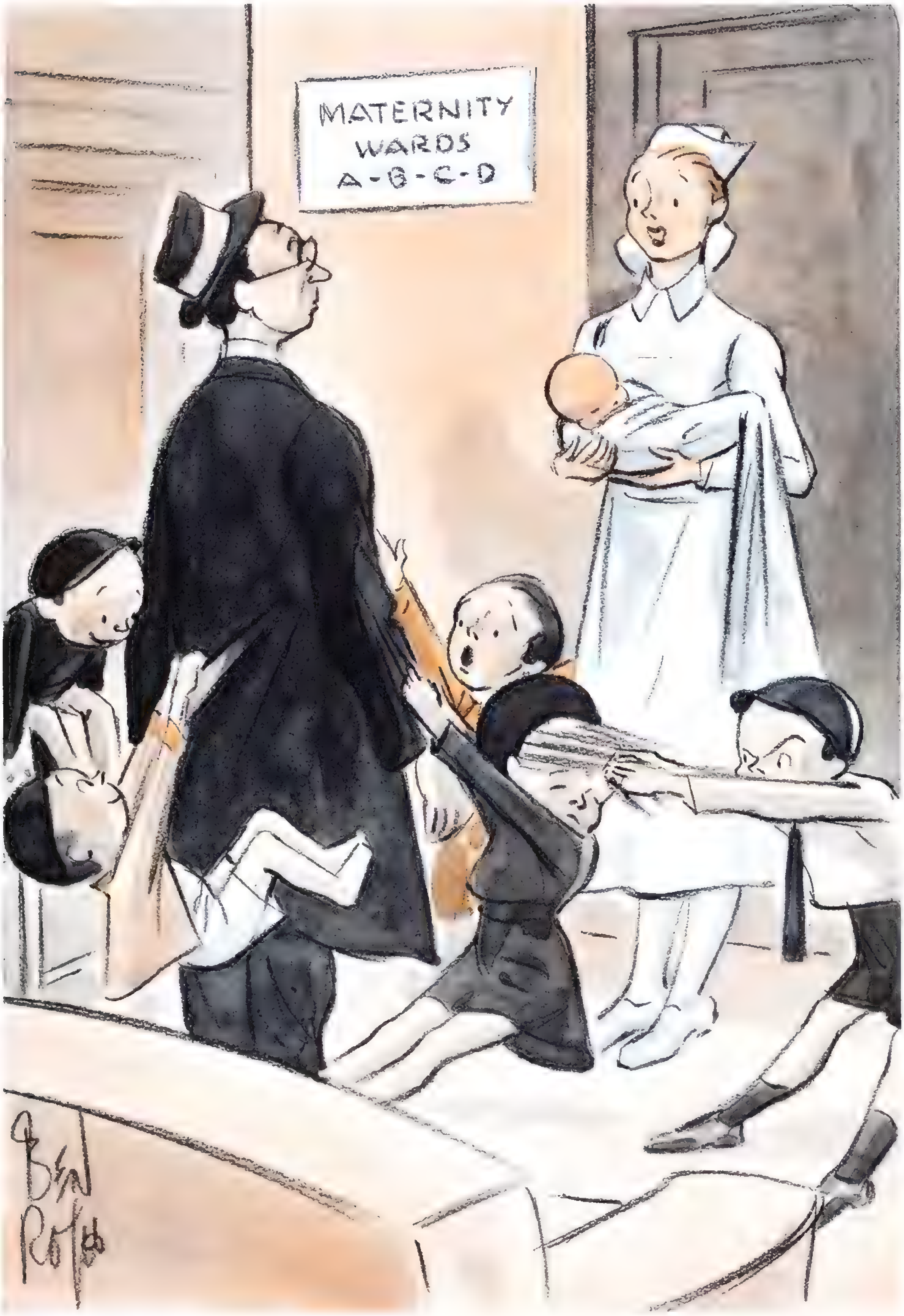
MATERNITY
WARDS
A-B-C-D
Ben Roth

"Another bundle from heaven, Mr. Lynch"

Radiant Fatherhood

All those biological questions from Ferncroft-on-the-Hudson made Father brood about the safety of Constance

by E. S. BOSTWICK

• SATIRE •

To HAVE two attractive daughters ready for Life in the Swing era," said my father, "is a terrible responsibility!"

We were sitting in the library waiting for my sister Constance's first beau. My sister Constance is fifteen, but she is quite rounded for her years and she goes to a very modern school.

Father is just at that Stage now—you know—where he is looking for trouble and won't be satisfied until he finds it. Constance and I have to be patient with him during this delicate little time.

"You have reached the age of seventeen," accused my father, turning to me, as though it were a misdemeanor, "and I need not explain to you why it is unsafe for an inexperienced girl like Constance—"

"Father!" Constance reproved.

"—to be out late with a boy, riding around in taxis, and perhaps stopping at bars. She does not know—the Ropes."

Whatever the Ropes are. But, I was a little worried, too. Ordinarily, Constance is cold with men. I guess she is what you would call a frigidity-in-woman type. The boys in grade school used to fight about carrying her books; and she didn't even want her books carried. She was the kind that gets ten bids to every game, so she never had to stand for any nonsense to be popular. We used to go to games with fellows in a foursome and entertain them afterwards, but always in a bunch, at our house in the daytime. Mother and father always wanted us to be free with them.

But this new fellow, Jimmy—Jamison LaTourette—always arranges things so that Constance and he can go alone! I was afraid perhaps she was falling in love.

"I have tried time and again to assure myself," father was saying, "that the interest of a fifteen-year-old for a person of the opposite sex is Platonic. Then," he drew out an envelope, "I get a letter like this."

He unfolded the letter while Constance, mother, and I stared at each other.

"'What is a soul kiss?'" he asked, reading from the letter.

"I beg your pardon?" asked my mother.

"'What is a soul kiss?'" repeated my father.

There was a long silence. Constance giggled.

"Are you asking *me?*" said my mother.

It did seem the wrong place to turn to.

"No, I am not asking you," said my father. "I am quoting from a letter I received today from Miss Druscilla Parker, head of Ferncroft. Here! I'll pass it around."

Constance flushed. Ferncroft-on-the-Hudson is her school.

"—and at the conclusion of our first term in biology and social hygiene, the young ladies were permitted to submit questions, a composite of which is enclosed. These questions reveal considerable confusion in their minds on Sex, Love, and Marriage. Since some of these questions are beyond the scope of an educational institution, we are asking parents to fill this gap by intelligent explanation, as a sort of extension to our regular course. We know that you as a father will be only too glad to help in preparing your daughter—for understanding wifehood and radiant motherhood . . .

Yours very sincerely,
(Miss) Druscilla Parker."

My mother sniffed. "Now that is what comes of all this enlightenment. They get all mixed up and they still don't know Bee from Bullfrog."

"Mother," said Constance, "I am not interested in zoology. Besides, I—"

"Here are some more of the questions," went on my father, reading.

"'If you cross out names with a boy and it comes out marry on both sides is that a sign you have to marry the boy?'

"Now I have been married eighteen years," admitted my father, continuing, "and I still do not understand 'marry on both sides.'"

"Oh, father; I know that," said Constance. "Those questions were asked by the little kids—"

"It's a fortunetelling game," I explained, "where you cross out the same letters in your name and a boy's; then you count off the odd letters with some key words. It goes—'*Friendship, Love, Indiffrunce, Hate*'—er," I was uncertain how to finish. "Anyway it has to come out *Marry* for both names, or sides."

"'*Hate, Kiss*'—" supplied Constance. "Kiss—er—"

"'*Court, Marry*,'" concluded mother.

"Yes, that's right," I said. "*Court, M*—why mother, how do *you* know?"

"Why, yes, mother? How do you know?" demanded Constance.

Mother reddened. "Why, that's a very old game. I had forgotten all about it. We—we used to play that game, too. Don't you remember it, Charles?"

"No!" said my father.

Mother looked reminiscently off into space and laughed and laughed.

Just then our dogs, Joy and Postman, began to bark, and there was young Jamison LaTourette. He was much lighter in build than Constance but he was the kind of dark-featured smoothie that could never get between me and the nearest exit. Father failed to persuade Constance and him to go out somewhere with us. They had tickets to an ice hockey game and all father could accomplish was a weak promise to be home by twelve.

At one o'clock I was awakened out of a sound sleep and dragged downstairs in my pajamas to help worry about Constance. She had not come home.

Two o'clock came and went. At two-thirty my father had ordered a taxi to go after her, when she came in. Her hair was in perfect order; the orchid on her shoulder was unsquashed.

The next morning at breakfast, there was a deadly silence until Flora had gone back to the kitchen. Then father pointed to the picture in his newspaper of a very young girl in a low-cut gown, with a cigarette between long, painted nails, sitting in a night club.

"Whenever I see a picture like that of a debutante—so-called—with a half-empty glass in front of her, I feel sorry for her."

"Let's see," said Constance. "Oh yes. That's the girl I saw last night. When she was having the picture taken. She's making a debut this year and she's scared to death. That's plain water in the glass and the photographer had to show her how to hold her cigarette—the dope."

My father put down the paper and shoved his breakfast aside. "Do you mean to tell me, Constance, that you went to a night club, last night?"

"Well, the hockey game was over early and when Jimmy heard I'd never been to a supper club, he wanted me to go to the Silver Palace. Just to see what it was like. This girl was in

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The Garden of Femadia

They declared they were a peace loving people, and no man could ever be a citizen of their land

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

For half a day I tracked through woods following the wounded buck. It is not good to wound an animal and then not finish him off. Now and again he seemed lost forever, but little bright drops of blood on the fresh green foliage disclosed his direction.

It grew late and I began to think about getting back to that cold dreary pile of stones, Dunkelwald Castle. My host and hostess would soon begin worrying, for they had warned me particularly not to get too far from the Castle. Before I set out, a flag was raised from one of the turrets, and this could easily be seen for miles about, for the Castle was situated, as are most of those feudal fortresses, on a good vantage point. Enemies could be discovered while they were still some distance away. And if you know anything about the history of Dunkelwald and its surrounding country, you would know that these small borderlands of Europe have, since the year 1100, never had a generation without a war.

Little drops of blood on the ground pointed to the direction the buck had gone. It was not possible to turn back without that final shot. To turn back would violate two codes, the code of good sportsmanship and also a law of morality. For morality dictates that the interval between life and death be as painless as possible. Needless suffering is a crime against heaven.

As I pushed forward I thought of all the generations of youths who gave their lives—for what, I could not say—but the soft ground over which I walked had received so many. And so much blood had been poured out freely. But still the grass was green, the moss was green and the leaves—the little bright drops on the leaves were due to a bad shot, a shot that only wounded the poor animal.

Soon the woods seemed to grow darker, the trees taller, and at this place the ground was almost all clear of brush. I was able to push ahead at a dogtrot. Panting for breath I suddenly came into full view of the wounded buck. The unfortunate animal was breathing so hard that I could hear it in the still quiet of the forest.

This time I could take no chances and so, steadying the gun, I brought the bead slowly down over the horns—steadily, coolly—but just as I was ready to fire, a most surprising thing occurred. Two shots rang out. Evidently I was not the only hunter in these woods. The animal stood for a brief second and then slowly and unwillingly lowered himself to the ground.

I saw two people come forward. They went straight to the spot where the buck had fallen.

I also came forward and spoke to them rather severely, for I knew they had no permission from the Baron to be hunting in his forests.

"Say, you fellows!" I called, coming forward and making my presence known. "By what right are you hunting on this land?"

As they turned to look at me I could see instantly that I had made a mistake. These two were no ordinary poachers. They were young, handsome women. I removed my hat.

"I beg your pardon, ladies. From a distance I thought you were—you know, trespassing, so to speak. And I know that the Baron has not given permission . . . In fact . . . But I beg your pardon." I bowed again. "At last he is dead," I said, looking at the animal. "You are good shots, many thanks."

They looked at me rather strangely.

"He is dead," said one. But these simple words she spoke with deep feeling, as though she were a great actress playing in a tragedy. "He is dead!" she repeated.

"And you, sir," asked the other, looking at my rifle, "you are hunting in these woods?"

"Why yes, of course. I am a guest of the Baron and Baroness von Dunkelwald. We are old friends and have known each other in Paris and London, but this is my first visit to the Castle."

She repeated again: "You are hunting in these woods," and she said it as though I were the one that was trespassing. I laughed aloud.

"Perhaps you are daughters of the game warden and do not believe that I am a friend of the Baron. Perhaps you think I am claiming a friendship that does not exist?"

"Oh no, sir," said the other with mocking politeness. "We see you are a gentleman, but this land on which we now stand is far from the blood-soaked soil of your friend the Baron. We belong here and we have a right to be here, but you, sir . . ."

"Again I beg your pardon, I did not know that . . . I must have wandered . . . You see, I wounded the animal earlier in the day and I went hard after him because . . . Well, you know it's a rule of sportsmanship and besides good morality dictates . . ."

"Morality!" she cried. "What could you know about that! You and your whole race have no more conception of morality than a litter of pigs!"

Well, I had not expected to come so far over on the defensive but alone in the forest facing two handsome women any man would be on the defensive. I excused myself again and again for wandering into their territory without permission. But somehow they did not seem to accept my apologies. Either they doubted my statement that I had unintentionally wandered off the Baron's land or it was something else that troubled them.

"I could prove to you," I said, "that the animal was wounded before you ended his unhappy existence. I could show you the blood drops on the ground."

But this also seemed a wrong thing to have said, for one of these handsome creatures stretched herself to her full height and with chin up said most proudly:

"Our land is the only square in Europe whose ground is not blood-soaked."

"I mean only the little drops from the animal . . . Just to prove that he was wounded and I followed him here unwittingly, or . . . It is simple, why make it complex! Why can't you accept the plain fact?" I was vexed. "It is a mistake and I offer my humble apologies."

"Well, sir, it is not quite so simple. We do not, in the least, doubt your word, and we could see the animal was wounded before we took aim. Still, what are we to do now? You cannot return the way you came for it is not possible for us to allow a man to wander about unescorted in Femadia."

At first I thought this was all a new kind of joke—the idea of a man being unescorted. Also, although I had heard of an ancient land of Arcadia, never had I heard of Femadia.

"Femadia?" I inquired, hoping to learn something of this land.

"If you do not mind, sir, I will take your rifle and you will be good enough to follow us. Our council members will see that you are put onto the right road."

I surrendered the gun and indicated my willingness to follow. They tied a few ribbons to the branches of several trees so that they would be able to find the fallen buck in the morning, and we started for the place which I learned later they called "The Garden."

As we walked along I asked these young women a number of questions.

"Is this land really called Femadia?"

"Yes it is, sir."

"And is it, as its name suggests, a land of women—only women?"

"We are a whole race apart from all the ugly races of the world."

"Only women?"

"Yes, only women are citizens of Femadia."

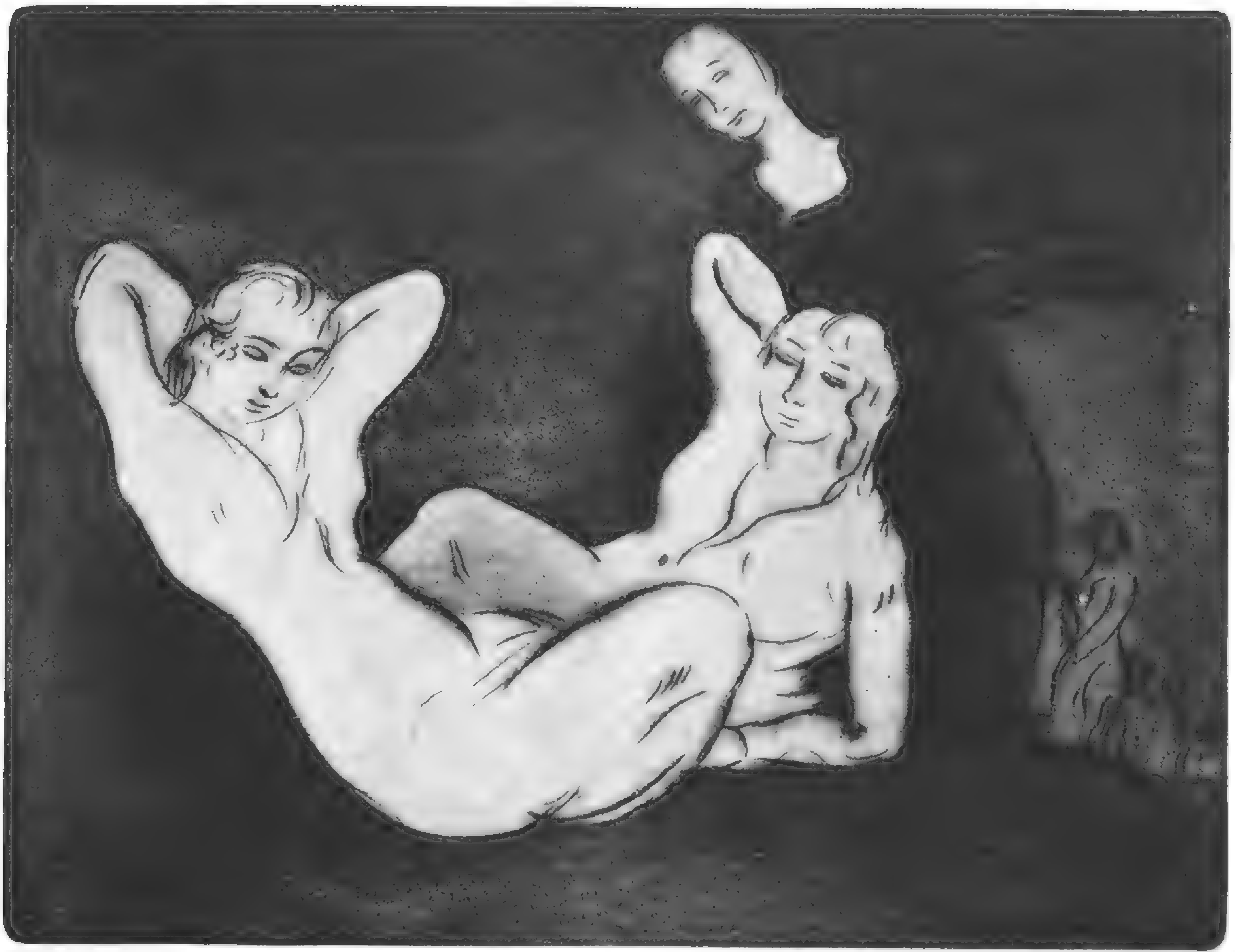
"And you are an old race?"

"Quite old, sir. We trace our lineage back to the Arcadian dancing girls who accompanied the armies of the ancient Greeks."

"That is indeed very far back."

"But only in the past two hundred years has our sacred order been brought together in The Garden."

This, of course, made me smile, for I knew very well that two hundred years is a long time for a single sex, alone and unaided . . . But walking along pleasantly in the forest twilight with two handsome young women . . . This certainly was not the time to bring



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

forward a few blunt biological facts. I kept my thoughts to myself.

Very soon we came to a long fertile clearing. Here were farms with cultivated fields and here also were greens upon which fat cattle grazed. And turning abruptly at a little gatehouse we passed beside a tall ledge of rock into an avenue flanked by dark green cypress trees. This was the road that led to "The Garden" but the garden itself was walled around and resembled a medieval city. One door of the high gate was opened, just enough for us to pass through, and then it was locked behind us.

In the main square of Femadia a long single file of over a hundred young maidens was dancing in ancient Greek fashion. On the left arm each of them wore a light metal disc as though it were a shield, although in size and shape it resembled a brass cymbal. In the right hand they carried small cloth-covered batons with which they cut the air in fantastic designs. All together and rhythmically they produced the effect of a marvelous and ever changing arabesque. Now and then they beat in strange rhythm on their small metal shields. A troop of six pipers stood beside the dancers and produced very shrill and penetrating sounds from their old instruments. Later I was informed that this fascinating dance was called, by the ancient Greeks, the Pyrrhic, and that its origin was truly Doric. Also, that it is now danced at certain times to remind them of the ancient dancing girls of Arcadia who went into battle with the Greeks armed only with a light shield and a dagger. And it was these very girls, according to Xenophon, who routed a great king and drove him from the field of battle.

Not only at certain festival times is this war-like dance performed but also whenever a stranger is discovered in their domain. Evidently by some mysterious means my presence was known long before we reached the walls of The Garden of Femadia.

I could have remained much longer watching the beautiful dancers in the twilight but the two huntresses would not tarry. They led me to the council hall where three of their chief women were already awaiting me. I had imagined, on my way to this place, that the head abbess and the superior ladies of this female sect would be old and wrinkled, toothless crones. But no, they were as smart and trim as any of the women executives in our own modern commercial world. Only their manner was genial and not at all overbearing.

One was a doctor of law, the second was a doctor of science and the third had only a simple degree from a well-known university, but because of her executive ability, she had risen from the ranks.

"I am your prisoner," I said smiling.

"Be not apprehensive, sir," said the doctor of law. "We are not over-pleased to have you among us and will do our best to hasten your departure in the safest way possible."

"Safest way?"

"Certainly, sir. In the forest you certainly would not have been safe. Some of our Femadians might consider it lawful game to slay you. You were fortunate in meeting two of our most liberal huntresses."

"Because I am a man they would slay me?"

"No, not entirely because you are a man. But because you belong to the race of war."

"I am sorry, madame, but I do not quite understand what the race of war can be."

"Well, we are free and we are happy. You are not free and not happy. War is the foundation of sorrow and you and your race have brought mankind to its present pitiable condition."

"In this very section of Europe," said the doctor of science, "not a single generation has been allowed to escape the ravage of war. It has produced a puny race. The youngest and healthiest were killed off first and the old men and cripples were left at home to be the breeders of more babies. Degeneracy is in the very bone and blood of your people. And that is why some of the Femadians would not hesitate . . . As a fisherman would plunge his knife into a shark that was tearing his nets to bits; or as a farmer living in the green of his land would crush an adder under foot, so . . ."

"But madame," I protested, "I am not a shark."

"Pardon me. I speak figuratively and only in defense of our people."

"And no men are citizens of your land?"

"We are a peace loving people," said the doctor of law, "and no man can be a citizen of Femadia."

"No man ever?"

"At one time," she explained, "about two-hundred years ago, we were like any other race, a tribe living in families and our fathers were as all fathers are. But we were at war so often with neighboring races that our very existence was threatened with extinction. The

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Neither Flesh, Fish, nor Fowl

Vegetarians range from Plato to George Bernard Shaw, and from the orthodox, who shun milk, to the backsliding lactos

by SIDNEY M. SHALETT

• ARTICLE •

IN NEW YORK CITY there is an earnest little band of crusaders with a Purpose, a Leader and a Rallying Song. Their Purpose is that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Tolstoy and of the father of the American Graham cracker. Their Leader, at the present, is Mr. Bertram Newman, who never has been ill, never has taken a drop of internal medicine, since he saw The Truth. This is their Rallying Song:

Eat no flesh at all,
Eat no flesh at all,
Peace will come when man has learned
To eat no flesh at all.

The little band is the Vegetarian Society of New York. Its members present a united front against flesh eating. Every Thanksgiving Day, when millions of their fellow Americans are feasting on turkey, their main dish is nuts. That is by way of solemn protest against the barbaric slaughter by which the holiday is desecrated by the rest of the cannibalistic world—for, to vegetarians, meat eaters are no better than cannibals. At the 1933 Vegetarian Thanksgiving Feast, the guest of honor was a live white turkey, brought by the late George Gray Barnard, the famous sculptor, who was a vegetarian. The Vegetarians promptly christened Mr. Barnard's turkey Epitaph as a subtle hint to kreophagists (their pet Greek word, meaning flesh-eaters), who are digging their own graves with their teeth. They fed Epitaph some nice grain and he liked it fine. Afterwards they presented him to the Central Park bird sanctuary, where he lived in comfortable obscurity until his death (natural) about two years ago.

The word "Vegetarianism" did not come into use until 1847 A. D., when it was coined by a group of food reformers in Manchester, England, but the practice of organized abhorrence to "flesh food," as vegetarians persist in calling it, dates back eight centuries before Christ to the Orphics, some of the earliest Greek fraternity boys. Two centuries later, the individual daddy of Vegetarianism in the Western world, Pythagoras, was going around uttering gloomy remarks about what a dirty trick it was to be cutting up cows for beefsteak. About the same period, Buddha was making a religious principle out of the already established Brahmin practice in the East. As the centuries rolled by, articulate champions of anti-kreophagy sprang up—Plato, Plutarch, Sir Thomas More, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Montaigne, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Tolstoy and Thoreau. Outstanding contemporaries include George Arliss, who is reputed to have said he would not eat anything he could pet, and George Bernard Shaw. Even Shirley Temple, who has been accused of many things, was once claimed by the Vegetarians as one of their own.

The seed of organized Vegetarianism was planted in America in 1817 when the Reverend William Metcalfe and forty members of the Bible Christian Church, sworn "to abstain from eating flesh, fish, fowl as food," migrated from England to Philadelphia. On May 15, 1850, Reverend Metcalfe's followers, among whom was Dr. Sylvester Graham (Graham bread and crackers), journeyed to New York to establish the first American Vegetarian Association. On April 7, 1875, the Association first incorporated. Henry S. Clubb, a minister of the Bible Christian Church, was elected president, and Vegetarianism began to go places in the United States.

There are two main reasons for believing in Vegetarianism, and two main ways of practicing the belief once you've got it. The reasons are (1) the health-hygienic argument (that flesh eating is unhealthy, even poisonous), and (2) the moral and ethical doctrine (that it is a cardinal sin to kill animals for food). The cornerstone of Vegetarianism, of course, is total abstinence from Flesh, Fish and Fowl. One, however, may be either a liberal, or lacto-vegetarian, or an orthodox vegetarian, sometimes called "fruitarian." The lactos shun the three F's, but will indulge in such borderline foods as eggs, milk, butter and cheese. The fruitarians, however, won't touch any dairy products, the anatomical associations of milk and eggs being too much of a mental hazard for them. Fruitarians, however, are not restricted to fruits, as vegetables are O.K. There also are any number of individual faddists. Some exclude all cooked foods, while others of the "sunlight school" won't eat anything—potatoes, for instance—that grows underground.

One of the premier symptoms of Vegetarianism is the determined way in which its disciples christen their synthetic meat substitutes with the names of hated flesh dishes. Vegetarian recipe books bristle with formulas for "savory nut-meat steaks," mock chicken rolls, mock steak pudding, lentil sausages, mock sweetbreads, haricot cutlets, mock scalloped oysters and mock fish roe.

Another manifestation is the shuddery, violent way in which Vegetarianism's prophets paint the slaughter and consumption of animals. Other people's meat being their poison, they are determined to make it sound as unpleasant as possible. It started with Plutarch, who grimly related how Roman butchers would "jump upon or kick the udders of the pregnant sows, so that, by mingling the blood and milk and entrails of the embryos that have been murdered together in the very pangs of parturition, they may enjoy the pleasure of feeding upon unnaturally and highly inflamed food!" Count Leo Tolstoy tossed off some masterfully lurid descriptions of agony in the abbatoir, replete with neck stabbings, blood spurtings, convulsions, tail-breakings and carvings-while-alive. Present heir to the literary mantle of Plutarch and Tolstoy is an Englishman, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, D.C.L., M. A., L. R.C.P., M.R.C.S., the nonagenarian senior physician to the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital. Dr. Oldfield did the notes on Vegetarianism in the Encyclopedia Britannica (Vase to Zygo) but he got off some juicier writing in his *Cruelties of the Flesh Traffic*, and *Diet for Cultured People*. It was he who printed the confession from "a well-known actress," who had sworn herself to eternal fruitarianism after witnessing the murder of a cow. "It was dreadful," she sobbed. "Such a beautiful cow, straining in agony at the chain round her neck . . . her lovely great eyes all one blaze of terror . . . a great lout behind twisting her tail . . . a big fellow in front with a pole axe trying to kill her . . . I was fascinated, I was hypnotized. I tried to tear myself away, but I could not!" His best, though, is about pigs. He pictures a certain type of

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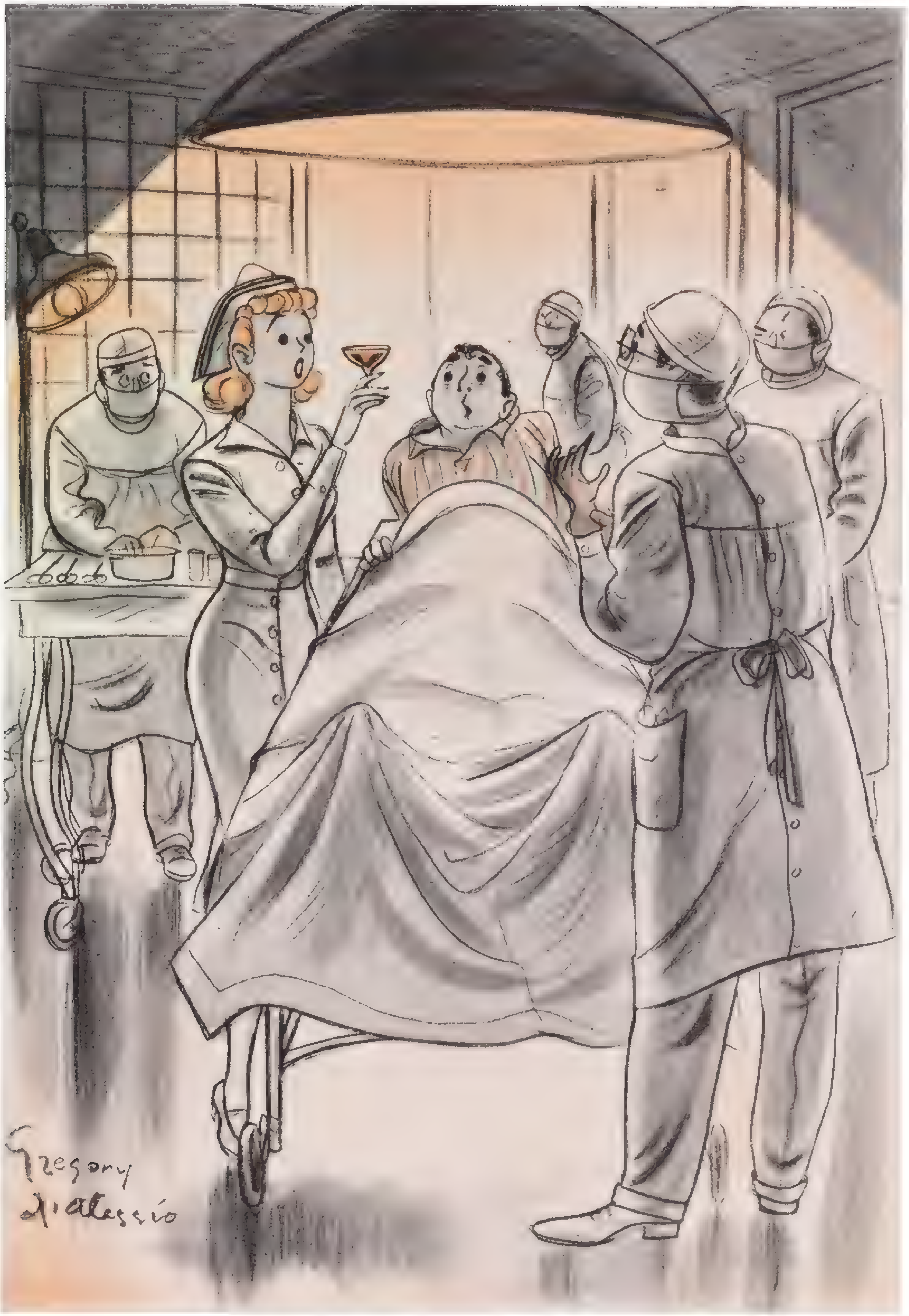

Gregory
d'Alessio

"It's a Mickey Finn. We're all out of ether"

Hell on Wheels

In the old days a race driver thumbed his nose at Death, and the customers got a full money's worth in thrills

by KENT SAGENDORPH

▪ SPORTS ▪

RACE DRIVERS are sissies. The game is getting to be as innocent as croquet. Nobody gets killed any more, in spite of a lot of synthetic excitement and spills and collisions. Who is there, today, who cherishes speedway programs and thumbs them through on cold winter nights, living again the mad excitement of a sudden moment when a man's life was hanging in the air, and a gleaming race car was tossing and spinning before his eyes?

There hasn't been a big-name driver killed since the tragic death of Bob Carey, the last of the dynasty of speed kings. There won't be names like his again. Even at the mammoth quadrangle near Indianapolis, the old-timers are repeating, hanging on, getting more and more conservative, squeezing more and more speed out of safer cars. If you crave excitement, you find it ready-made on the midget tracks. There you can see a dozen spills and flip-flops any night, but you know it's staged for the spectacle value. Racing is no longer what it's cracked up to be.

Once there were race drivers in this country. Once there were men who felt the clammy breath of Death in their very faces, but who thumbed their noses and roared on. Once there were giants of courage who pitted their strength and nimble brains against the runaway power of a wild piece of machinery; conquerors who fought the machine to a standstill. Looking down the long roster of heroes who gave up their lives on the bloody altar of speed, we seem to see their names luminescent with fond memories. They belong to another age—the age of supermen.

Today's drivers may be just as courageous, just as quick-witted and fearless, but they get scant opportunity to prove it. The 150,000 paid admissions at Indianapolis reflect the hunger of everyday America for superlative daring on display. Daring is not the keynote now. As Paul Gallico said, somebody's carburetor beats somebody else's valve system, and the great crowds eat picnic lunches during a parade of whizzing cars that makes twice the speed they appear to.

Today's Indianapolis throngs don't see any such mixture of drama and comedy as they saw during the first race there, in 1911, when Teddy Tetzlaff and Louis Disbrow locked wheels at the head of the main stretch and came spinning end-for-end down the track past the whole line of grandstands, and then crashed resoundingly into a pile of junk against the pit fence.

We old-timers might have believed, after that race, that most of the characters on Mount Olympus had come down in mortal guise and donned goggles and leather puttees. Drivers didn't wear white uniforms and fancy crash helmets then. They all wore checkered caps, and when it was time to race, they merely turned the caps around and donned a heavy pair of round-windowed goggles, and they were ready for anything that might happen. It frequently did.

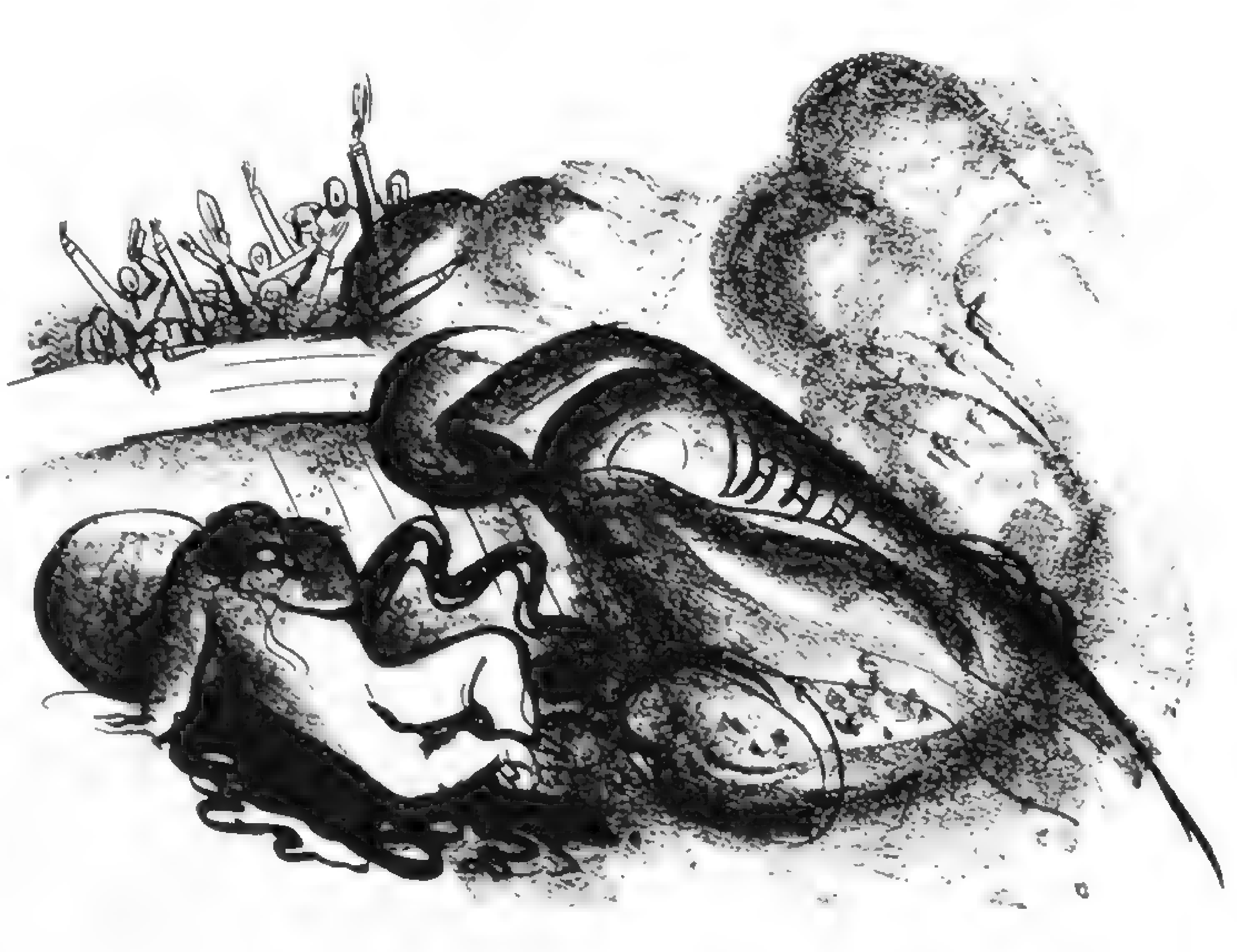
We look back on the moment when Joe Jaggersberger, in a Case, broke his steering knuckle right in the middle of the main stretch. The starting line was in the middle of Grandstand A that year, and this Case came roaring down the track, out of control, aiming at the end of the line of pits. Joe couldn't steer it, nor could he stop it. He had a riding mechanic named Gil Anderson, whose solution of this emergency was the bright idea of jumping out to see if he could kick the front wheels with his foot and thus keep the car from ramming the fence. It probably would have worked except that he seemed to have forgotten that the Case was clocking about ninety at the time, so Gil went flat on his face and out colder than a cucumber, and lay there on the track. While the wasp-waisted ladies in the expensive box seats up there were swooning all over the place, a few more cars came rocketing around the turn and down the stretch, zipping past Gil's chin with the wide margin of a couple of inches or so. Gil would have come to life and sat up, eventually, but another driver, Harry Knight, complicated things.

Knight got a bad case of the jitters when he saw Gil Anderson lying there. His Westcott car pulled up in a shriek of brakes, but it skidded broadside to the track, ripped out the electric timing wire, slammed into the pit fence at a pretty high speed. Mechanics went hopping out of there like rabbits in all directions, bumping into each other, running, yelling, trying to dodge the careening car. The Westcott bounced off the fence, rammed an Apperson entry that was standing alongside the pits, wrecked it, and strewed parts and old iron for twenty yards along the track before the Westcott rolled on two wheels through the infield gate and tossed its crew out on the grass. Nobody was hurt in this circus act except a mechanic on the Blitzen Benz crew, who got some cuts from flying glass. By the time the crowd had stopped laughing, and caught its breath, something else happened.

Art Greiner's Amplex turned over in the twelfth lap and killed his mechanic, Sam Dixon. This was all spectacular stuff for the crowd, and most of the customers were willing to admit, right then, that they had had their money's worth. During the latter half of the race when things got to running too smoothly again, a little more comedy relief appeared. A mechanic named Bob Evans in Tower's Jackson car got a mild case of sunstroke and seemed to crave shade pretty badly; anyhow, he leaped out while the car was rounding one of those sharp turns, sailed over the fence some forty feet and landed on his shoulder on the grass, unhurt.

These things were all part of the record during the maiden venture of what is now the greatest speed plant in the world. Indianapolis has been a magic name for the speed pilots of all time, European and American, luring them with promises of fame and riches, rewarding some, mangling others to death when wealth seemed within their grasp. Since that dimly-remembered Memorial Day back in 1911, thirteen of those original drivers have died. Thirteen men. Twelve of them died with their boots and goggles on, snuffed out at the wheels of speeding race cars.

Why do they do it? It isn't so dangerous now, but back in the golden age of speed, a race driver knew very well that he was bidding the world goodbye every time he climbed into the car. Yet the finest young men in the country fought for the fleeting fame of the tracks. Men from all levels of society; the very rich, the very poor, the average man, the daredevil and the timid soul. They all tried



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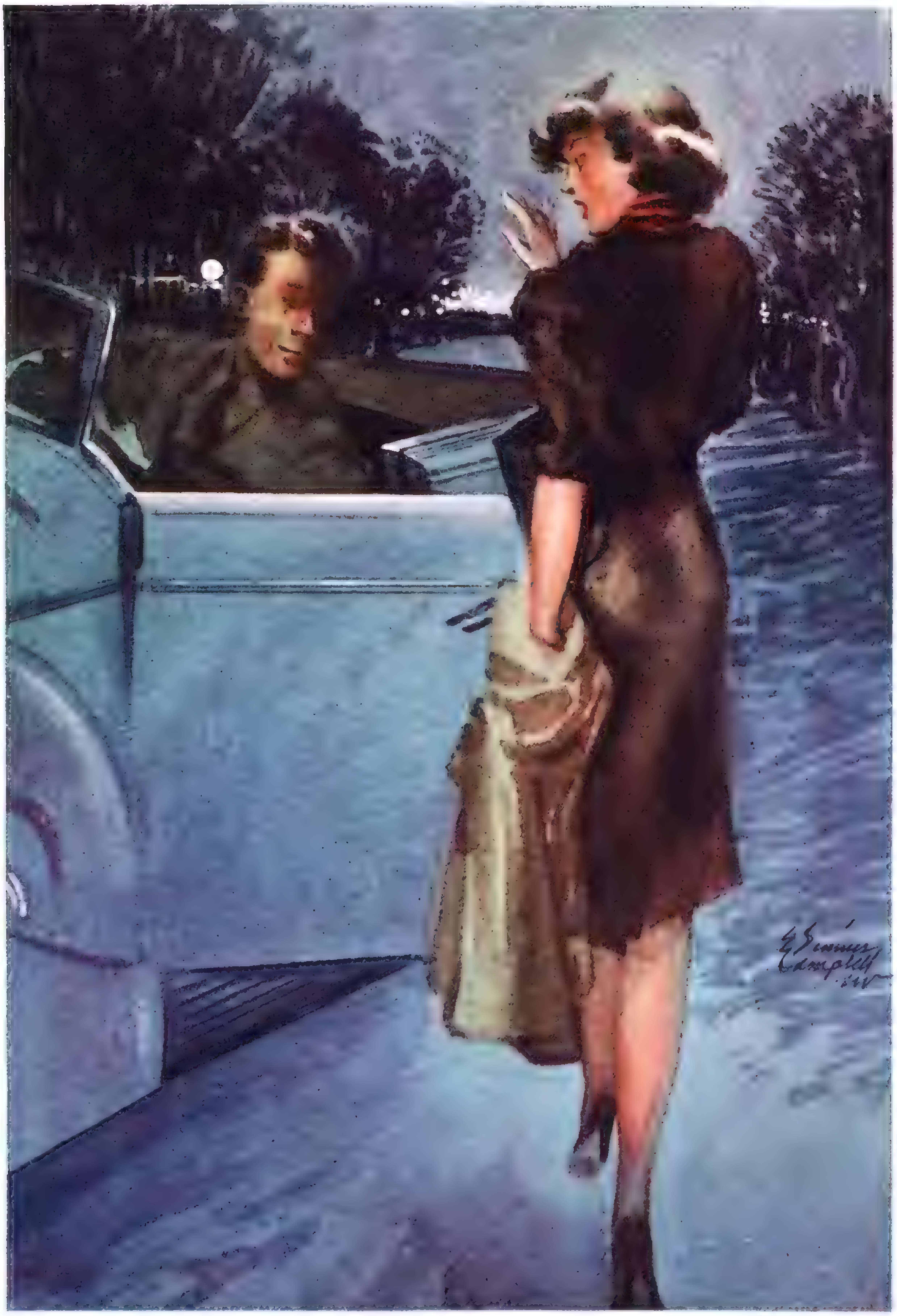
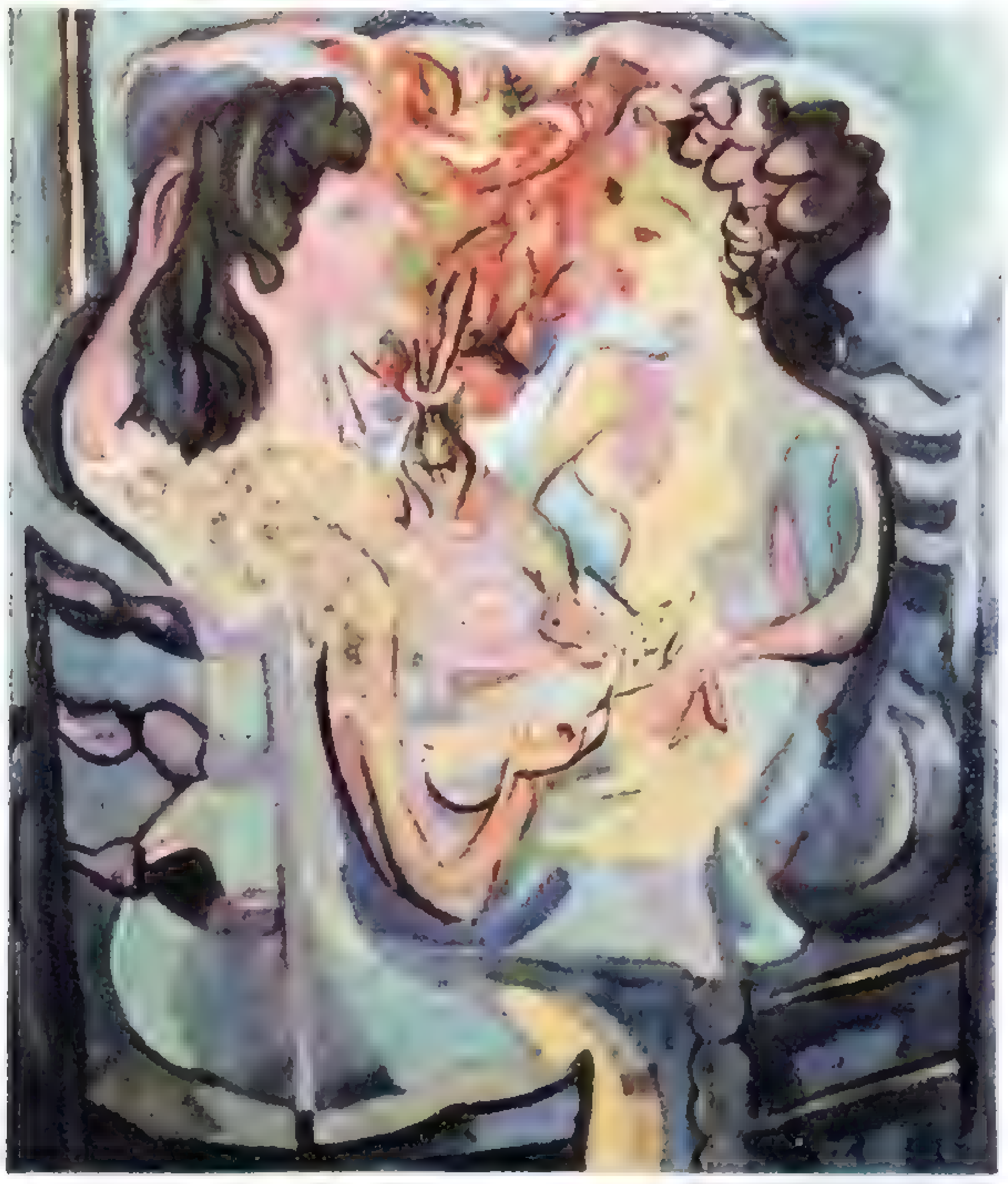
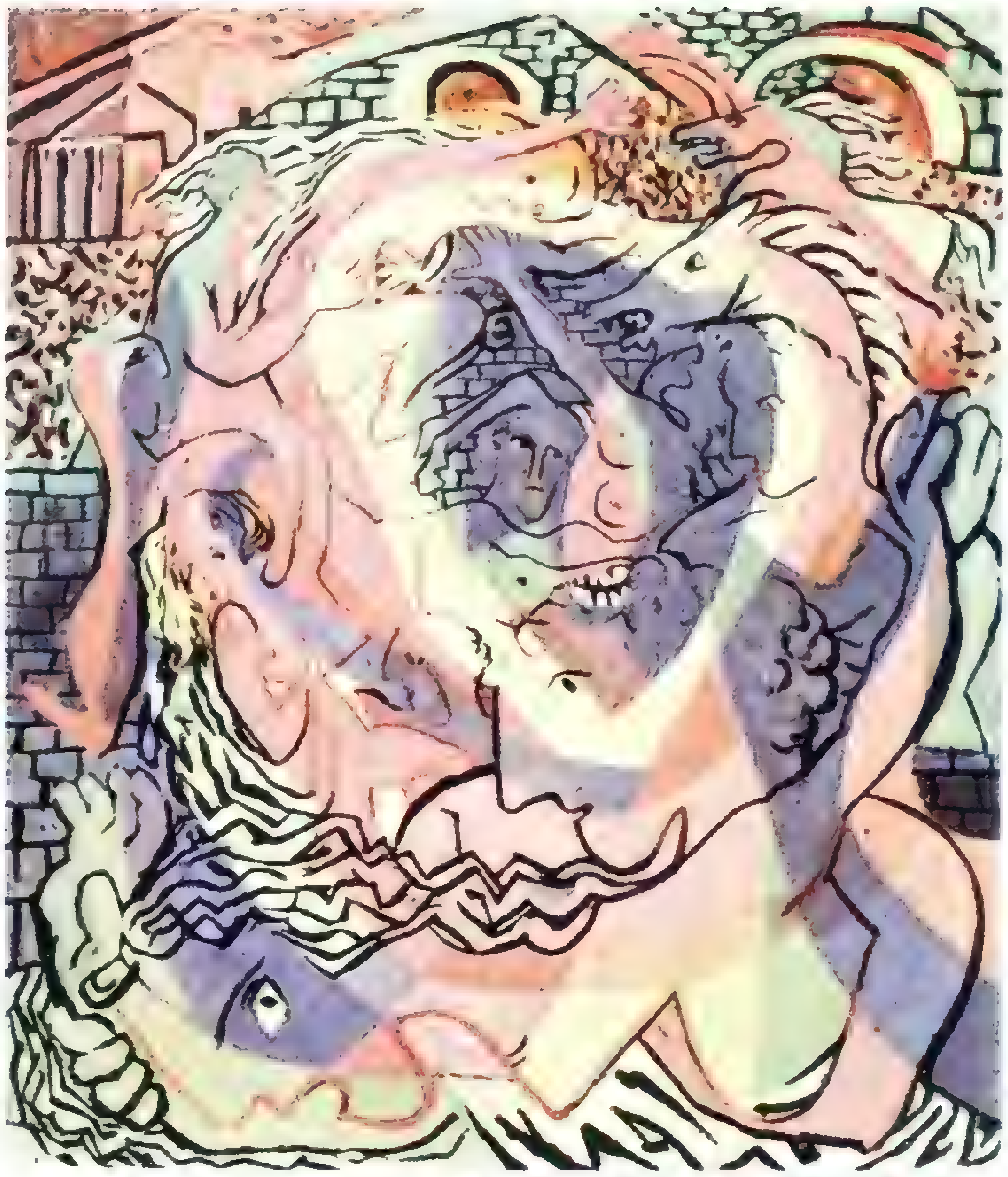

E. Simms Campbell

"No thanks! I just had a lift!"



CONVERSATION

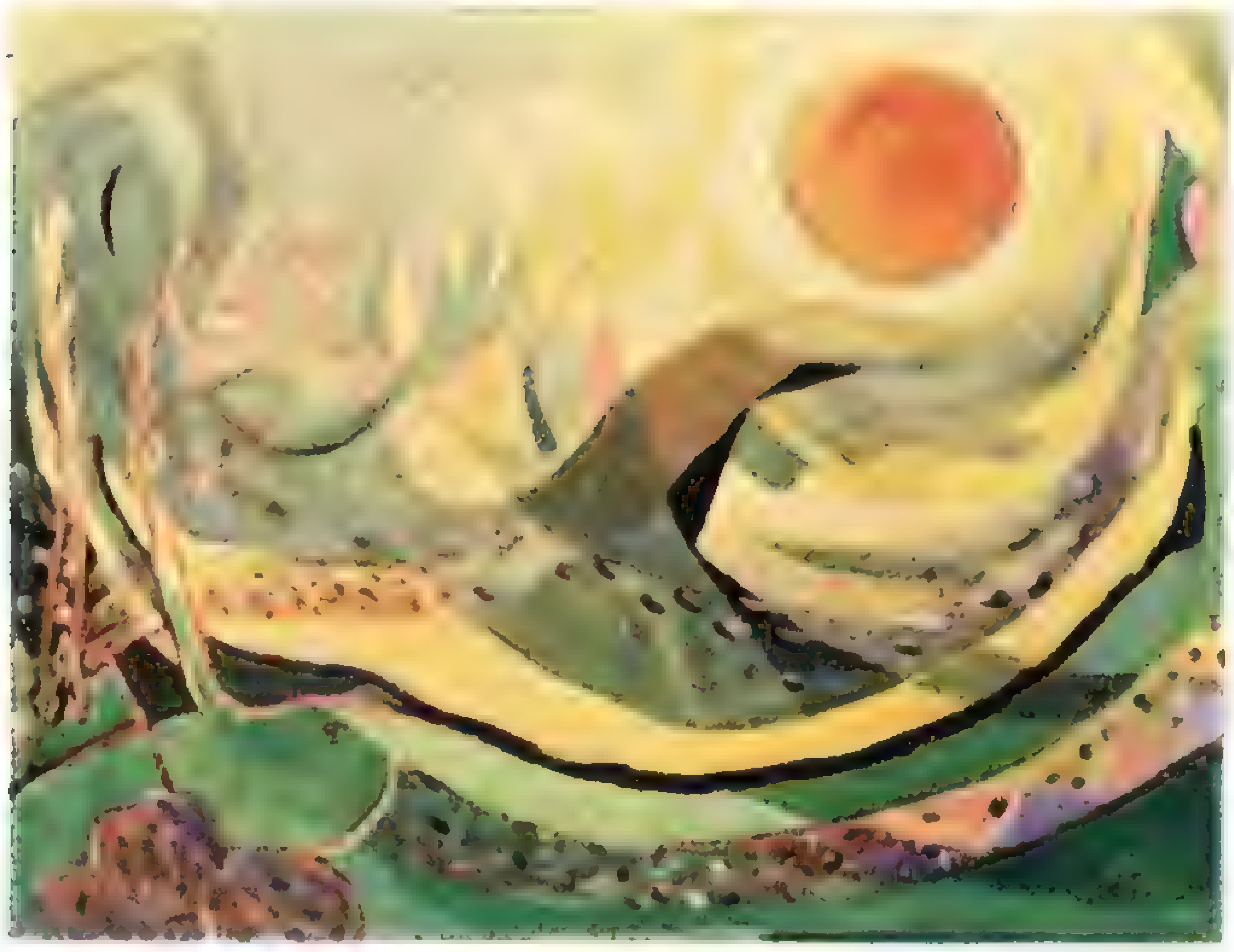


SPONTANEOUS DEMONSTRATION

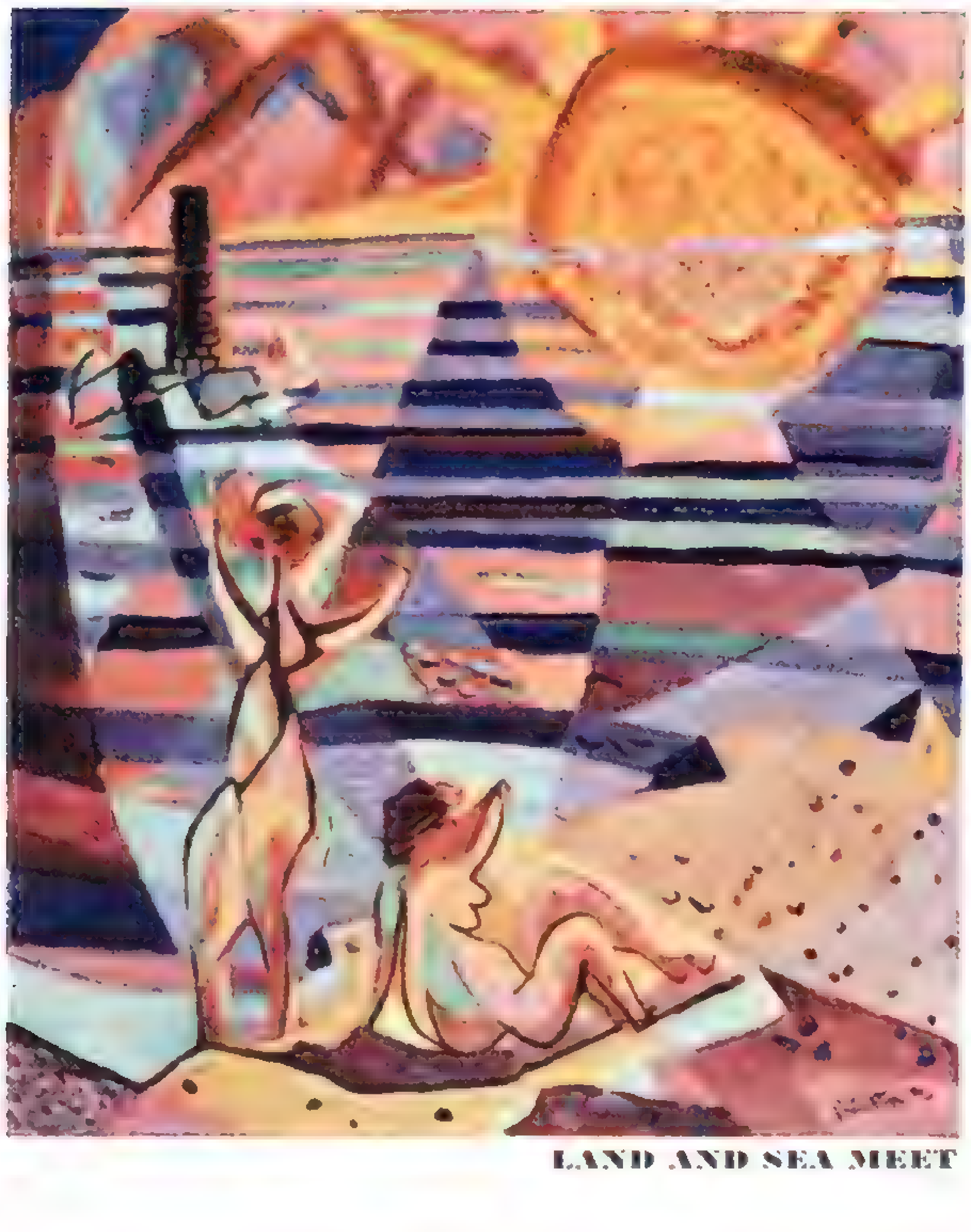
A Collection of Paintings

by ABRAHAM RATTNER

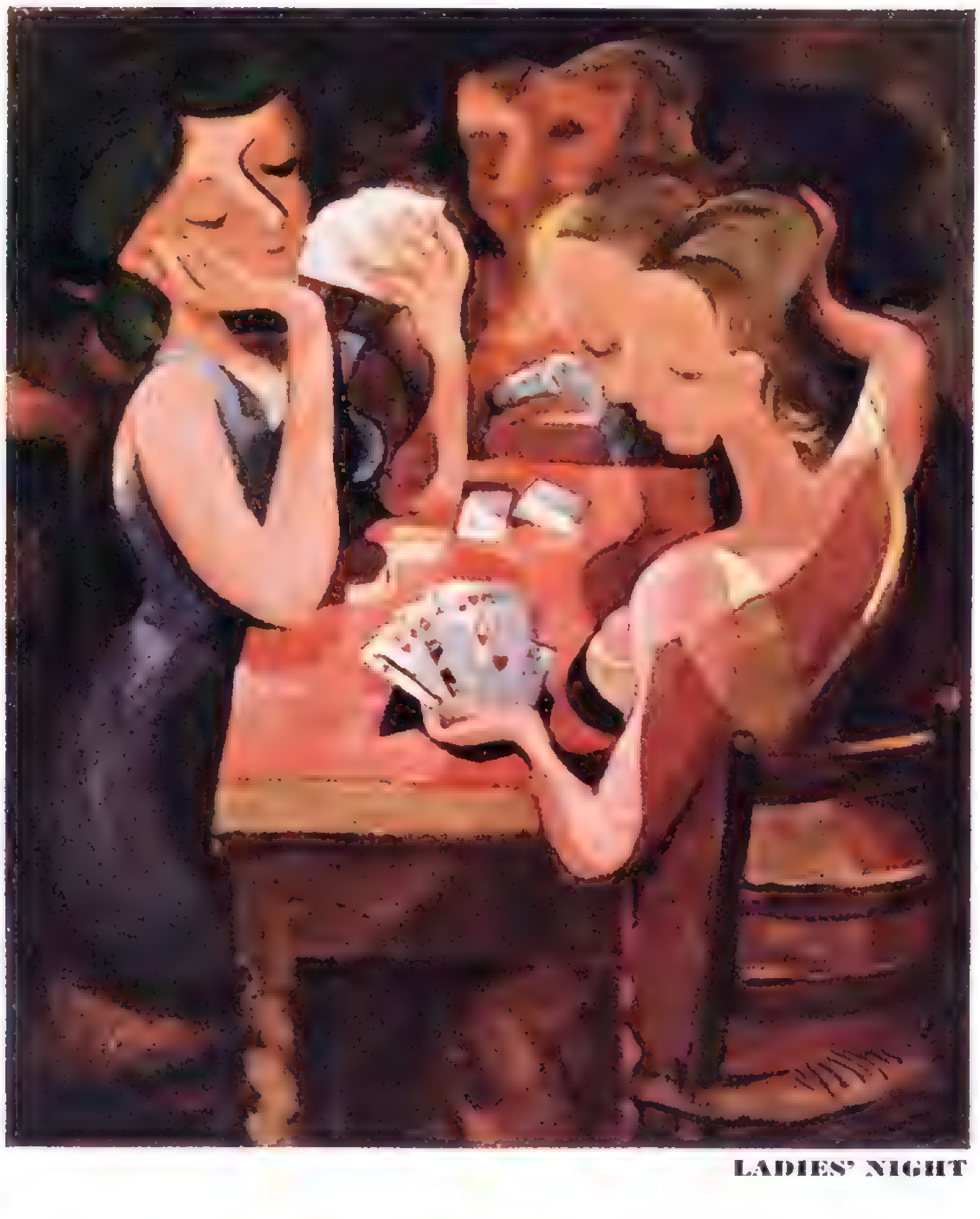
Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Julien Levy Gallery, New York City



MORNING



LAND AND SEA MEET



LADIES' NIGHT

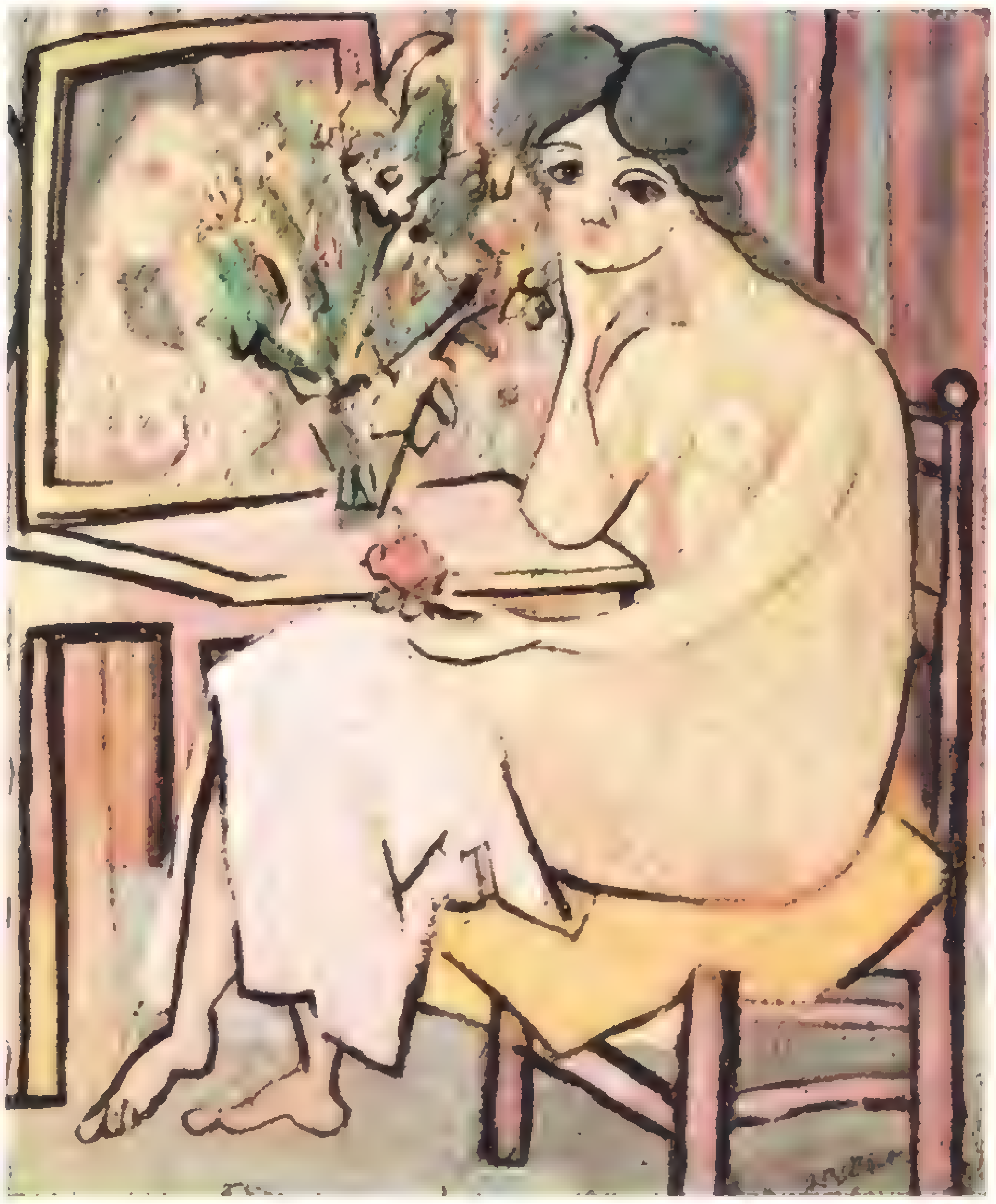
Abe Rattner: Senso-Realist

"The color forms which he creates move impatiently within the lights of their frames, and blaze out with real life"

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Abraham Rattner is an American painter who has lived and worked so long in France and has triumphed so thoroughly even against the challenging comparisons of the School of Paris that, if it were possible to do so, one should pronounce the name Abe Rattner with a French accent. Ardent is a cool word with which to describe the terms in which French critics have praised his canvases. They have been thrown into fits of excited prose comparable to poetry in its intoxication. They have called him, among other things, founder of the dithyrambic school of art. Whether that is true or not, dithyrambic is the word which most closely fits the phrases of admiration that have been penned about Abe Rattner's art.



NUDE IN IVORY

This is a way of saying that Mr. Rattner is an expatriate of long standing who has been naturalized into French painting. Life in France has enriched the man and the artist. It has inducted him into a way which he has now made his own of looking at life and landscape. Should fortune, good or ill, bring him back to his native soil, the retransplantation, allowing time for the healing of superficial wounds, might result in a definite enrichment of our native painting. In the practice of art, which, after all, is a universal language subject only to accentings of time and place, you don't become poor for your native land after having been enriched elsewhere. Travel does broaden the mind, especially travel such as Rattner's, which has not been a skittering upon extensive surfaces, but an intensive exploration into the realm of mind and spirit.

On superficial acquaintance Abe Rattner is an enigma. As artist, he has passion and masterfulness, his violent spirit commands the canvases which he turns into works of art. In person, he looks and acts like one who might be frightened by your Boo! He is, in brief, hesitant, tentative and retiring, like one who would rather avoid the world than seek to engage it in single combat. Inside, he believes in himself; externally, he is terrifyingly modest. He seems to be the kind of man who requires someone to stand between himself and the world. He seems to be afraid of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, of the need for prolonged palaver with persons who lack the proper passports to his world. He seems solitary, withdrawn and indrawn, reflective, meditative, an almost perfect introvert. He has a tendency, it seems to me, of putting people on probation until they have proved themselves congenial and understanding. Yet under his shrinking exterior Abe Rattner hides an ardent and fighting spirit. He can talk animatedly for hours with people congenial to him. In Paris, which is his home for most of the year, he loves to walk great distances during nights of blackness and rain. He loves to take long walks also in the countryside near Paris, which he knows well. As might be expected, he has little contact with the American colony, preferring artists and critics and other sympathetic persons who know what he's driving at. From a young American painter who benefited greatly from Mr. Rattner's instruction and criticism I received the following impression of the artist in Paris: "I went to his studio a few times. He had a large room in a house over in back of the Gare Montparnasse, a swell place to work in. I have never known a painter who worked with such concentration and modesty.

"He works incessantly, thinks of nothing else, lives a very quiet life meeting his friends for dinner, but sometimes for lunch at a little restaurant on the Boulevard Montparnasse.

"The French painters and the group of people in Paris, French and otherwise, most interested in painting, have an immense respect for him and his work. He is a friend of Maurice Raynal who, in lecturing at the Sorbonne on modern and revolutionary painting, spoke of Rattner as one of the most important people working in Paris and showed slides of his work. Teriade, the editor of *Verve* and onetime editor of *Minotaure;* Henry Miller, American writer working in Paris; Marcel Duchamp and Miro are all among his circle of admirers and friends. He spent some time last summer with Picasso in Brittany . . . . He is not thought of as being a surrealist but some of the advocates of surrealism endorse his work in its spirit as being very much a part of the times."

He has no particular hobbies, but reads much, his special preferences being Baudelaire, LaFontaine and Whitman. In his early forties, he is of somewhat more than medium height, tending toward plumpishness and rather full and florid of complexion. His black hair is disposed in small Medusa-like curls. He does not look you full in the face until and unless his timidity has been thawed. The first impression that Rattner communicates leaves you entirely unprepared for the revelation that during the World War he took part in front-line engagements during which his life was more than once endangered, that on two other occasions he had narrow squeaks and that during his art student days in America he made himself a reputation for wild indiscipline and was a horrible example for more sedate students.

Henry Varnum Poor, American painter, writes the following tribute to Rattner: "He has (with only the finest qualities of the word intended) the most sweet character and temperament. He is completely idealistic and, as that implies, romantic. He lives his life entirely in that dream, or ideal, which admits only goodness and order and beauty. In this spirit he works, completely absorbed in creating a world of paint after this inner sense of order and beauty.

"This does not mean he is not alive to life around him. He sees it, and draws upon it—but he always works primarily from his inner vision. . . . As a person and as an artist he represents something we have all too little of in America. I hope he can return

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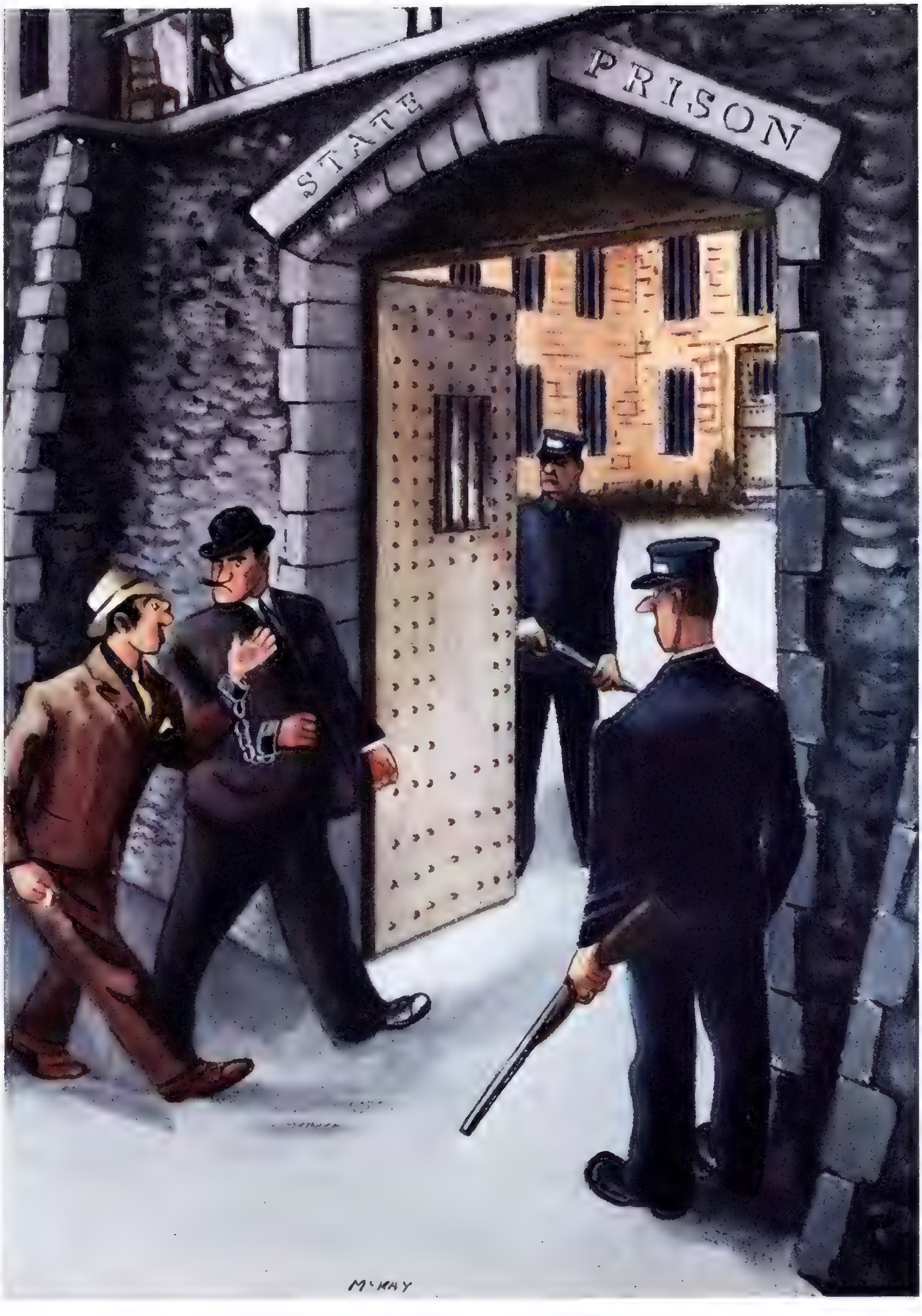

STATE PRISON
McKAY

"Why, it's exactly as I had it pictured"

Give Us a Song

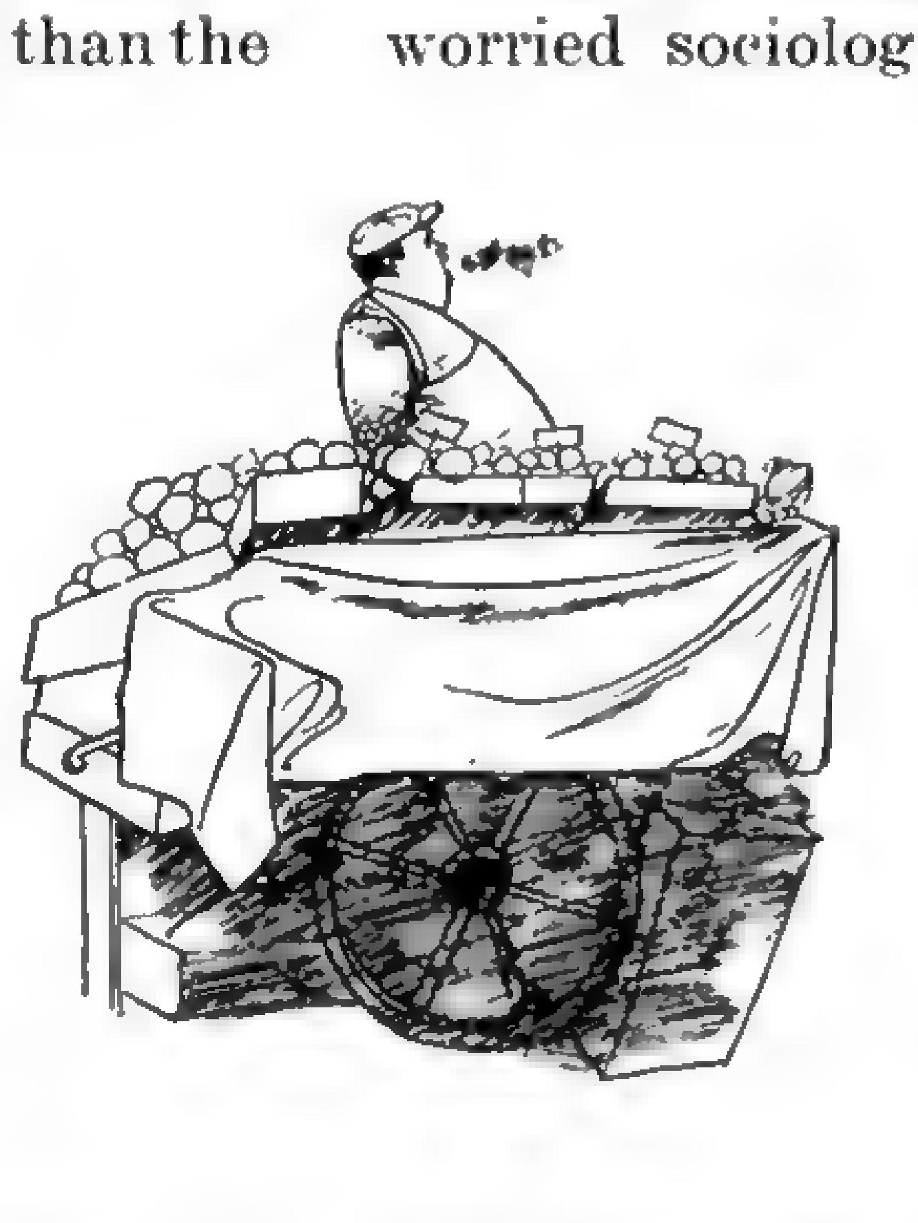
Current music isn't written to be sung any more, people merely hum or mutter it while dancing

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

THE mind of Col. Stoopnagle has always been a mystery and a delight to me, so I can't be sure what he meant, or by what he was inspired, when he used to announce on several occasions that the music was "by Bussy." Even the mind of ". . . and Budd!" always seemed to me as intricate as it was surprising, so I never knew what he meant either when he said that anything from *I Love Coffee* to the *Ninth Symphony* was "by Bussy." It was just one of the added pleasures of listening to those prime entertainers, to know that somewhere in the program, some totally unlikely piece of music would be ascribed to Bussy. You got to know Bussy and to wait for him, just as you waited for a mad definition or an invention.

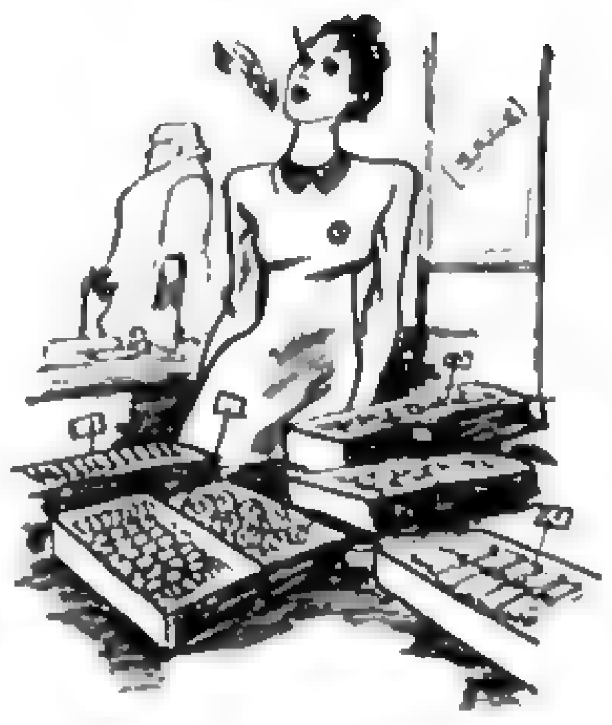
So, some time ago, when I first heard an announcer say that someone would sing a piece called *My Reverie*, by Debussy, I assumed that the Stoopnagle-Budd joke had been taken seriously; I didn't for a moment believe that Debussy had written the song. After hearing it sixty-four hundred and two times, I would prefer to believe that it is a forgery; but the newspapers report that the estate of the veritable Claude Debussy, hitherto enriched by about twenty cents a year in royalties from sopranos who sing the song about the Mandoline, and four dollars a year for performances of *The Afternoon of a Faun*, has just received $35,000 for a couple of months' renditions of *My Reverie* on the American air; more than the delicate master earned in his lifetime, they say, and I believe it. The song is terrible. If you were to tell me that the words are by Heinrich Heine, translated by Edna St. Vincent Millay, I would add that they are also terrible. The song is, at this writing, the most popular piece of music, and balderdash, in the United States. I am trying to get the rights on *Who Is Sylvia?* but I'm afraid that the next song to go into first place will be *Pale Hands I Loved.*



Among the reasonably popular songs, in competition with the Debussy's mess, is *This Can't be Love*, by Rodgers and Hart; it's a honey, all lightness and charm, with the tidiness of sentiment which you find in their best work. My ear, which responds to music amiably, takes it all in; my vocal cords can give back only the first few lines, but that doesn't mean that the song is difficult to sing. (I have trouble with the later phrases of even the simplest jingles.) It happens that the words of this song start in light irony and end in light sentiment, both of which I like; but I don't think anyone can miss the ease and neatness of the melody, quite apart from the text. And, likewise, I don't think anyone can miss the pressure and the pretentiousness of the Debussy piece as now rendered. (The awful thought strikes me that perhaps the music was tampered with; but I think not.)

Current also (and I bet you it will be forgotten when you read this) is a jingle called *Jeepers Creepers.* Maybe Old Doc Spaeth can find out why this song is popular in a musical sense; as an observer, I am entirely bewildered. The title was originally a method of cursing without offending the Holy Name Society, or some other defender of sacred words; the tune was old before it was born and the current version has nothing fresh. In fact, the only thing that saves the song is that it was originally sung, in a movie, to a horse. Where a horse got his peepers is a legitimate question—but not being an addict of Dick Powell, I didn't know this until weeks after the song became vastly popular.

Now three songs like these, plus *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*, and *Two Sleepy People*, ought to be proof enough that the American public will sing anything. And all I wonder about is whether they sing anything at all. I mean sing; not hum and mutter while dancing, or mutter and hum while someone else sings on the radio. If any worried sociologist wants to make a point about our ceasing to sing, and can get the facts, I won't object; it may be a bad thing for us not to lift our voices in quartets and chorals. But my interest is that of the nonsinging listener. I suspect that something is happening to our songs—and that one reason is, we're not singing enough. If you read books about immigration, you will discover that every national group brought its songs with it; but the disappearance of native folksong isn't surprising. The fact is that the native in the Kentucky hills, the cowboy, the miner, and the ward politician, also sang. The barber shop chord was actually sounded in barber shops, and now all you get in barber shops is sanitation and silence. Boys courting girls used to sing; there was a time when songs seemed to be provided for every stage of courtship, and a lad with a half-decent voice could make a less than half-decent proposal by singing an apparently innocent lyric with a lot of extra meaning. (Nowadays it takes a lad with an innocent voice to make some of the songs barely proper.)



The angry folk will assure you that we stopped singing because it became so easy to listen—meaning first the phonograph and then the radio. I suspect they lag behind the facts. We stopped singing because we were, at a certain time, too busy dancing. When composers began giving us what they called rhythm songs (although you could catch a hint of the melody when the thing was played slowly and simply,) they stopped writing for our ears and began to write for our feet. The extreme case is, of course, swing, which didn't happen overnight, but developed gradually out of all that went before. And the remarkable thing about swing is, of course, that it isn't even meant to be danced to. The jitterbugs do dance, but the true enthusiasts just drop everything and crowd up around Benny Goodman and Art Shaw and Eddy Duchin, and stand and listen, leaving a blank floor behind them. Stuff Smith used to play swing at a club where there was no dancing floor at all. And all that began way back when Irving Berlin wrote *Pack Up Your Sins* and Gershwin and Porter followed with fast and hot numbers, although each of them was varied and clever enough to turn out some sweet melodies, too. After all, they stemmed back to the old days. But if Raymond Scott has written a Sweet Melody for Eligibles for the Townsend Plan, I haven't heard it.

I don't know whether song writers are starving, but I know that they always talk about the good old days when a song lasted eighteen months, as sheet music, instead of being killed off in six weeks by over-repetition nowadays. They've got an argument, but it's quite possible that the songs of that time were written to last, and *Ti-Pi-Tin* didn't have the stamina. Or, reversing it, that a lot of songs don't deserve even their ten days of glory, but are made only by repetition. Looking at both dispassionately, because they are equally dead, I can't see that *Yes We Have No Bananas* deserved a longer life than *The*

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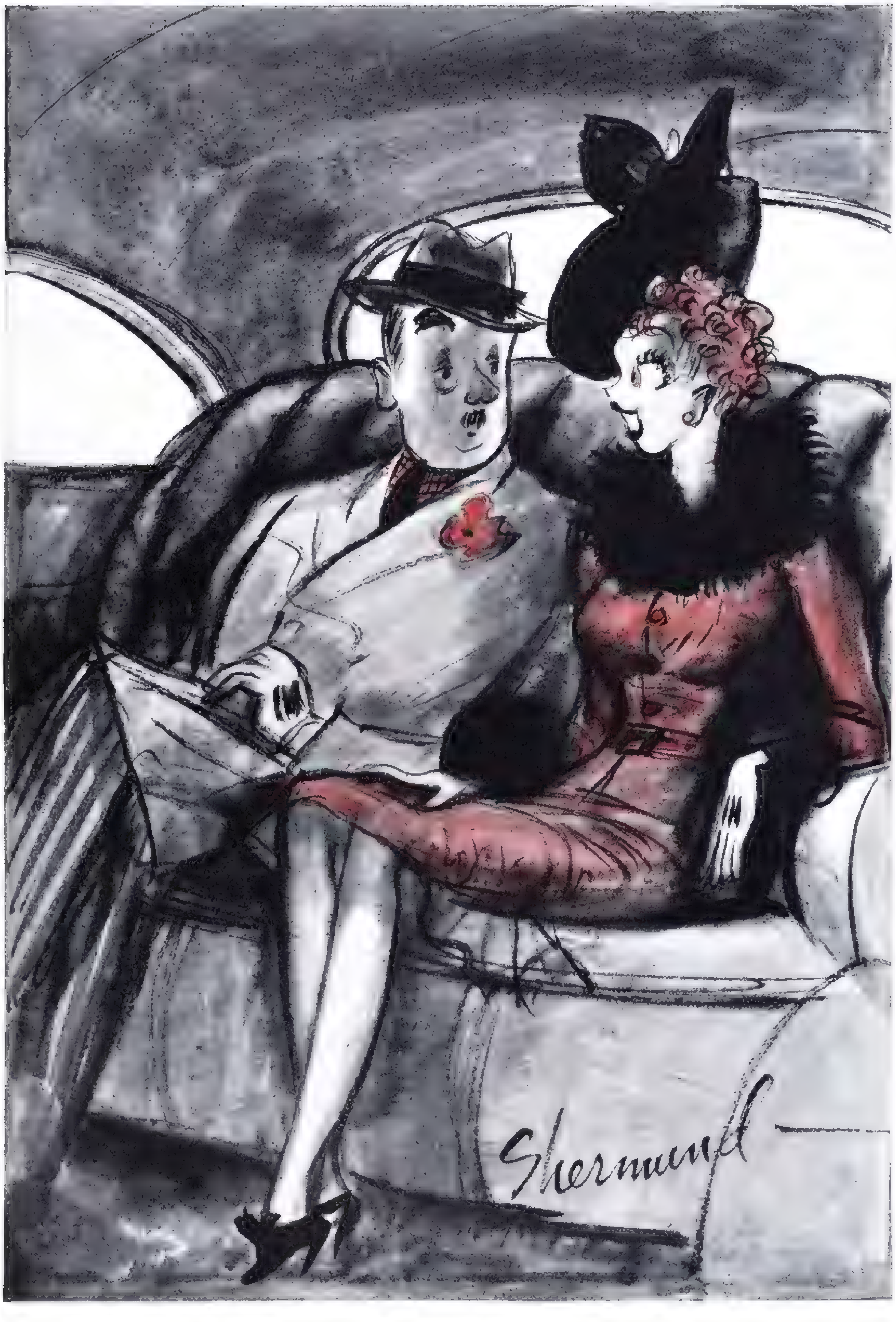


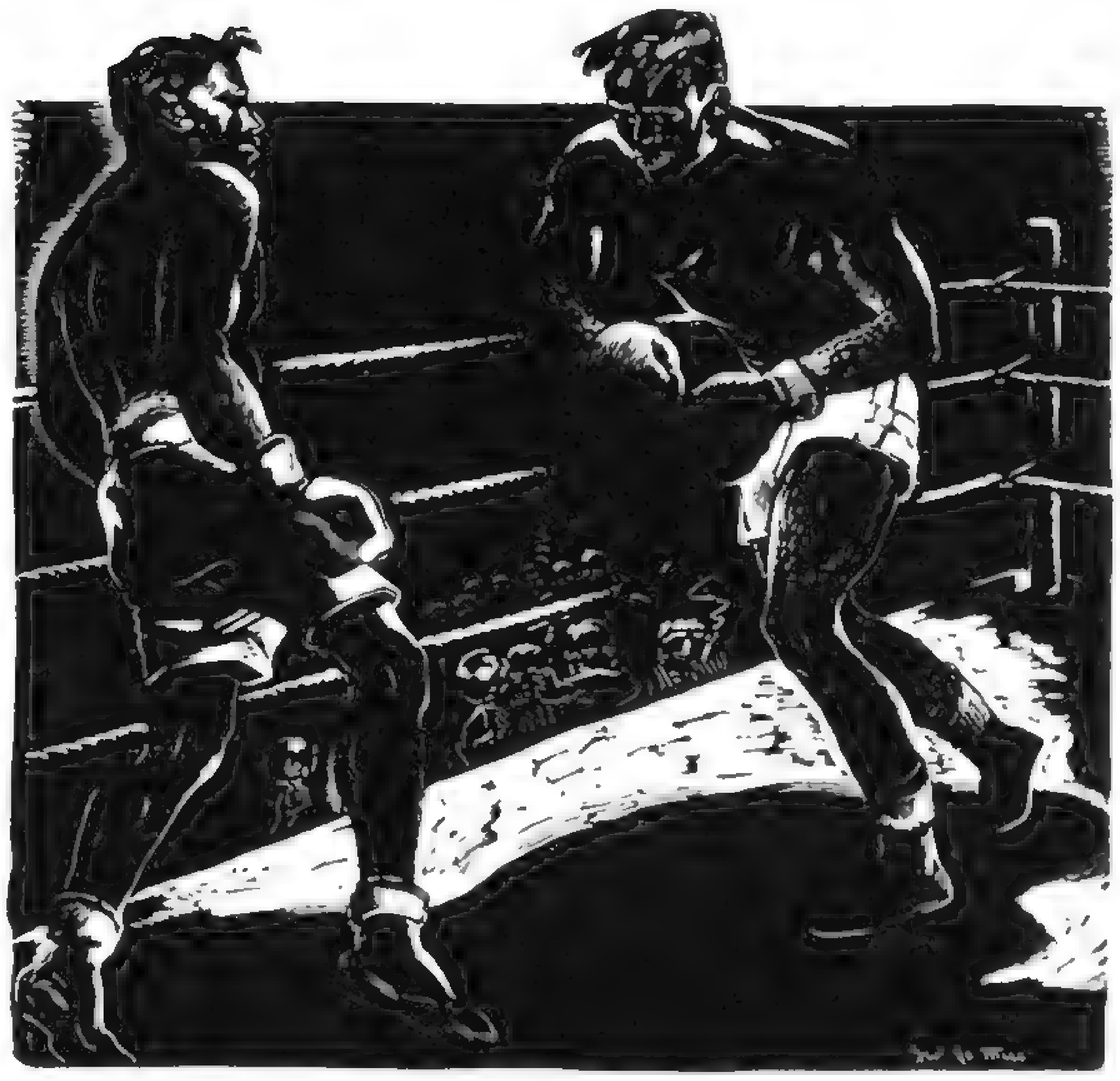
"Oh, I've been to Atlantic City before, Mr. Sawyer, but never on a business trip"

Sport Goes to the Dogs

Don't credit an athlete's brain when he does an outstanding performance—nine times out of ten, it's footwork

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •



Maybe you saw it, that night in September, twelve years ago. There were 104,943, according to the official count, who did see Gene Tunney dizzily grab the ring ropes and muscle himself up out of the siesta into which Jack Dempsey had smacked him.

If you were one of the 104,943 you saw the dazed Tunney shuffle backward crablike, and away from the menace of the Manassa Mauler's fists. You saw Jack taunt foggy-eyed Gene and try to catch up for the kill. You did your share of the arguing about the 14 count with which Tunney kept his title.

And now, more than a decade later, you're still of a mind to say that Tunney's retreat to reorganize himself was the brainiest job of ring generalship you ever saw.

Your conclusion shows that you've got something to learn about what makes athletes great. Don't take this exposure of your ignorance to heart. Almost all of us guess wrong in giving athletes' brains credit when the major factor responsible for outstanding performance is far removed from between the ears.

A medical and surgical notable who is not only a sports fan but whose patients include numerous famed athletes, enlightens us.

"What's referred to as 'brainy' work by athletes," says this eminent M. D., "is usually instinct—the operation of conditioned reflexes that takes place without the athlete deliberately thinking.

"The basic work is done by the feet, or the dogs as the musclemen call their pedal extremities.

"You hear them say that an athlete is through when his legs have gone. That's true, but before his legs went his feet were through.

"I saw that Tunney-Dempsey fight and when I saw Jack vainly try to catch up to the back-tracking Tunney, I had a pretty good basis for diagnosing the cause of the Dempsey failure.

"I recalled reading about a lawsuit involving Dempsey and a one-time manager, John the Barber, I think it was. Among the items of expense in dispute in that controversy was twenty-five dollars for a pair of shoes. Dempsey testified that he'd never had a pair of shoes costing him more than three dollars.

"I could easily believe Jack's statement as I watched him labor to make his feet and legs transport him close enough to Tunney to follow up the knockdown. Then's when he paid the price of carloads of cheap shoes. You don't have to have brains at a time like that, but you simply must have good feet!"

Circumstantial evidence confirming the Doctor's statement about the star role that feet take in the athletes' performances, appears in the famous study, *The Most Proficient Years at Sports and Games*, made by Prof. Harvey C. Lehman of Ohio University.

Oldest mean ages of champions and record-breakers are:

Billiards (world record breakers) 35.67.

Billiards (world championship winners) 34.35.

Bowling champions (team performance) 33.38.

Bowlings champions (individual performance) 32.78.

Golf (professional championships—British and American) 32.33.

Although bowling, and to a much lesser extent, billiards, allow frequent intervals during which the dogs may be parked, it is significant that the bowling and billiard experts are probably the world's fussiest sportsmen in shoe selection.

Naturally, golf stars consider shoes as a paramount item in the inventory of their equipment. Tommy Armour, who is rather the glass of fashion and mold of form in golf, has twenty pairs of shoes in his wardrobe and won't travel without at least four pairs of street and golf shoes stowed in his luggage. Walter Hagen, another durable, has a small storeful of shoes among his belongings. Gene Sarazen has a shoe bill approximating five hundred dollars a year. Ralph Guldahl, neat but not gaudy in other details of attire, is a crank about his shoes.

These links operators have seen countless potential stars dimmed by dog trouble suffered during the tedious travel of the pastures. Dick Metz, according to the other golfing greats who have studied him at work, shows all indications of being one of the world's top golfers, but has fallen just short of stellar achievement. The exceedingly competent young man is handicapped by a set of pups on which he has spent a small fortune.

There's now in oblivion on the west coast somewhere, a professional golfer who, six or seven years ago, was tagged as being a certain winner of the greatest tournaments. The man was murdered, professionally, by his feet. He got so far behind the 8-ball, financially, in blindly shopping for shoes, that money troubles were mounted on dog misery to put him completely out of the running.

The good Doctor, who is a much-better-than-average golfer, made specific reference to an interesting and seldom-recognized effect of foot troubles suffered by golfers.

Said he:

"I have seen it estimated that almost twenty million dollars has been spent in equipment for fairway watering of golf courses. It is a fine thing for improving the growth, thickness and color of turf, but in almost every club that has it, you can learn that the greatest demand for the cushiony turf of watered fairways came from those fellows whose feet pained them as they walked over hard fairways.

"The clubs would have been ahead money to buy comfortable shoes for these victims of ailing dogs. There's still plenty to be done, as you will note in any locker room when you see men come in and immediately shed their shoes. Most of the complaining around golf clubs is directly the result of sore feet. It shows here because golfers, mailmen and policemen are about the only people who do much walking any more. The rest of the folks sit down because it hurts them to keep on their feet."

The foundations of athletics—the feet—provide a perfect three-point landing at every step, when the feet are right. A set of longitudinal muscles, and a set of traverse muscles just back of the toes, brace the arch of the foot. The three points—one back of the large toe, one back of the small toe, and one at the point of the heel—are well padded to bear weight. When the foot is distorted, nature tries to make padding; that's how sore spots and callouses are formed.

Intrinsic muscles of the foot are in four layers. They hold the small bones of the foot in shape, form the arch, and are used for movement in the foot. The extrinsic muscles of the foot form most of the calf of the leg

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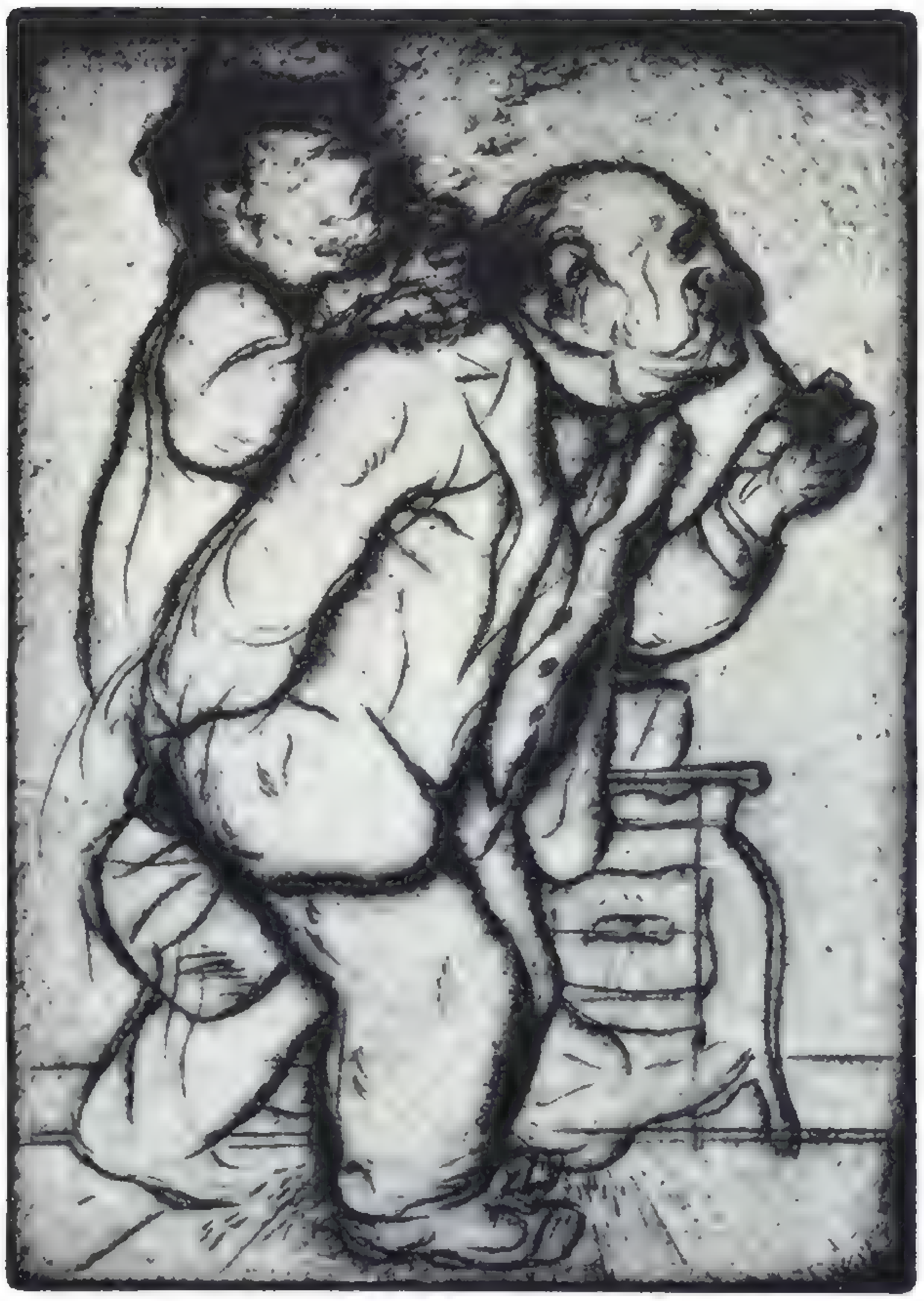
Bird Songs at Eventide

Once he got started, Rashers had a queer fondness for work, and he was determined to give the bird a wash

by NIALL SHERIDAN

▪ FICTION ▪



It's a queer mixed-up world, so it is, the way one thing reminds you of another. Now you'd hardly believe it, but canaries always put me in mind of Rashers Doyle, God be good to him. It's a fact. If I only hear the birds mentioned, there is poor Rashers in my mind's eye as large as life. The other day two fellows here started arguing about wild birds and cage birds and whether you could mate a bullfinch and a canary. I was putting in an odd bar myself, sort of casual, but before long I can tell you the salt tears were dropping into my pint.

Well, to get back to my subject. Rashers and myself used to work together, and I can tell you a better plasterer never lifted a trowel. Oh, it was a liberal education to see that man at work, if you know what I mean. He'd get about two stone of stuff on the trowel and with one swipe he'd leave it on the wall as smooth as a bloody slate. Oh, a consummate artist, as the Newmarket Correspondent would say.

Well, anyway, this Saturday Rashers says to me: "What about dropping up after dinner? The missus is bringing the kids to the pictures and I'll be on my own." So as soon as I had my dinner I shaved and put on a clean shirt and got a dozen of stout in Slattery's. I was dry enough when I started that morning, but between the plaster and the sawdust and the work my throat was like a limekiln by three o'clock. Just for fear I might get diphtheria or something, I had one of Slattery's creamy pints, and then off with me to Doyle's with the dozen of stout.

Rashers was at the kitchen sink washing up the dishes, so as everything would be in order when the missus came back. That was a funny thing about Rashers—he was no softy but there was nothing he wouldn't do for the wife and the three kids. He thought as much of them as you would of a dog that was going to win the Waterloo Cup.

"Where's the corkscrew?" says I.

"That stuff'll keep," says Rashers. "Get a grip of that rag and help me to dry the dishes and set the table. And hang the canary where he won't be tempting the cat."

"Maybe you forget it's my half-holiday," says I, sarcastic you know, hanging the cage on the nail above the window. Devil a move out the canary all the time; just sitting on the roost with its head on one side. It was the comicalest-looking beast you ever saw, and it had a comical history. One night Rashers came home roaring drunk, and when he was put to bed didn't the missus find a naggin of whisky in one pocket and the canary in the other. It was only by the shape that she knew it was the canary, because it was nearly pot-black and not a bloody chirp out of it. She pitched it into an old cage that was lying around the place, meaning to let it go in the morning. But when the kids saw it they took a great fancy to it and made a regular pet of it, giving it fresh birdseed and water every day. They were sure it'd sing if they fed it well enough, but it devoured barrels of birdseed and water and damn the bar it ever let out of itself.

Well, to get back to my story, we washed the dishes and put cups and saucers on the table and then we sat down for a drink. Poor Rashers was in his health then, God rest his soul, and it wasn't long till the dozen of stout was *hors de combat*, if you'll excuse my language. I was just feeling nice and contented, ready for a quiet yarn or maybe a couple of songs. The bold Rashers had a magnificent voice, truly magnificent. Oh, a bloody lovely tenor, fit to bring the tears from your eyes with *Come Back, Paddy Reilly* or a piece from the *Bohemian Girl*. But I could see he wasn't in the humor; he was as fidgety as a hen on a hot griddle. God forbid that I'd say anything against the dead, but he had one terrible queer kink in him. He was fond of work. As sure as he'd start to mend anything, he'd give the whole district a general overhaul, if you understand my meaning.

It wasn't long till he was up out of the chair and had the cage down off the nail. "D'ye know what, Mick?" says he. "I think I'll give the bird a wash."

I didn't look round at him at all, because I was looking to see did we leave any stout in the heel of a bottle by mistake.

"Ah, sit down and take your ease," says I. "You can send it to the laundry sometime."

Well, I needn't tell you it was completely lost on him. He was determined to wash the unfortunate creature. "It'll be a great surprise for the kids," says he, "to see it all cleaned up. They'll hardly know it."

So after a lot of fussing around he got a bowl of warm water and a piece of soap and made a pile of suds as big as a snowdrift.

In goes the poor bird and it fluttering and splashing and Rashers rubbing the suds into it.

"We'll have to dry it well," says he over his shoulder. "Give me down that towel on the line."

I gave him the towel and he rolled the bird up in it and began to dry it. When he finished drying it he put it down on the table, and I damn near split my ribs with the laughing. As true as that pint's in my hand, there wasn't a single solitary feather on the bird's carcass. Oh, as naked as the palm of your hand. Declare to God, it was like a bloody conjuring trick. There was the bird on the table opening and shutting its beak and giving every other sneeze out of it and Rashers standing staring at it with an idioty look on his face and the towel full of feathers in his hand. I thought I'd get an apoplectic stroke with the laughing.

"It'll be a surprise for the kids all right," says I when I got my breath, and away with me into another fit of laughing.

By this time the bird was stretched out on the table, and you could see it was a goner. And poor Rashers without a word out of him, only gulping like a stranded fish.

"This is a nice bloody how-d'ye-do," says he at last. "We'll have to get another one before they come back, and pretend we just washed him. Here's ten bob, Mick, and for love of God get a canary in that bird shop in Anne Street. I'll clean up the feathers and get rid of the corpse."

"Now, Rashers, I don't want to be dragged into this at all," says I, getting up and putting on my hat. "But just to get you out of a hobble I'll go."

"And for God's sake hurry," says he and I going out of the door. "Don't be stopping for a drink. The missus and kids'll be back any minute."

Well, of course, that put the good thought in my head, and just as I was passing Byrne's didn't I remember that was the end of the money and Andy would be standing one on the house to his regular customers. It was a good while since I dropped in, so I thought it might be no harm to show myself, if you know what I mean. In I went and, as luck would have it, Andy was there and not a sinner at the counter. I knew I was on the pig's back. As decent a fellow, the same Andy, as you could meet in a day's walk. Of course I called for my own drink first.

"I'll have a large glass," says I, "of your Special Champagne."

So he drew me a grand pint with an inch of cream on the top of it. I was drinking it at my ease, gassing with Andy about one thing and another, when who slithers in but that bloody sponger Snotters Doran, sniffling and snuffling and drawing his sleeve along his nose. Thinking, by Christ, he was going to get a wet free, gratis and for nothing, if you please. Oh, the minute I clapped eyes on the bowsy I knew it was all U.P. You couldn't expect Andy to put up a drink with that bloody barfly hanging around. Not on your sweet life.

Well, we went on talking, and when Snotters saw there was nothing doing he produced threepence halfpenny for a glass of plain. Oh, by God, says I to myself, the six-penny up-and-down trebles mustn't be doing well if he can only rise to a g.p. Andy slid the glass of plain across and asked him what won the 3:30.

"Miranda," says Snotters, with his nose half buried in the froth. "Twenty to one and the bloody favorite nowhere."

You could have knocked me down with a straw. Miranda! A bloody filly I was watching since the back-end of the season. A class animal, you know, bound to get a race. If I knew she was going that Saturday I'd have put my wages on her. I can tell you I was properly disgusted. So I finished my pint and slid off the stool.

"What hurry is on you?" says Andy, giving me a wink. But I knew it was no good. It'd take a pound of dynamite to shift Snotters if he thought a drink was going to drop out of the sky.

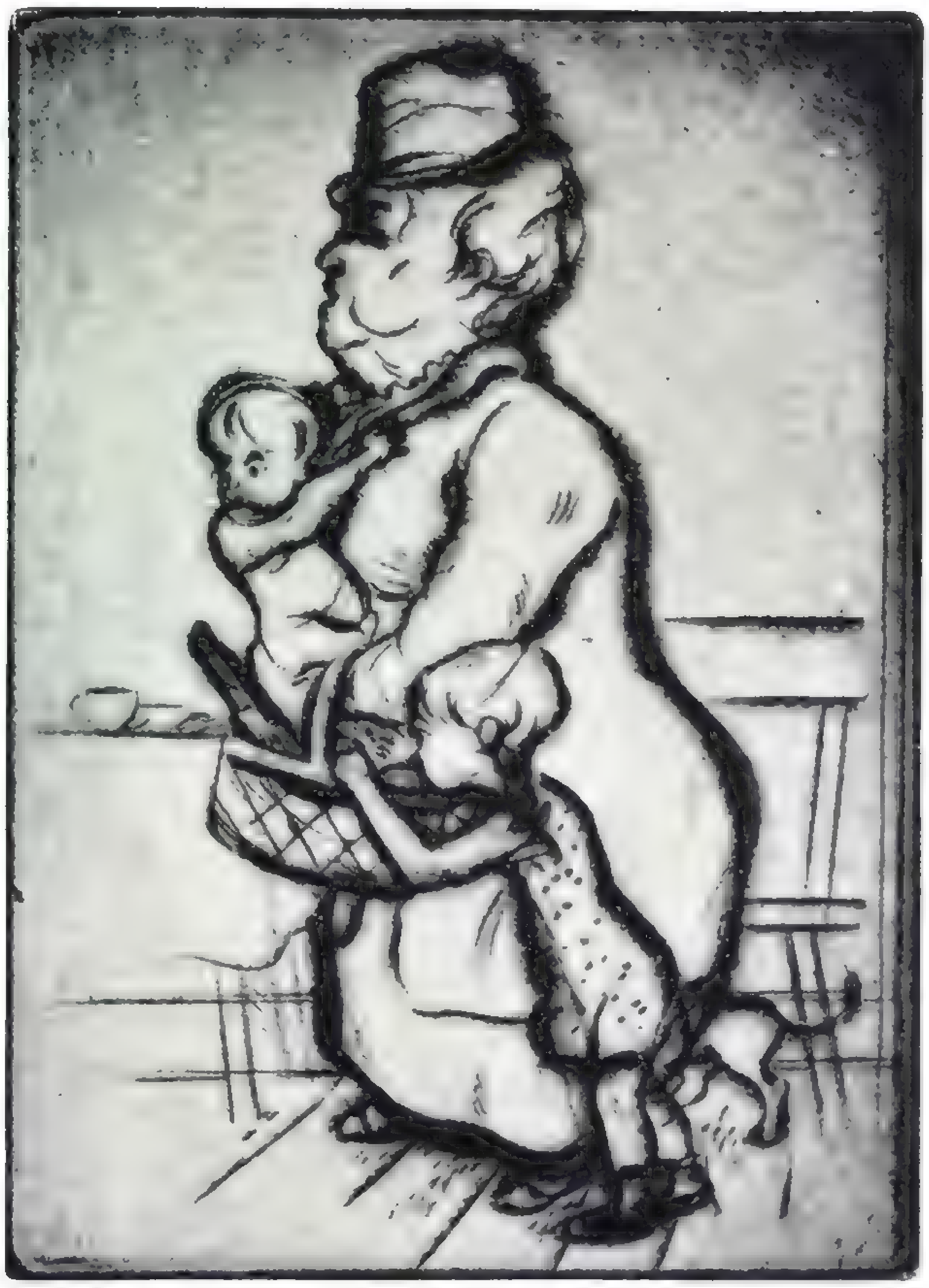
"I'm afraid I must deprive you of my presence," says I. "I have to see a man about a bird."

By the living tinker, I was fit to be tied with rage. Twenty to one, no less, and me not knowing the animal was entered at all. And then that bloody sponger coming in to spoil a man's bit of enjoyment. By God, if I had to look at his old puss much longer the porter would get sour in my belly. Oh, a proper bloody gouger and no mistake.

I can tell you I wasn't feeling in the best of humor when I landed in the bird shop. There was a dry sort of a smell in the place like a henhouse, and a little runt of a fellow with a skull-cap behind the counter.

"I want a canary," says I, "and I'm in a hurry." I was getting an unnatural thirst every time I drew breath in the place, whatever the hell kind of bad air was in it.

"We have some very nice specimens," says he. "Are you a student of ornithology?"



DRYPOINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Now, that's enough of the dirty language," says I. "Give me the cheapest canary you have, and be quick about it. All the better if he's a bit shop-soiled."

I'm telling you that made him sit up. So I got the cheapest one he had, not that you'd call it cheap. Three half-crowns, if you don't mind. A sinful waste of good money, but what could I do? So I slipped the bird into my pocket and ran into Madigan's next door for a quick one to take the tickle out of my gullet. I wouldn't say these bird shops are healthy places at all.

Well, I needn't tell you Rashers was as restless as a dog sitting on a thistle by the time I got back. He had the cage waiting on the table and, by God, the bird was into it before I had him properly out of my pocket. And not a minute too soon, I'd have you know. We hardly had the cage hung up again when Maggie Doyle and the kids came in.

"Good evening," says I, getting up out of my chair very civil. Maggie and myself never got on very well together. She never took a liking to me, and I a bosom friend of poor Rashers. Now isn't that a strange thing?

"Oh, good evening, Mister Dunne," says she, putting the parcels on the table. *Mister Dunne*, do you notice?

Well, with all the fuss nobody took any notice of the canary. Maggie was busy getting the tea. Patsy, the eldest lad, was telling me all about the cowboy in the pictures shooting from under the horse's belly, and Betty was talking about the shop windows in Grafton Street. And Rashers, as cool as you like, doing a cross-word puzzle at the fire. Oh, there was a bit of the literary genius about Rashers, I can tell you. I caught his eye when he looked up from the paper and gave him a sly wink, as much as if to say: Everything is game-ball.

We were just sitting down to the tea when, all of a sudden Betty says, "What happened to the canary, mammy? It's a queer yellow color." Maggie took one look at the bird and then, with a wicked eye at me, she says, "What devilment were the two of you up to this evening?"

"Oh, I just gave the bird a bit of a wash," says Rashers grinning. "I thought it'd look nice to see him in his true colors."

Do you mind the cuteness of him? I couldn't help admiring his *sang-froid*, if you'll pardon the expression. It was what you might call a delicate situation for a few minutes. But the kids were delighted, and then I began to put in a word or two to draw the talk away from the subject, if you follow me. I was doing fairly well, sympathizing with Maggie about the terrible price of eggs and butter and what not, when by Christ doesn't the bloody bird let a warble out of him that you'd hear in the County Wicklow. Declare to God, I could feel the hair standing up on my head and a sort of cold sweat coming out of my forehead. And poor Rashers looked like a man after hearing the Last Trump.

Never to my dying day will I forget that scene. Maggie with a face on her like a steel trap, and Rashers as pale as a sheet, and the kids chattering fit to deafen you, and the cursed bird warbling and screeching like bloody murder. . . .

But you'd never guess the upshot of the whole business. Didn't Maggie Doyle put all the blame on me, if you don't mind? Convinced she was that we were drunk and that we murdered the old canary by drowning it in a pint of porter. Now, you'll hardly believe it, but I was never let darken the door again, and I the best butty Rashers ever had. Of course I had many a gargle with him afterwards, but it was a terrible blow to me not to be able to go to his wake, the Lord have mercy on him. And him leaving orders to be waked generous, with barrels of porter and bottles of whiskey.

But, as I said before, Maggie Doyle never took a liking to me. Not that I'd say a harsh word against her, on account of Rashers. Even though she insulted me to my face and behind my back, saying I was nothing but a beer-shark. It just shows you the extraordinary notions women get into their heads. And it'll be a warning to me for life of the way a man's good character and reputation can be taken away by a dirty slander. ###

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Admitting Tallulah Bankhead, Florence Reed, Ethel Merman and Coulouris have all made a liar out of the Old Skeptic

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

As the theatrical season draws to a close, a couple of its more conspicuous singularities may be offered for the records. Let us first engage the case of Ethel Waters. The Mlle Waters, as you know, is the colored lady who for years has entertained musical show customers with ditties concerned with a variety of heat waves, mainly such as affect the feet, the seat, and the Afro-American heart. This year, the desire for a somewhat more complex species of histrionism overcame her and she abandoned the realm of the musical show to play the leading dramatic rôle in the Du Bois' tragedy, *Mamba's Daughters*. Without previous dramatic acting experience of any kind whatsoever, she became overnight one of the acting toasts of the town, winning such notices from the critics as had not greeted the New York breakfast or p.m. eye in a long spell.

Nor were the critics, including your pride and joy, the only ones who saw in her performance something uncommonly expert and impressive. The opening night audience, along with subsequent audiences, paid her a like tribute. Actors and actresses, too, flocked to the Empire to view her and came away agog over her virtuosity. And old theatrical hands of all sorts similarly found themselves moved and cheering.

In all this we have, I think, still another dose of convincing evidence that when people talk about the art of acting they often talk a lot of buncombe. There are, of course, actors of age and experience who are masters of their craft and who may deserve, from the aesthetically miscellaneous and the more sentimentally inclined commentators—together with the less deliberative share of the public—the honor of being dubbed artists. But when I, for one, think of Miss Waters and various others like her in past years who, without what may be called preparation of any sound species, have jumped casually onto a stage and covered themselves with acting glory, I am more disposed than ever to nominate most of the so-called acting art a load of lovely bosh. To argue in Miss Waters' case that she had the benefit of the skillful Mr. McClintic's direction is, it seems to me, arguing around the corner. For if acting is an art, it is a pretty peculiar one to be able to be imparted to a novice, with such immensely telling effect, in only a few weeks' rehearsal time. And to argue, in turn, that the Mlle Waters may be a rare genius and hence an exception is to argue with no acquaintance with theatrical facts. For there have, as I once before pointed out, been similar cases from the time of Fanny Keats and Mary Anderson; not a few, indeed, but many.

So impressed with Miss Waters' art was the acting profession itself that, upon reading the *New York Times*' review of her performance (the only one that didn't go overboard on her behalf), a representative group of players waxed so indignant that they paid for a large advertisement in that journal proclaiming their wholesale admiration for her great talent, duly appending to the proclamation their illustrious monikers. And so impressed with the advertisement was the *Times* critic that he galloped back to the Empire and the next Sunday generously indited two columns of retraction, allowing that he had been a victim of the grippe when he first appraised Miss Waters and that, now he was fully recovered and himself again, he thought her pretty doggone hot stuff when it came to the sock and buskin business.

But Miss Waters was not the only toast of *Mamba's Daughters*. Others in it to confound staunch supporters of the doctrine of the art of acting were a young Negro named Bryant, whose previous experience had been confined largely to serving as a master of ceremonies in a Harlem vaudeville house, and a young Negress named Fredi Washington who had previously appeared in a single straight play, several colored song and dance chowders, and in minor rôles in a jitney movie or two. Both were hailed by critics, actors and public as sumpin'. And both fully deserved it. No better performances in relatively analogous rôles had any of us seen by twenty times more experienced white players.

I can hear your protest to the effect that Negroes are naturally gifted for acting and that this may account for the phenomena of the fine performances of Waters and the others. That Negroes are congenitally expert actors is one of the most foolish articles in the American Credo; most of them that we see on the dramatic stage are either downright bad or pretty indifferent. They may be congenitally adept hoofers and in some cases singers, but comparatively few of them elect seriously to tackle acting. They appear to consider it either as below them or as an invasion of their leisure. With minor exception, they don't seem to like it and are bored with it.

But to return to the motif. If acting is an art and generally not rather an accident of suitable rôle and personality, consider the remarkable performance of seven-year-old Peter Holden last season in *On Borrowed Time*. Or reflect upon the true and convincing performance of the small youngster, Helen Renée, in the late and unlamented *Dear Octopus*. Or, God forgive me, take a look at the little boy in the film, *Kentucky*, and see his profoundly affecting emotional performance in the long scene wherein, crying his heart out over his father's shooting, he runs protestingly alongside the departing Federal cavalry troupe.

Consider, also, the understudy in the Chicago company of *Kiss The Boys Goodbye*—a young and inexperienced girl named Fairleigh—who jumped into the difficult leading rôle on the second night and gave a performance which almost everyone connected with the enterprise maintained was not only better than that previously given by the regularly assigned actress but as good as that given by the practiced actress in the New York company. (It was, it should further be noted, not an entirely imitative performance.) Reflect, too, on a variety of such exceptional performances as have been given by young Sylvia Sidney the first time she stepped on a stage in *Crime* and stole the show from all the older actors in it, by young Stephen Courtleigh as Lincoln in *Prologue To Glory*, by a number of Federal Theatre amateurs in various productions, and by two of the kids in *Seen But Not Heard*.

This season no less than four or five young men practically without any antecedent training proved themselves uncommonly adept actors in the ill-starred *Where Do We Go From Here?* The same thing was true last season in the cases of *So Proudly We Hail* and *Bright Honor*. William Haade, who had never been on a stage before, glommed all the acting honors in *Iron Men;* the amateur company that played *200 Were Chosen* won high praise for the expertness of their performances; and Eddie Dowling, who hitherto had been known only as a song and dance man, laid hold of his first dramatic rôle this season in *Here Come The Clowns* and gave what was pretty generally agreed to be one of the finest performances of the year. The acting of any number of Abbey Theatre novices stands high

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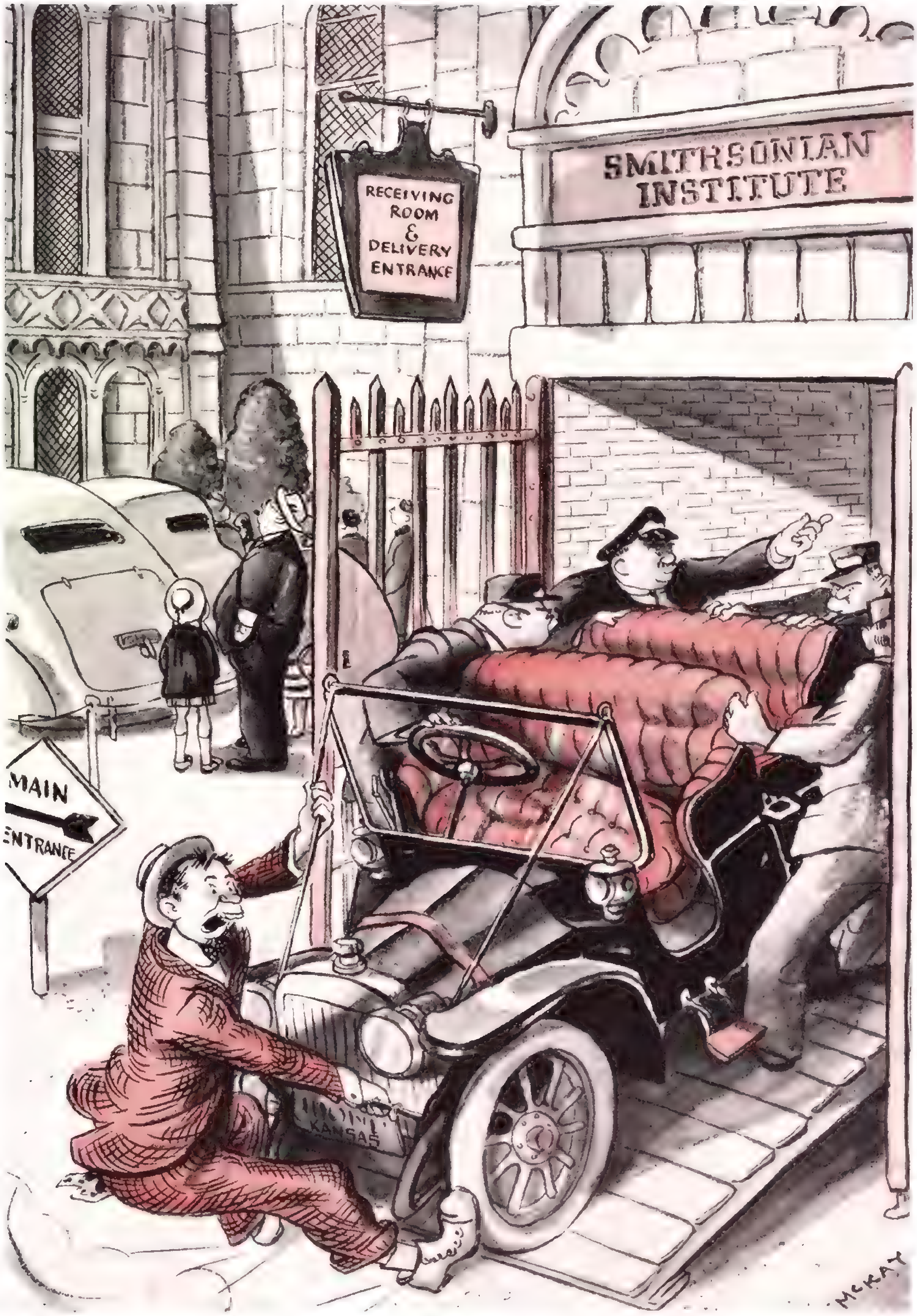

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE
RECEIVING ROOM & DELIVERY ENTRANCE
MAIN ENTRANCE
KANSAS
MCKAY

"Hey Paw! Hey Maw!"

My Life With a Stuffed Sailfish

Nothing will please a man's wife more than getting a nice, seven-foot-ten sailfish for Christmas

by ROBERT WARNER

• SATIRE •

If Andrew Jackson hadn't waded in and attached Florida to the Union there would now be an awful depression in the warehouse industry. To the man who introduced hobnails and cigar butts to the White House floors, the storage business owes a debt it will never pay. Warehouses put up a wide variety of stuff: baby carriages, bureaus for the maid's room, photoengravings, motheaten deer heads, and so on. These articles, which come from all over the United States, are good but transient—in other words no staying power. Baby carriages are hauled out and employed for more babies, the bureaus go up to Yale, photoengravings are given to a nice old aunt in St. Louis, and deer heads wind up in barber shops with sad expressions in their glass eyes and hats on their antlers. Dependable is what these things are not; they're like railroad securities, they come and go and eventually like a bat out of hell—they're gone forever. So if you're a banker preparing to make a loan on one of these gaunt edifices there's only one way to be absolutely safe: go through it and count the stuffed sailfish. When one of these Palm Beach to Miami creatures passes into storage he's there for good—as much a part of the place as the dust on the basement floor.

The day George got back from Florida and came piling into my office rubbing his hands together and saying, "Ahh!" I prepared to explain this to him because I saw right away what had happened. They're always like that at first—as though they've just swallowed the canary, or wrung a dictator's neck.

I said, "George, did you content yourself with having the damned thing photographed?"

He sat on the corner of my desk and took a deep breath. "Listen, Harry, wait till I tell you—"

"Don't," I said, "I already know. You caught a sailfish and are going to have it stuffed."

He said, "Gosh! How'd you hear about it? Of course, the papers. Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give it to Edith for Christmas. Boy, won't she be surprised? She doesn't even know it's being mounted."

I nodded. "She'll be surprised all right. That's one thing you can count on. If you live from now till the sun turns into an ice cube you'll never forget the look that's going to spread itself over Edith's face when you inform her that instead of getting that winter coat she's after she's to be presented with a stuffed fish. Even now when I remember breaking the news to Katharine it makes me feel as though I'd just fallen out the window."

"Oh!" he said, in a very dejected manner. "So you caught one too? I suppose yours was a small one."

I sighed. "If only it had been. Believe me when you have a thing like that pursuing you through life every inch is something to remember. Unfortunately mine is seven feet ten. I suppose yours is too. As far as I can find out they're all seven feet ten except when caught by Ernest Hemingway and Zane Grey. It must be the stock size."

"Know how many times mine jumped?" he inquired.

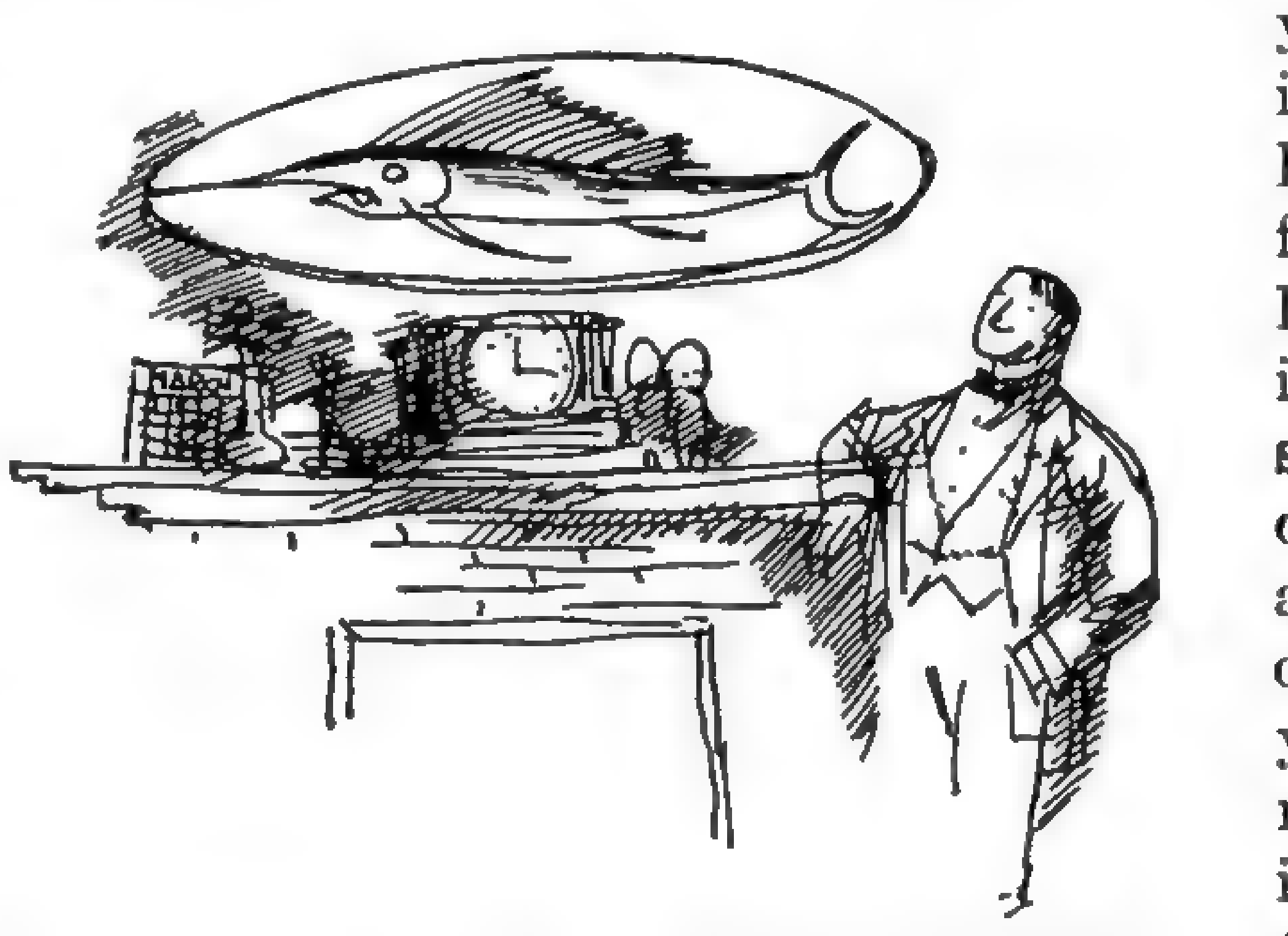
I said, "It's not important—at least not as long as it didn't have the decency to jump off the hook and stay where it belonged."

George said, "You should have seen the last run he made. I had him right up alongside—"

"I know," I interrupted, "When he took one look at you and the boat and turned around and hauled out a quarter of a mile of line. They always do it; it's in their contract."

"Captain said he'd never seen anything like it in all the years he'd been going out. Said when it swung around and started out to sea that way he'd have given fifty to one odds against my catching it."

I groaned. "Those were my captain's exact words. And after that, when they have you thinking that what you really ought to do is go on a lecture tour and write books about yourself, they rush you in and introduce you to the taxidermist who tells you your fish is one of the finest specimens he's ever seen and would you mind letting him have it for the Museum of Natural History. At that instant it comes over you that the one thing you can't do is part with this acquisition, whereupon you sign up for a Grade A mounting job. You then get your fish hung up and have a lot of pictures taken at a dollar per while they go on home and divide up the spoils. George, for goodness' sakes, wire that guy you're about to file a petition for bankruptcy and ask him if he'll settle for twenty bucks and keep the fish."



"Look," said George, handing me a photograph of himself and catch. "What do you think of it? Pretty good, don't you agree?"

"Magnificent," I agreed. "Now then, the thing to do is to have it made into a Christmas card and send it to everyone you know, and stop there. It's enough. If you don't believe it ask my wife, or your wife, or ask the man who owns one."

He put his hands behind his head and gazed up at the ceiling. "I suppose the best place for it will be on the north wall."

"You mean," I inquired, "The one where the portrait of Edith's grandfather now hangs? I suppose she'll be pretty happy when you tell her that picture has to go in the closet."

George said, "It is kind of a problem. If the picture weren't so darned big we might put it in the bedroom."

"Why don't you cut it in half?" I suggested. "You could throw the legs away and just keep the top part. Or better still, you might slide the whole thing under the bed. Then when Edith wanted to show it to someone she could get down on her hands and knees and use a flashlight."

George said, "By the way, Harry, do these taxidermist guys demand the whole hundred and twenty-five bucks on delivery?"

I shook my head. "No indeed, they're very obliging. I took six months with mine. Matter of fact it's a good idea to pay for 'em catch as catch can—kind of gets you warmed up to your life's work."

"What do you mean, life's work?" he asked.

"You surely didn't think the stuffing bill was the end of it? That's just an introduction to the business. There's the express charge—fifteen dollars. Then you discover the plaster isn't strong enough to hold your glass-eyed friend so you have to have a carpenter come in and do all kinds of stuff to the wall. He charges you six dollars and when you move he comes back and charges you twenty more to make the place the way it used to be. On top of that he gets fourteen for building a crate so you can move your piscatorial pal and have him arrive in one piece."

George said, "I wish Edith hadn't put those chartreuse curtains in the living room. Chartreuse and blue . . . Hmm! Perhaps it'll work though."

"And there's your Louis XIV furniture," I added. "Nothing like a stuffed sailfish to set off plush and gilt."

"Oh, by the way, Harry, there's another thing I wanted to ask you. How much ceiling

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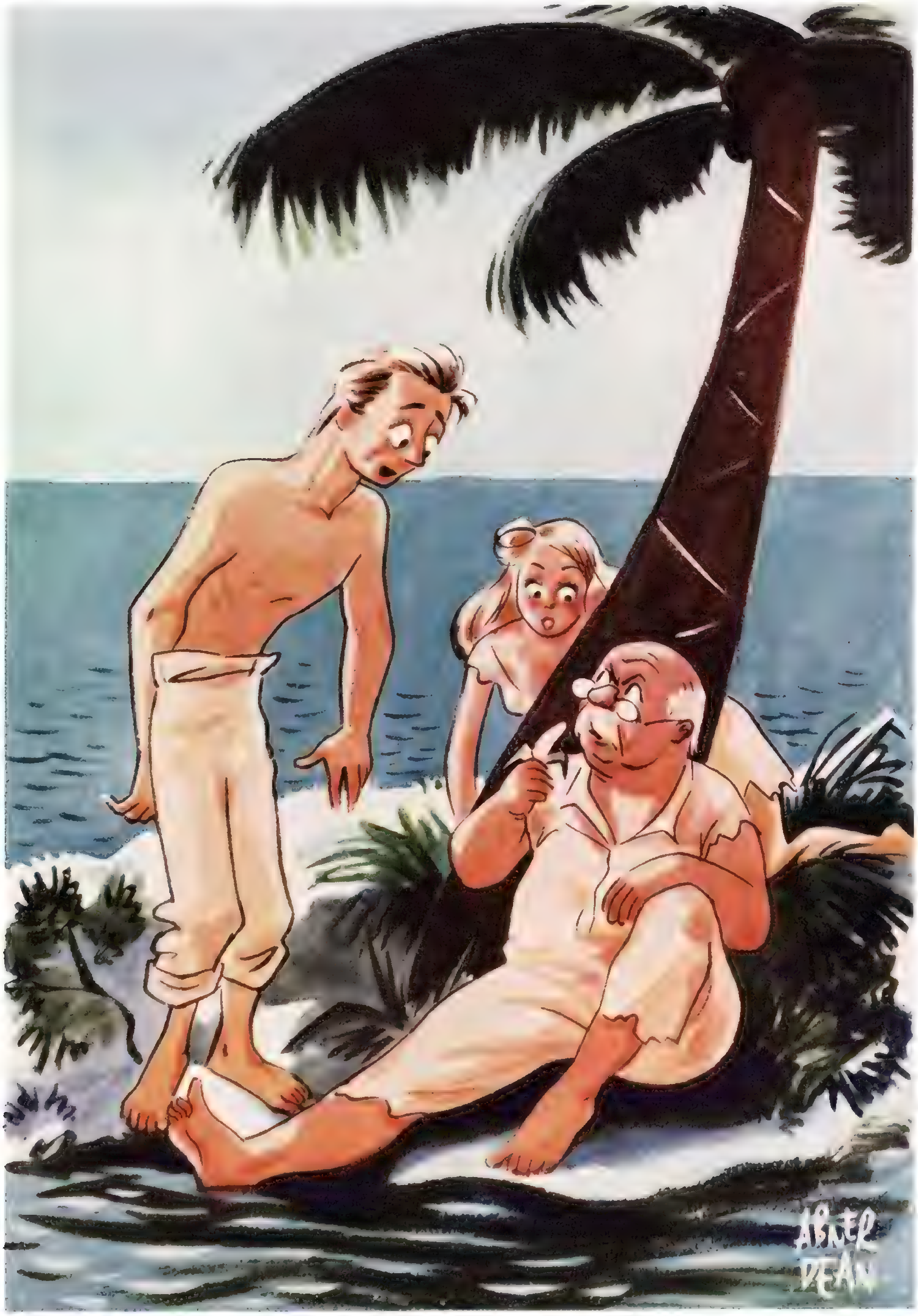
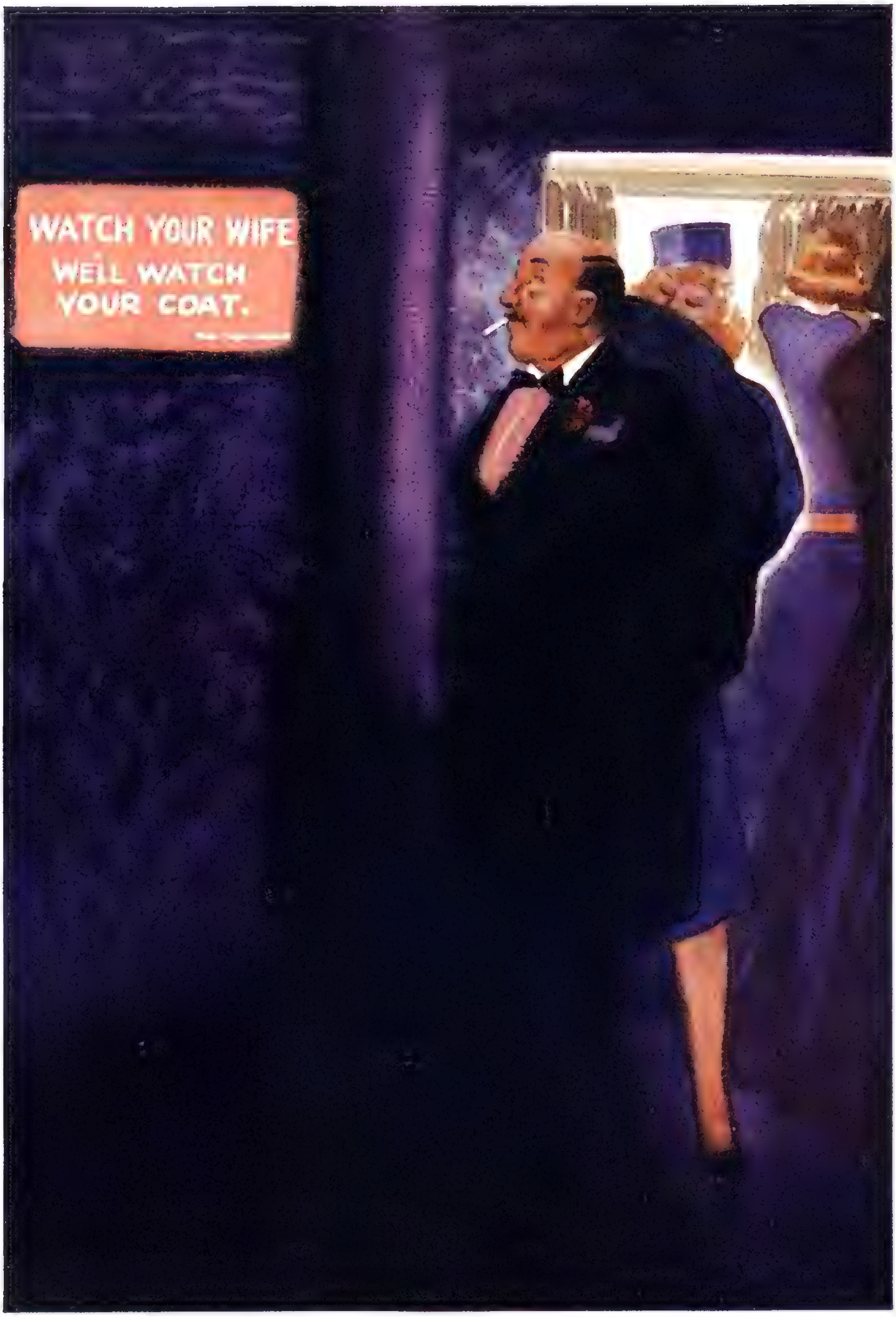


"It's—it's about your daughter and me, sir—we're in love"


WATCH YOUR WIFE
WE'LL WATCH
YOUR COAT.

Racing Luck at Epsom

Englishmen go annually mad on Derby Day, drinking freely, betting freely and raising Hell in the grand manner

by ILES BRODY

▪ SPORTS ▪

To my mind there are only four major British national institutions: Westminster Abbey, the changing of the Guard, fish-and-chips, and the Epsom Derby. (One could, of course, add Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella which appears to be permanent, but we know that it is actually merely a fleeting phenomenon and may soon be forgotten.)

Among these four age-old traditions the Derby is undoubtedly the most important and the most romantic; for the allegedly cold and phlegmatic English go as wild on Derby Day as cannibals dancing around a missionary about to be eaten for supper. The supreme head of Great Britain, the King-Emperor himself, leads the population in letting loose for the day. The night before the race he retires to Windsor Castle, which is near to Epsom where the race is run, but it is to be doubted whether His Majesty sleeps very well. As a true Englishman, he is probably just as excited about the great event as everyone else in the country and might even be imagined counting the moments until his phaeton drawn by four Windsor grays will drive up to the castle gate to take him to the course. It was not so long ago that even the august House of Lords and the eminent House of Commons would adjourn for the Derby!

Only the pen of a Dunsany could do justice to the fantastic picture presented by the London-Epsom road on Derby Day. Barely fifteen miles long, it is jammed from earliest dawn by nearly half a million wild Englishmen. Of course, the picture was much more attractive in the pre-automobile era, although you may still see quite a few carriages and coaches-and-four belonging to the hidebound rich. The poor and the gypsies come in second-hand motor cars and not in donkey carts as they used to. No more are there adventurous, interesting traffic tie-ups during which titled ladies flirted with burning-eyed gypsy lads—discovering later the loss of necklace, ring or cherished brooch. In those days cautious, farsighted noblemen carried two wallets: one, paper-filled, for the gypsy to steal; one stuffed with banknotes to be lost on the Derby. Today there are no flighty derangements in the traffic, due to the multitude of Bobbies directing things with almost American efficiency. On this famed road, on this famous day matters are taken seriously by the Yard and all things and all people are well regulated. Even the religious fanatics—the anti-Derby chaps who carry placards with Scriptural admonitions painted on them to discourage the eagerly marching legions from witnessing the frivolous spectacle—even these exalted gentlemen have their allotted spots. Only the free and independent gypsies cannot be curbed. Nearly the entire fifteen thousand of them in England honor the Derby with their presence—and they laugh at discipline. But they are useful. They conduct one's car to a "marvelous spot"; they read palms; they tell your fortune from cards; and they steal anything movable. Oh, how they transform for a day the often dull English countryside! How brilliant and intense the green lawns appear against their Goyaish yellow and vermilion!

England's greatest day of the year, a Wednesday, in the second week after Trinity, was started by the 12th Earl of Derby, in 1780. The nobleman wanted to institute a truly classic race, a real showdown among three-year-old flat racers of both sexes, to be run on an exceedingly difficult course. The course worked out was—and still is—like a horseshoe in shape. Immediately after the start, it slopes upward; then a turn comes, a very sharp and dangerous turn, the famous Tattenham Corner, and the horses face with startling suddenness a steep hill which must be descended at a terrific pace. It is only shortly before the winning post that the course levels out for a flat finish on equal basis. The length of the course is one and a half miles and five yards, not like the Kentucky, Santa Anita, and other Derbies in America which are only a mile and a quarter—a ridiculous distance for a Derby. Now laymen may say at reading this that there is not much difference between a mile and a half and five yards, and a mile and a quarter. Just a quarter of a mile and five yards, but, believe me, non-horsy readers, it's all the difference in the world! The extra quarter-mile seems like a million at the end of that formidable race. In this and other countries, we copy the name, but not the distance and the dangerous shape of the course, both of which are very hard on the three-year-olds, colts carrying 126 pounds, and fillies 121 pounds. They not only have to be extremely speedy but have to have tremendous power and stamina. There is an English saying: "They'll kill him off at the corner," which originated at Epsom and is applied to people who break when the going gets hard. For the horses' backs—and hearts—are broken by Tattenham Corner, and it is the greatest feat of a flat racehorse to win the English Derby.

Turfmen reckon time by the Derby. They do not say that "It happened in 1928," for instance, but that "It happened in *Felstead's* year," for in 1928 *Felstead* won the race. Derby winners are worshiped. And to horsemen, to racing gentlemen, the owner of a Derby winner is as awe-inspiring as the Grand Lama of Lhassa is to Tibetans. Not on account of the handsome prize—consisting of around fifty thousand dollars, a silver cup and a Cheshire cheese—but because one has to have great luck to win the race; great "racing luck" as it is called, an enviable virtue which percolates into other phases of life as well.

The Earls of Derby do not seem to be so very lucky; in the century and a half history of the event they only won thrice in spite of constant effort with all the facilities that a wonderful racing stable and a vast fortune afforded. The founder's *Sir Peter Teazle* romped home with the prize in 1787, yet they never won again until the present head of the house, Edward George Villiers Stanley, saw his black and white colors brought in victorious by *Sansovino* in 1924, and again in 1933 by *Hyperion*. All other great Turf events are won often by the Stanley family at home and abroad but they simply cannot average more than one victory per half-century when it comes to their own Derby. However, they do share prominence during the day with the owner of the Derby winner. There are two luncheons, one a week before the event, the other on the day of the race, given in honor of the Earl, who is President of the Derby. The Earl thinks of everything: All his guests at the course—and sometimes he invites a party of fifty—are refreshed with the traditional lobster salad, cold duck and champagne, special cuvée.

Everybody drinks freely on Derby Day, but then everybody does everything freely. It is traditional to bet on the Derby. The charwomen place their six-pence on their "inside information tip"; the curates, who all year round preach against betting, bind themselves over for this one race and perhaps cross the bookmaker's palm with ten bob; I even suspect the devout sandwichmen I spoke about before, for it is hardly likely that

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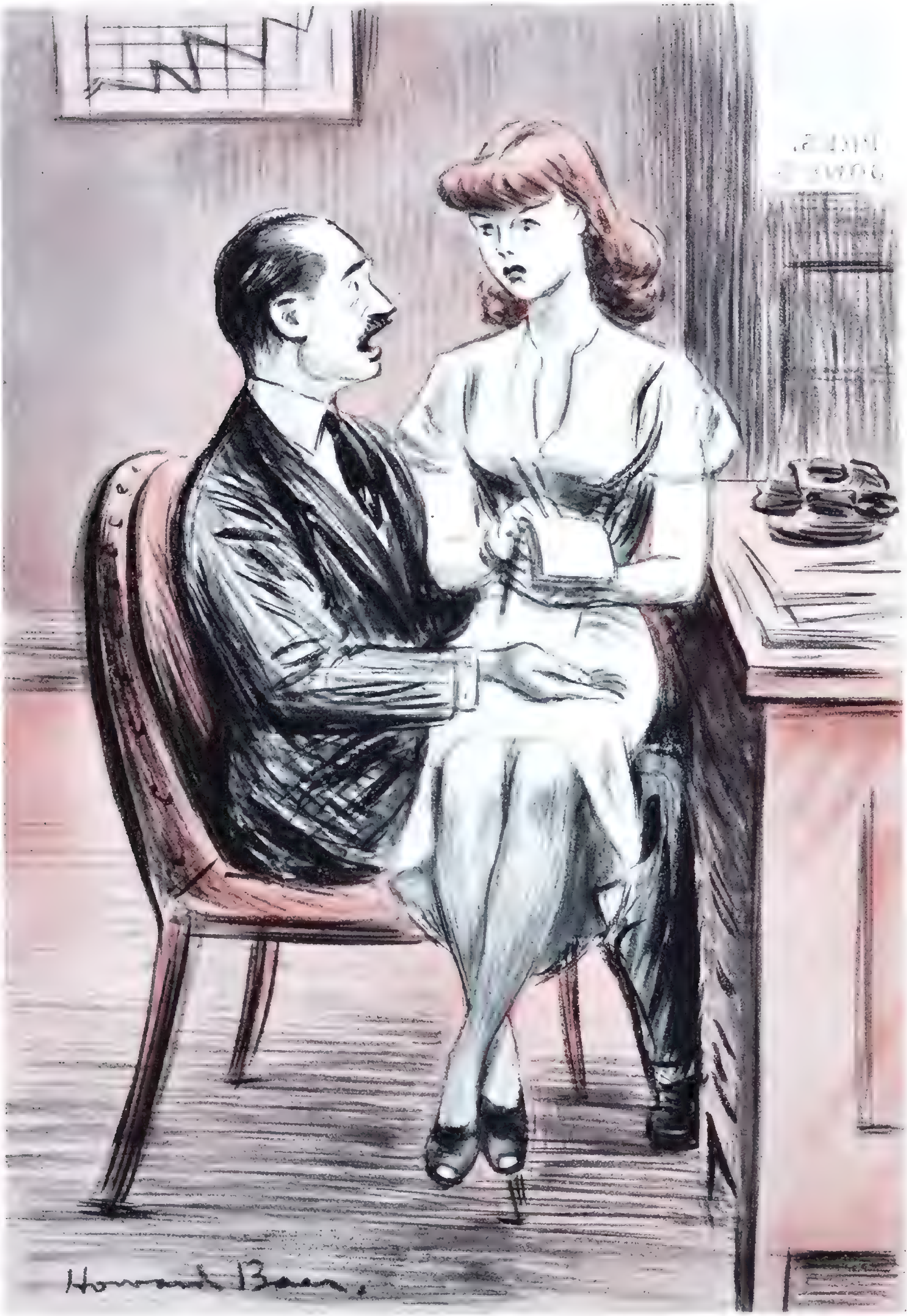

Howard Baer

"Somehow this just doesn't seem decent now that we're married"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Admitting that all comparisons smell, we list a dozen outstanding musical performances during the past season

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

THIS month normally is one of complete emancipation from concerts, every musical person being engaged in playing the Wedding March in one suburb or another. Since chronicling nuptial ceremonies is not part of my assignment, I am left free to busy myself with reminiscing. To tell the truth, I have for so long given free play to my invaluable gift for forgetting, there is damn little about which I can reminisce.

I remember only that, though I exercised the utmost precaution and scrupulously avoided the best-advertised mediocrities, I still had my fill of intellectual and artistic morons and the kennel noises they uttered. Routined competence, overwhelming facility, and ambitious intentions glutted the market. No Apollo seemed to realize that the road to perfection in art, like another famous road, is paved with good intentions.

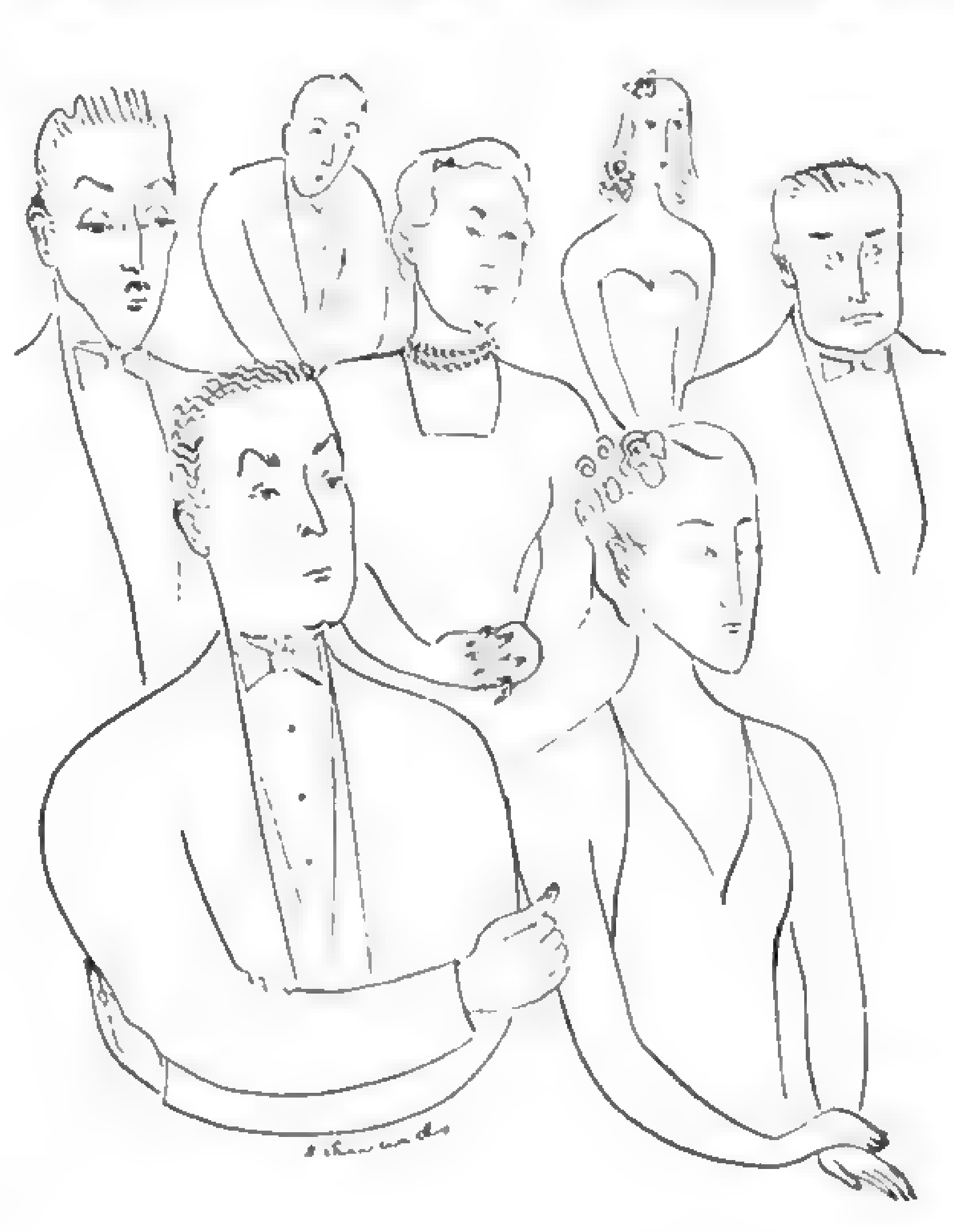
Perhaps fresh, young listeners with healthier appetites will not agree, but to my knowledge our concert halls enshrined but few supreme musical and spiritual experiences . . . experiences that shook the soul so deeply that one could not forget them if one would.

Critics of the drama, the cinema, and the less directly moving arts apparently ask less. They know better than to seek the ideal, and have come to be satisfied with the very good. They rattle off their "ten bests" every year with the recklessness of Santa Claus on a binge. They have not music's subtleties to evaluate. Even those fearless awarders of Pulitzer Prizes, with wisdom and forethought, avoided music.

From time to time, all of us are importuned to name the greatest conductor, the finest fiddler, the best baritone. And almost without being conscious of it, we forget and rank Mr. X or Mme Y as the "greatest of all time." Now any imbecile who has ever discussed the subject with himself or any other imbecile knows that there is no such thing as *the* greatest conductor or *the* greatest singer of all time, never was, and never will be until music is so far neglected that some one-eared person reigns on the throne in the Kingdom of the Deaf.

All generalities, therefore, are valueless . . . as are most lists. Notwithstanding, I, being of sound mind and memory, entirely lucid and with full knowledge that my list is useful only to myself—in the same manner as statistics from anyone's diary—hereby tabulate, without comment, a dozen occasions in New York this past season during which I thoroughly and completely enjoyed myself:

1. Alexander Kipnis singing *Vier Ernste Gesänge*.
2. Marian Anderson singing *Crucifixion* (arranged by Payne).
3. Kirsten Flagstad singing Brünnehilde in *Die Götterdämmerung*.
4. Kirstin Thorborg singing Orfeo.
5. Lawrence Tibbett singing *Simon Boccanegra*.
6. Ezio Pinza singing Fiesco in *Simon Boccanegra*.
7. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony in Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony*.
8. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony in Rossini's *Overture to William Tell*.
9. Emanuel Feuermann playing Bach's *Unaccompanied Cello Suite No. 6 in D Major*, for the New Friends of Music.
10. Josef Hofmann playing Beethoven's "*Emperor" Concerto* with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, John Barbirolli conducting.
11. Nadia Boulanger conducting Monteverdi's Madrigals for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony League.
12. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony in an all-Wagner concert.



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Outstanding concert series of the season was that of the New Friends of Music. For sixteen weeks they gave in Town Hall well-nigh perfect performances of the smaller chamber works of Bach, Beethoven and Haydn—among them, the rarest and loftiest aspirations of the human spirit. Then, in Carnegie Hall their new chamber orchestra and assisting artists played the complete cycle of Bach's six concerti for two, three and four pianos and twelve of Haydn's symphonies, including several that—so far as anybody knows—had not been played since Haydn died. These neglected works proved to be not only documents of historical importance but music of a quality and inspiration equal to Haydn's best-known symphonies. If music lovers around the country were on their toes, they'd grab the opportunity to have the New Friends orchestra. Every American city of over 50,000 should hear it in a Bach-Haydn cycle next winter.

* * *

Most marked improvement of the season: National Broadcasting Company Symphony. Toscanini "fired" more than twenty of the original personnel, substituted better players, improved the ensemble. In time, NBC may easily have the country's No. 1 orchestra.

Still, Mr. Sarnoff's engineers have much to learn from Mr. Paley's. The only conceivable reason why Mr. Toscanini puts up with such acoustics and such broadcasting reproduction as he is treated to, is that, due to his share of original sin, he cannot know what others are hearing. Unfortunately, his gradations of dynamics have always been too marked for most receiving sets to reproduce comfortably—but that doesn't account for everything. You have only to compare the tone coming in your loudspeaker on Sunday afternoon during the Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts with that on Saturday night during those of the NBC Orchestra. You will detect the difference. We have suffered much from engineers' experiments but in no instance more than in the perpetration of Studio 8-H. As nearly as I can tell, that barn has only about forty seats from which you hear without distortion. But, since my unflattering remarks about last season's NBC broadcasts, I have not been in one of them. These broadcasts being by invitation, the good seats are reserved apparently, for friends and persons with "pull." Professional reviewers are shunted to off-corners where, likely as not, kettle drums thunder like the subway and horns and double basses boom through with a sonority that would put your hard-of-hearing cook into a frenzy

* * *

Most discussed criticism of the season: Herbert F. Peyser, writing on *An American in Paris*, in *The New York Times*. It speaks for itself:

"Grace Moore made two appearances in ten days . . . At the Opera Comique she sang Louise in a performance of the Charpentier work (billed as "gala" because of her presence) and less than a week later she delivered herself of a quantity of songs and operatic arias at a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sidney Beer in the Salle Pleyel. Probably it would be more exact to say that the Philharmonic played at an affair in which Miss Moore sang—an affair of which, indeed, she was the chief justification and excuse. For this audience was mainly composed of people one usually never sees in the confines of a concert hall—people who chatted incessantly while the orchestra dispensed Brahms and Debussy, but who fairly purred when, the

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See the Beautiful Flames

She was no longer grave and timid, there was an eager, fanatical look in her eyes, her mouth, a set grin

by ASHLEY BUCK

• FICTION •

The two men had been sitting in the room for over an hour without speaking. The one hunched over a wooden table was a little man but built in proportion. He had straight black hair, dark eyes and long thin hands. He fingered a pack of playing cards which were dirty and stuck together. He had to rub his thumb and forefinger tightly against each one before turning it over. The pressure sent a faint crackling sound through the room. He knew the game of solitaire had him beaten but he wanted to play it out.

The other man sat on an army cot at the far end of the room. He, too, was small of stature with short legs, long arms and large buck teeth. His hair was dust-colored, cut very short and shot straight up from his head. His eyes were the blue of watered milk and now gazed slowly around the room, taking in the bare, moldy floors, the baseboards, the dingy cracked plastered walls and ceiling. Every time the man at the table rubbed the sticky cards he shivered slightly and ran a hand over his mouth. He drew his knees upward, resting his chin upon them, and then wrapped his arms around his short legs, huddling himself into a ball. The movement was not intended to bring any new-found comfort. He had suddenly grown cold. He sat there, waiting for the sound of the cards, feeling a cold which did not come from the room or from the day outside.

"Do ya have to play with them cards?" he asked. "Can't ya lay off 'em for awhile?" His voice was high and nervous. No matter what he spoke of he always sounded as if he were excited about something.

The man at the table did not look up. "Don't get jumpy, Herbie," he said, showing great patience. "Take it easy. We're not goin' nowhere."

"I know it, but I've asked ya a hundred times not to play with them cards."

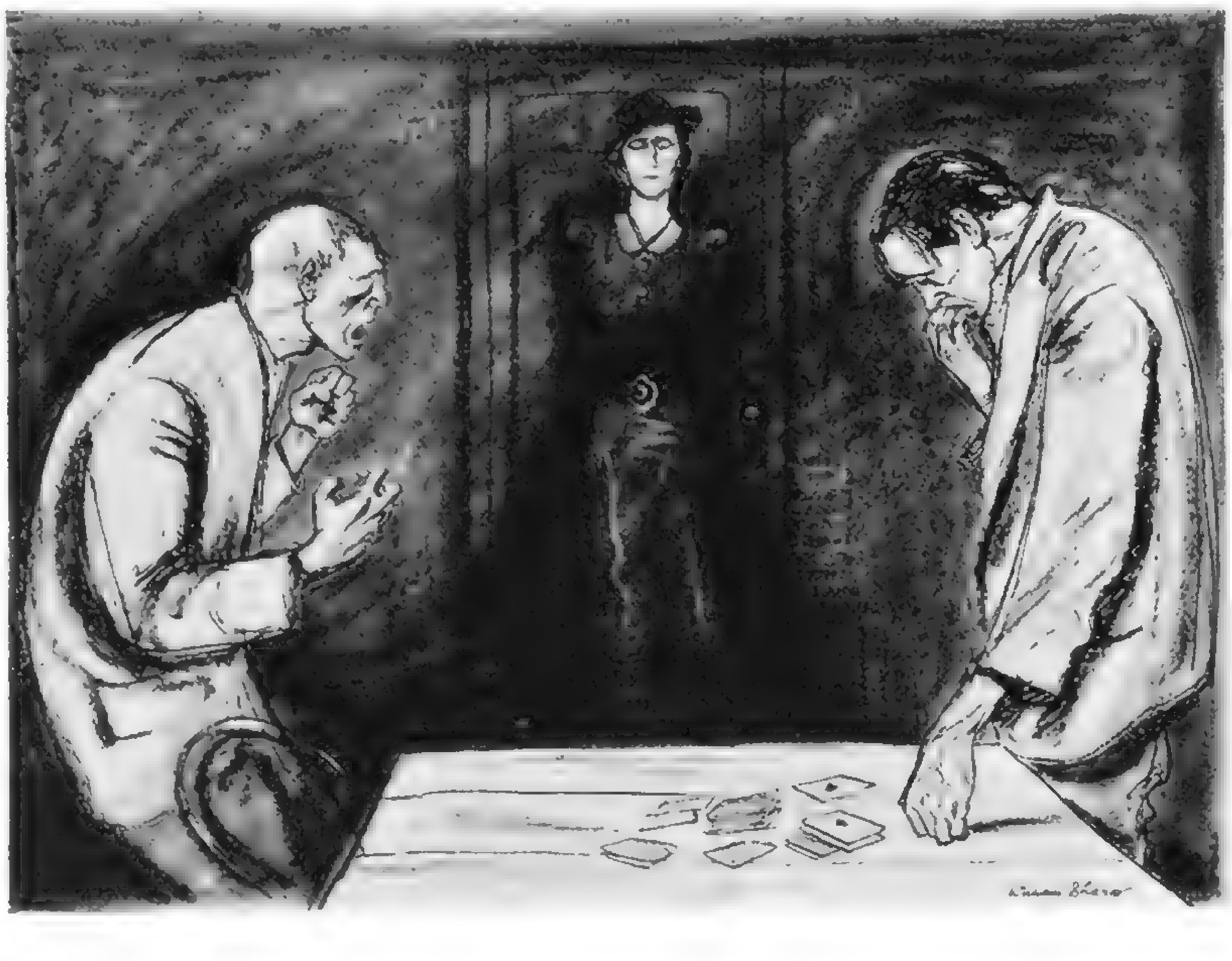
The other man continued his game, speaking softly, innocently: "I don't know what you're talkin' about, Herbie."

"Yes, ya do! You just like to tease me, damn it!"

"Now that hurts." He spoke easily, with sarcastic tolerance. "You're smart, Herbie—no one could tease you."

The man on the cot began to shake. "You do! And don't make fun of me!"

"Maybe you'd do better on your own, Herbie. You don't need me. You're smart."



A frightened look came into the eyes of the man on the cot. "It ain't that I want to get out, Fred. You know that. It's just them damned cards!"

The man at the table turned in his chair, facing his companion for the first time. An amused expression was around his mouth and in his dark eyes, hard, almost cruel. He drew two cards from the pack and held them above his head. "You don't mean this, do ya, Herbie?"

He rubbed them together and it came again, a sound like crushed cellophane. "Is that what bothers you, Herbie?"

"You know it is! Stop it, Fred! Leave me alone!"

The man at the table dropped the cards and laughed: "You're crazy as hell! But it does sound somethin' like it, don't it?" He looked at Herbie intently, saw his trembling body and his Adam's apple working nervously up and down. Slowly the cruelty left his face and in its place came one of pity and remorse, and when he spoke the cruelty had left his voice too: "I don't know why I like to get you this way! Maybe it's because I got nothin' else to do. I'm as nuts as you are, I guess!"

The man on the cot grew calmer. He smiled and ran his hands contentedly over his short legs. "You just forget, Fred, that's all. You forget that I can't stand it."

"I don't forget anything. One of us has got to think and you're crazy!"

"You won't do it anymore, will ya?"

"Naw. I'll leave you alone."

The man on the cot kept smiling and rubbed his legs faster. "I like ya when you're this way, Fred. Why ain't ya always like this?"

"Why don't you keep quiet! I'm goin' to read the newspaper."

"Read it out loud, will ya?"

"No!"

"You always used to read it out loud to me."

"Well now I want to read it to myself."

Fred picked up the newspaper and turned to the comic section. He had read everything but the funnies. Herbie no longer felt cold. He stretched his body upon the cot and sank deeply into a world of his own, a world of the present where things that had happened before were remembered vaguely or not at all, where remembering only held fast when it concerned something that had frightened him or something he had not wanted to do.

"Fred?"

"Yeah?"

"Do ya think she'll be here today?"

"She'll be here all right."

"I been thinkin'. How did we get mixed up with a dame like that?"

Fred lowered the newspaper and shook his head. "Jeez, but you *are* dumb! That day in the Park on the bench! She was sittin' next to us havin' her shoes shined!"

"Sure," he drew the word out, keeping it alive until the memory came clearer to him. "She talked to us and we saw her there a couple of times after that."

Fred was reading his newspaper again. "That's right. You're doin' fine. You're real smart."

"Sure, but don't make fun of me. And one day ya went for a walk with her and left me alone. You bought me some peanuts or popcorn."

"I bought you peanuts."

This nice bit of remembering caused Herbie's voice to become more excited than usual: "And when ya came back we moved in here and didn't sleep down near the river or in the Park anymore."

"You're right again, Herbie. You're gettin' smarter all the time. You've got it all straight now."

"Sure, sure. And after we was here she came one day"—he lowered his voice a trifle and a sly, guarded look came into his eyes—"and that night we went out and—"

Fred dropped the newspaper and moved swiftly across the room, his dark face filled with desperate fury. He grabbed Herbie by the neck and shook him. His voice came thinly from between shut teeth as he said excitedly: "How many times have I told you never to mention that?"

Herbie threw his hands over his face and moved close against the wall, cringing. "Leave me go, Fred! I didn't say anything! I didn't say a word!"

The sudden anger left Fred and he stepped away from the cot. Though his hands no longer touched Herbie he still felt the excitement in Herbie's body, an excitement equal to that which his voice always carried. He walked over near the door and turned on the lights in the room.

Herbie took his hands from his face and wiped his nose. "I don't see why we can't talk about it when we're alone," he said.

"Because I don't like to talk about it!"

Herbie sat up on the cot, trembling, his voice high and shrill: "I gotta talk about it! I don't like it! I get afraid!"

"Do you think I like it? That's why I don't want to talk about it, you screwy bastard! Now shut up!"

Fred opened the newspaper and followed Dick Tracy into a poisonous gas factory. Herbie lay quiet, relaxed, the excitement in his body gone as quickly as it had come. He seemed to have forgotten that Fred had ever been angry with him. He looked through one of the dirty windows and saw that it was almost dark.

"Fred?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"How much money we got?"

"Around a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Let's get outta this town."

"We're goin' to—soon."

"Let's go now."

"I'll take care of that when the time comes."

"Let's go now."

Fred spoke patiently: "Do you want to be hungry again? Wanderin' all over the country? No job? Nothin' to wear? Cold?"

"No."

"Then leave everythin' to me. We just gotta get a bigger stake somehow."

"The way we're gettin' this one is no good."

"Oh, we're on that again! Will you stop tryin' to think!"

"Sure, Fred, sure."

There was a long silence.

"Fred?"

Fred threw the newspaper on the floor. "I don't know why in hell I put up with you! Well, what is it now?"

Herbie spoke cautiously: "I'll bet she's got a lot of money."

"Enough, I guess."

"Sure. But she's crazy like you say. Crazy about—" He stopped suddenly and looked at Fred, frightenedly. "I didn't say a word," he said quickly, "not a damn word!"

"O. K., Herbie. Now keep quiet, will you? Please!"

"Sure, Fred, sure."

They sat silently in the dimly lighted room. Outside it was growing darker. A wind swept in from the lake. The windows rattled faintly. From below came the sound of creaking stairs. Herbie sat up stiffly, his body tense and anxious. Fred stretched his legs farther out on the floor and kept his eyes upon the door. The sound came again, nearer.

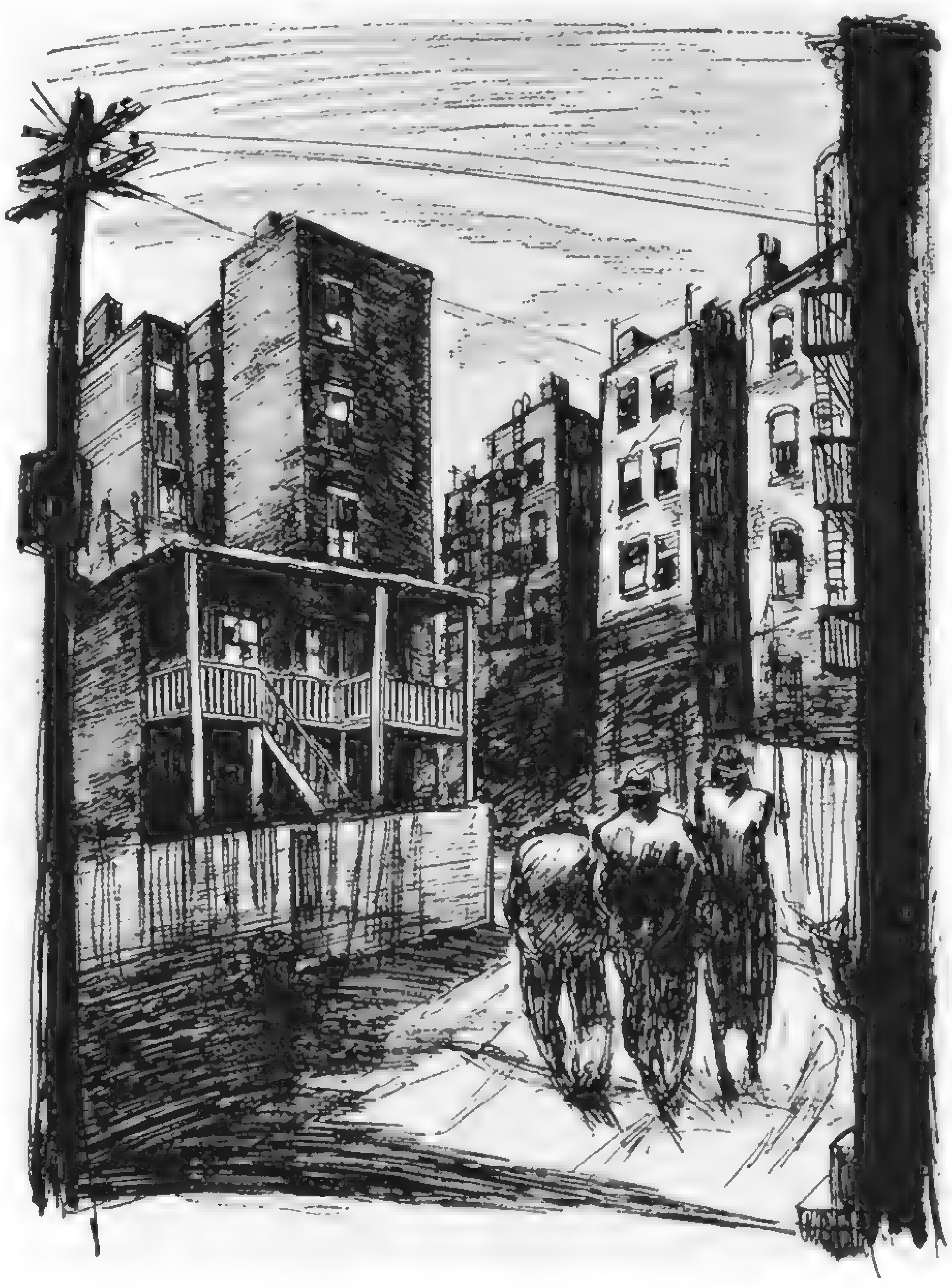
"It's her!" said Herbie. "She's comin'!"

"I can hear!" answered Fred.

Herbie started to tremble. "Send her away, Fred! Don't have nothin' to do with her. I get afraid!"

"Keep quiet!"

The footsteps upon the stairs came to an end and there was a slight pause before they fell upon the carpetless hallway. Wood and plaster between hall and room in no way severed Fred from what was happening behind the partition. The movements of the one beyond the wall were as clear to him as if he had seen them with his naked eye. Since the first creaking stair he had followed the person's movements as closely as a camera follows that of an actor, and when the footsteps finally ended his not too loud, "come in," left the one beyond the door with right hand stopped abruptly in mid-air, the knock never given.



This woman they knew nothing about (except for the thing she could not stop herself from doing) closed the door, placed her back against it and stood looking at the two of them. Her dress of black silk was rich and plain and not wrinkled. She was tall with broad shoulders, large gray eyes and brown hair. Her face, long and thin, was pale, smooth-skinned and ageless. There was little freshness in it, yet none of oldness. Fred and Herbie sat quietly, drawn away from her, giving no sign of welcome or acknowledgment that she was with them. They watched her closely but without recognition, as though they had never seen her before.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked quietly. "Is there anything wrong?"

Herbie spoke: "Send her away, Fred! Tell her we're not goin' with her anymore."

Fred did not answer. Herbie continued, speaking to the woman: "We're not gonna do it anymore! We're gonna get outta this town!"

"Is that true?" she asked Fred.

"No," he answered sullenly. "He's just talkin'."

"Then everything is all right?"

"Yes."

"No it's not!" said Herbie. He had started to tremble again. "I'm not goin' with ya—you're crazy!"

"Herbie's been nervous all day," Fred said easily. "Don't pay any attention to him."

"I'm not goin'," repeated Herbie.

"No one's asked you to," said Fred.

The woman remained by the door, her left hand upon the knob. "Be at the corner of Second Avenue and Jordan Street at one o'clock this morning," she said. "I'll meet you there."

"What is it?" asked Fred. "Barn or warehouse?"

"A tenement," said the woman. "Four stories high."

"I don't like it."

"It's perfectly all right."

"You're sure, huh? You're sure that no one—"

"I'm positive," she interrupted. An excitement crept into her voice. "It's an old place—ready to fall down. You don't have to worry. Everything will be fine."

"It had better be," he said intensely.

"It's been all right the other times, hasn't it?"

"I guess so."

"One o'clock," she said. Her hand moved upon the knob. She looked at Herbie. "He'll be all right, won't he?"

"I'll take care of him."

Fred and Herbie watched her fade into the dim light of the hallway. They had scarcely moved while she had been in the room. At no time had she left her position by the door, her back pressed against its rough surface. Poised and confident there had been an indescribable shyness in her manner; and her voice, grave and assured, had carried a faint trace of timidity.

Fred spoke, slowly, as though he were thinking out loud: "I've heard about them not bein' able to stop themselves from doin' a thing like that, but I never heard of one who had to have someone else along—someone to help them do it."

Herbie jumped up from the cot, moved to the center of the room and stood there panting, angry, the stub of dust-colored hair starting low upon his forehead, his legs sagging at their knees. "I'm not goin'!" he said loudly.

"I heard you the first time," answered Fred.

"I don't want ya to go either! You'll get into trouble. It's gonna be bad!"

"Stay here then! And stop yellin'." He picked up the cards, thought of Herbie and put them down again.

Herbie walked back to the cot and sat calmly, receding into that world of his own, forgetting that he had shouted or been angry.

"Fred?"

"Yeah?"

"I'll go with ya. I gotta take care of you."

"That's right, Herbie. You take care

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Why do college profs persist in playing ostrich, while current life and history pass them by?

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

▪ BOOKS ▪

I see by the Macmillan spring catalogue that my old English professor at Harvard, Dr. Kenneth Murdoch, has got out a book called *The Sun at Noon.* This phrase is a figure of speech for the "Ultimate Truth," a will-o'-the-wisp pursued by rare intelligences that don't have to work for a living.

Dr. Murdoch's contribution to eyestrain contains the biographical sketches of three such rare intelligences: Viscountess Falkland, Viscount Falkland, and John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. They all lived and died in the 17th century, which is the professor's special field, he having made his scholarly reputation with a sock-piece dissertation on Increase Mather, one of the harder-to-take Puritans of colonial Massachusetts.

If you want to bask in this *Sun at Noon* you can buy it for three dollars in cloth, 8 *vo.* The catalogue says that you will meet a whole gallery of 17th century portraits, each representing in his own way "the conflict between faith and reason."

I come not to sell this book but to sermonize from it. How it brings back dear old Harvard, a school from which I learned less than I did from the Metropolitan Business College! How it brings back Professor Murdoch, lecturing painstakingly on the Mathers and Jonathan Edwards, devoting three hours to a couple of 18th century unknowns, and barely sparing fifteen or twenty minutes apiece for the dregs of American literature: Dreiser, Anderson, O'Neill, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg.

I don't want to blacken the fair name of Harvard. There's another side. Here in the same spring list is a book by another old tutor of mine, Dr. Arthur M. Schlesinger, one of the pioneers in social history: *The New Deal in Action, 1933-1938*, and it costs only sixty cents. Here is a man who knows all about the sun-at-noon stuff in the American revolution, but he gives equal attention to the sunshine and shadow of today.

Maybe it would be better if we turned the educational process upside down. We wouldn't be risking much, for the old method of starting way back and slowly working towards the present has produced hundreds of thousands of B.A.'s who don't give a damn about history and would sooner throw away ten dollars on poker or bridge than buy a book for $2.50. Maybe it would do better to begin with the New Deal and work back. The kids who yawn over the Embargo Act of eighteen-umpty-three might be interested in the W.P.A. A curious, growing lad who is nauseated by the Mathers, both Increase and Cotton, and goes to sleep over *Rip Van Winkle*, might get stirred up over John Dos Passos' reports of the living American scene.

Similarly, Esquire is a lot more important than the old *North American Review* or the *Knickerbocker Papers*, if for no other reason than that it is alive in our own world. To the scholar in literature or social history, however, it will be worth something only a century or so from now, when he will go over it with a fine-tooth comb, studying the Petty cartoons, Nathan's theatre critiques, the sallies of Parke Cummings, and so on, in order to find out what made things tick in the late nineteen-thirties.

There's something funny about this, although nobody's laughing. A sedate professor at the University Club, at Harvard or elsewhere, wouldn't be caught with Esquire under his arm. *Modern Language Notes* is his speed, with *The American Scholar* for the more relaxed moments. But the Esquires of the past, such ancient magazines as *The Gentlemen's*, *The Bower of Taste*, or *The Gem of the Prairie*—that's scholarship!

I know a man, a professor of economics—his name isn't Dr. Addlepate, but it ought to be. Addlepate was in an awful huff one day six years ago. The day the bank moratorium went into effect in 1933 he walked into his nine o'clock class to find the place in an uproar. The students were in a dozen huddles, arguing. He had difficulty establishing law and order, and after he had finished calling the roll, some whipper-snapper who probably didn't give a damn about the Elements of Economics asked if the professor wouldn't please explain the financial collapse. For a moment Addlepate was tempted, but his better self won out. He pointed out to the whipper-snapper and his brother clamorers that they had a lot of territory to cover in the textbook and the readings, that the program had been laid out in the mimeographed instructions for the course, and that they couldn't take time to be bothered with such fads and frills as contemporary affairs.

The next day the student daily fell upon Professor Addlepate. (It was his bad luck that the editor was in the class.) The kiddies' newspaper pointed out that at the one point in the history of Addlepate's course when his dead subject took on the semblance of life and the tuition payers were eager to be instructed, he let them down in the interest of the standard fairy tale about *laissez-faire* economics.

* * *

I had some sort of notion when I started this review that this discussion of the professor as an obstacle to learning would work around naturally to a bundle of excellent novels and some squibs. But the brilliant transitional idea has evaporated.

Whatever it was, even the professoriat will have to admit that the novels issuing from Houghton Mifflin's literary fellowships have been of a high order. David Cornel DeJong's *Old Haven*, published last year, is a story crowded with vividly real people. Anyone who missed Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn* could do worse than look it up.

Now comes *Night Rider*, first novel by Robert Penn Warren, one of the group of Southern intellectuals who some years ago brought out a Dixie manifesto entitled *I'll Take My Stand.* Perse Munn, a promising young lawyer, is doing well with his small-town law practice. By imperceptible degrees he becomes drawn into the fight between the Kentucky tobacco growers and the large tobacco companies, a fight which leads to the organization of the Tobacco Co-operative, and when this fails to draw in a sufficient number of growers, into the Ku Klux violence.

So much for Perse's "public" life. His private life develops in a parallel fashion, away from his quiet, loving wife toward the passionate and sensual daughter of the night riders' leader.

This novel introduces us to a genuine talent. It's my highly personal hope that Mr. Warren will soon do another novel. He writes with quiet assurance, a rest from the shrieking and pointing of so much contemporary fiction. He takes his time. He is like a good story teller who knows his listeners are hanging on his words. Perse, his wife May, Sukie the sensual, the Senator, the Captain, even the random Negroes that pass through the story, have dimension, body.

Mr. Christian, the blustering Fuehrer of

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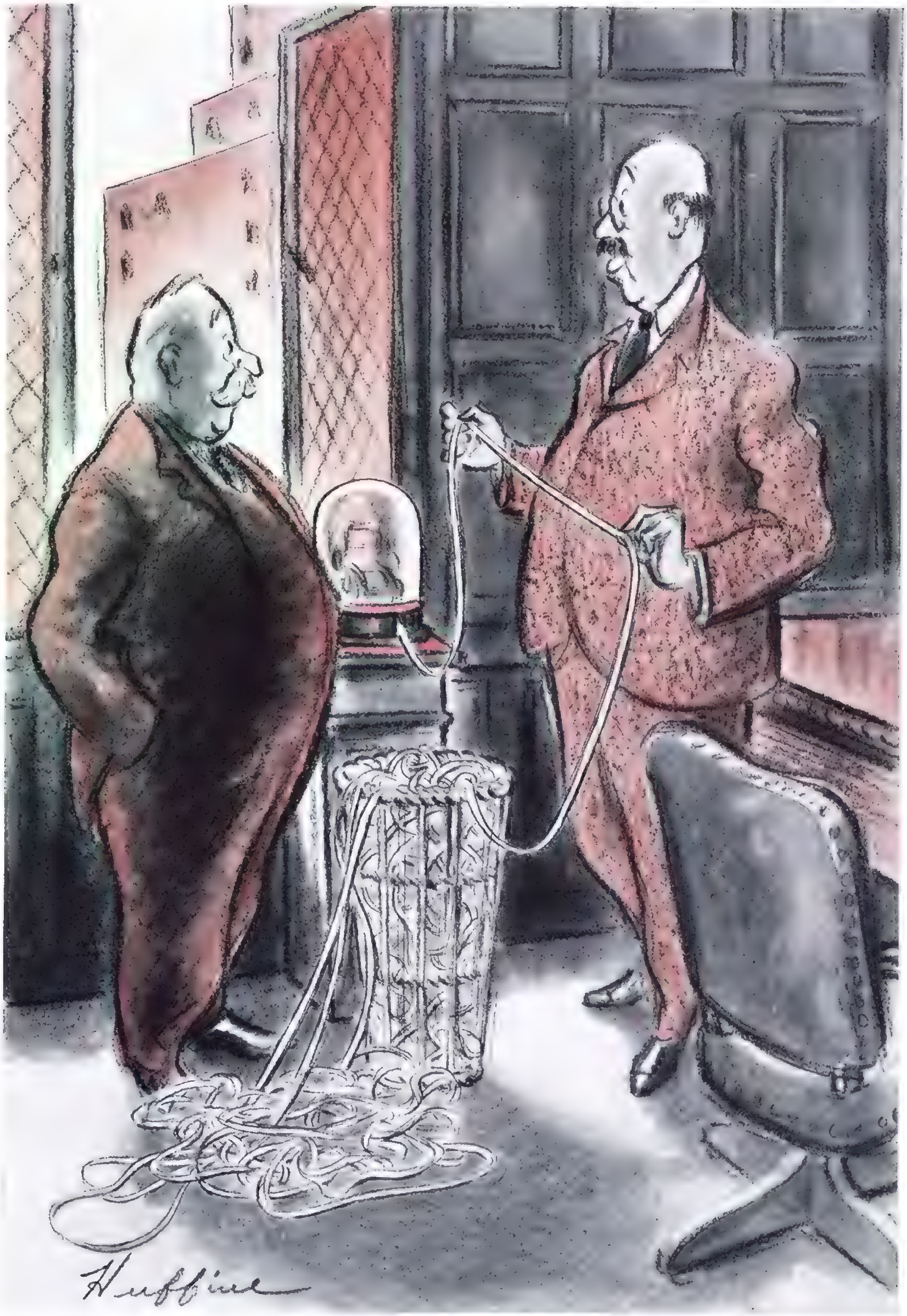


"One more point and I can send my shoes out to be repaired"

How to Launch a Bride

Marriages, like ships, sail more smoothly when they're liberally sprinkled with the best champagne

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

ALARMING statistics indicate that women with their inroads into the fields of the employables have thus reduced their main claim to the blessed state of matrimony—that of economic dependence. The curve is dipping down, the figure boys say, and man thinks at least twice before taking the leap. Your correspondent is open to reason but the evidence, in shop windows and the baby carriage trade, seems preponderantly on the side of the old-fashioned custom.

June being what it is, the percentages are against you. If you didn't get married last June, you might this. Then there are the pioneers who were married in previous Junes. Anyway, in one of these categories you will find cause for celebrating and that is where we come in. Whether for your courage or for mere remembrance, there is nothing like a beaker of champagne, bourbon, rye, rum or any one of the dozens of aids to mankind that thoughtful ancestors thought up for you.

Speaking of ancestors, they set the pattern for your wedding a good many years ago. It is a little late to streamline the function now, even if any of the moderns wished to. But we believe it is a salutary thing to remind you of the origin of the symbols and the rituals that follow your visit to the marriage license clerk's office. And it is heartening to know that ever since the first marriage (savants reckon about seventeen thousand-odd years ago) spiritous liquor in some form has been a vital part of the ceremony.

In the earlier days, of course, the drinking of the marriage cup had a special significance. The liquor itself, whether from grain or grape, was known as the "spirit of fruitfulness" and an inclusion of that spirit at the union of two young things of the tribe was a simple and necessary adjunct. Marriages in those days were supposed to be fruitful.

Also in those days all marriages were in the month of June, that being the month of the year when the crops came on to ripening. Central heating and other modern conveniences, as well as man's proverbial bad arithmetic, have breached the custom here and there. But for the main part, June the month of the young, will always be the time for tie-ups. The throwing of rice, and later wheat, was also part of the allegory of fruitfulness, a gentle hint to the departing honeymooners of what was expected of them. Orange blossoms also were a good omen, the orange tree being the most fruitful of all trees among the Saracens who started the custom. The shoe business, though, has not as pleasant a connotation. In the early Egyptian days when a man made a bargain, he gave the party of the second part his sandal as a pledge of faith. When the bargain was completed he got his shoe back. The tying of shoes onto the carriage of the young things is a relic of the old reminder that papa hopes the boy lives up to his bargain.

Despite some popular notions to the contrary, marriage in its earliest state was not a push-over for the groom. From the origins of the customs it seems always to have been a draw. The white dress was the trade-mark of purity; the veil, however, was a hint that the bride had been snared in a net. The Anglo-Saxon word "bryd" meant "to carry home"; but groom meant then what it means now, and the groom was the one to wait on the "bryd." One modernization of an old custom we regret. In the thirteenth century in France, the bride did not throw a bouquet to the assembled maids. Instead, after the ceremony she bared one garter and the first one up got the prize. As this often led to a sort of after-show, completely overshadowing the main event, the custom of the bride's favor was modified to the bouquet. The shower is about what it was in the Middle Ages. It all began when the daughter of a Dutch merchant prince refused to marry a noble and chose a poor miller's son. The irate pop refused the usual dowry. So the girl friends got together and supplied the linen and laces that the father refused.

Bride-ale, as the Anglo-Saxons spelled it, meant just that. Whatever the villagers might have thought of the match, they were willing to forgo their opinions when it came time for the "ale" or feast. The word ale, by the way, came out of such feasts, Scotch not having appeared from its homeland at that time, and ale being the main beverage of the island. Tempo being what it is, our country has curtailed the noble customs of the bride-ale. They exist, however, in many foreign lands and in those sectors of our large cities where the second generation carry on their racial heritages with gusto and pride. A good foreign wedding can take five days. The Russians are no slouches at the affair, often taking two or three days to air their views and express their emotions. But all that takes a fine disregard of daylight saving and a pretty good purse.

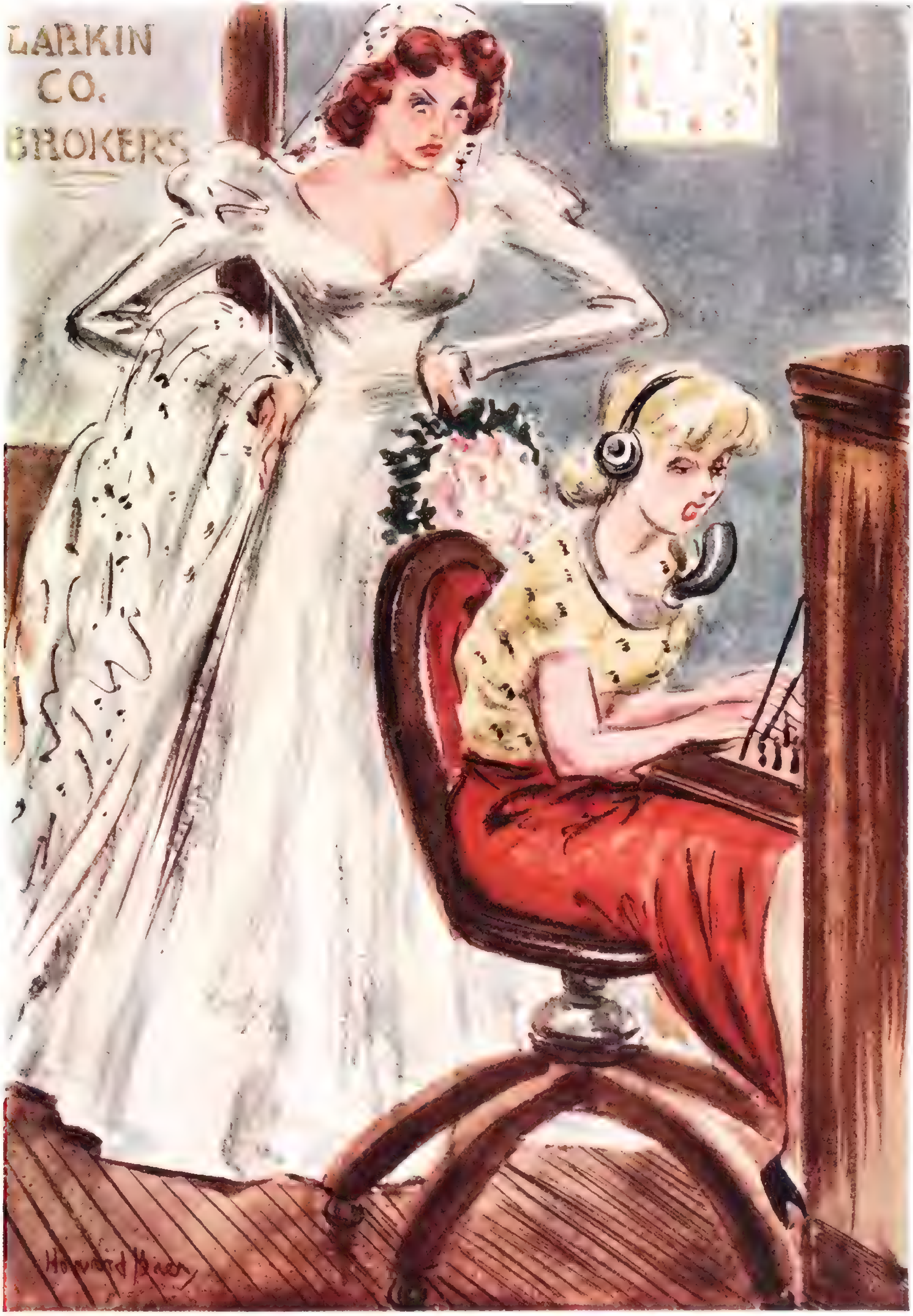
The classic example of high jinks is usually the wedding of Charles IX of France. The list of presents to the bride occupies several pages, with such items as a rope of pearls, rubies and diamonds with a diamond the shape and size of a pear at the end. Champagne had not come into its own at that time but there was plenty to drink in the way of several thousand barrels of wine, spirits and so on. The modern American doesn't get off much easier if he happens to have a deb in the family. Witness the past season's glamor girl parties with the item of fifty thousand dollars for one evening, during which one thousand quarts of champagne were consumed. Not to mention the various quarts of Scotch, rye, gin, rum, etc., that brought the liquor bill up to another three thousand dollars.

To those in the lower brackets of income, the Gargantuan parties are not expected. But a sensible use of the same components may make all the difference in the successful wedding, as every father knows. Of late there has developed a disposition to use American champagne in the punches and the cups that are prepared for large numbers of guests. There is a great deal of the domestic champagne that ranks with the lesser foreign brands and it is more than adequate for such purposes. As the celebration itself is usually of more importance than the feast, the emphasis does not have to be placed upon vintages and rarities. Then too, the older guests very often prefer a punch that has the life of champagne but is a more sedate drink.

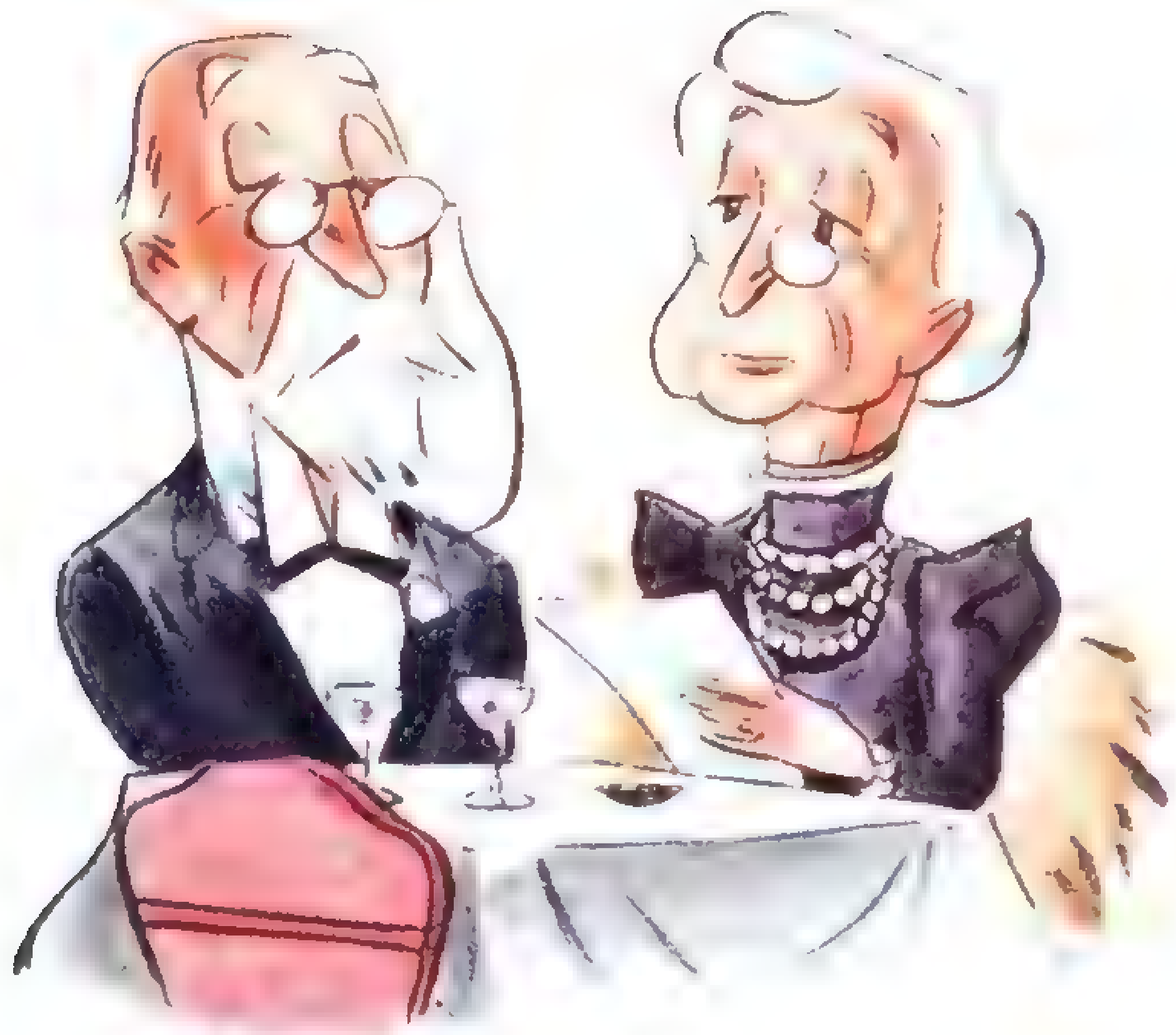
The bachelor dinner, however, is usually attended with all the care and fastidious attention to details. A good vintage is the proper thing for the select last dinner, to be followed by Scotch, brandy and rye for the later stretches of the evening.

But if your wedding is not a current one, you undoubtedly have an anniversary to cele-

Continued on page 107


LARKIN
CO.
BROKERS
Howard Baer

"There's a lady to see you, Mr. Larkin. Says you had a ten o'clock appointment with her"



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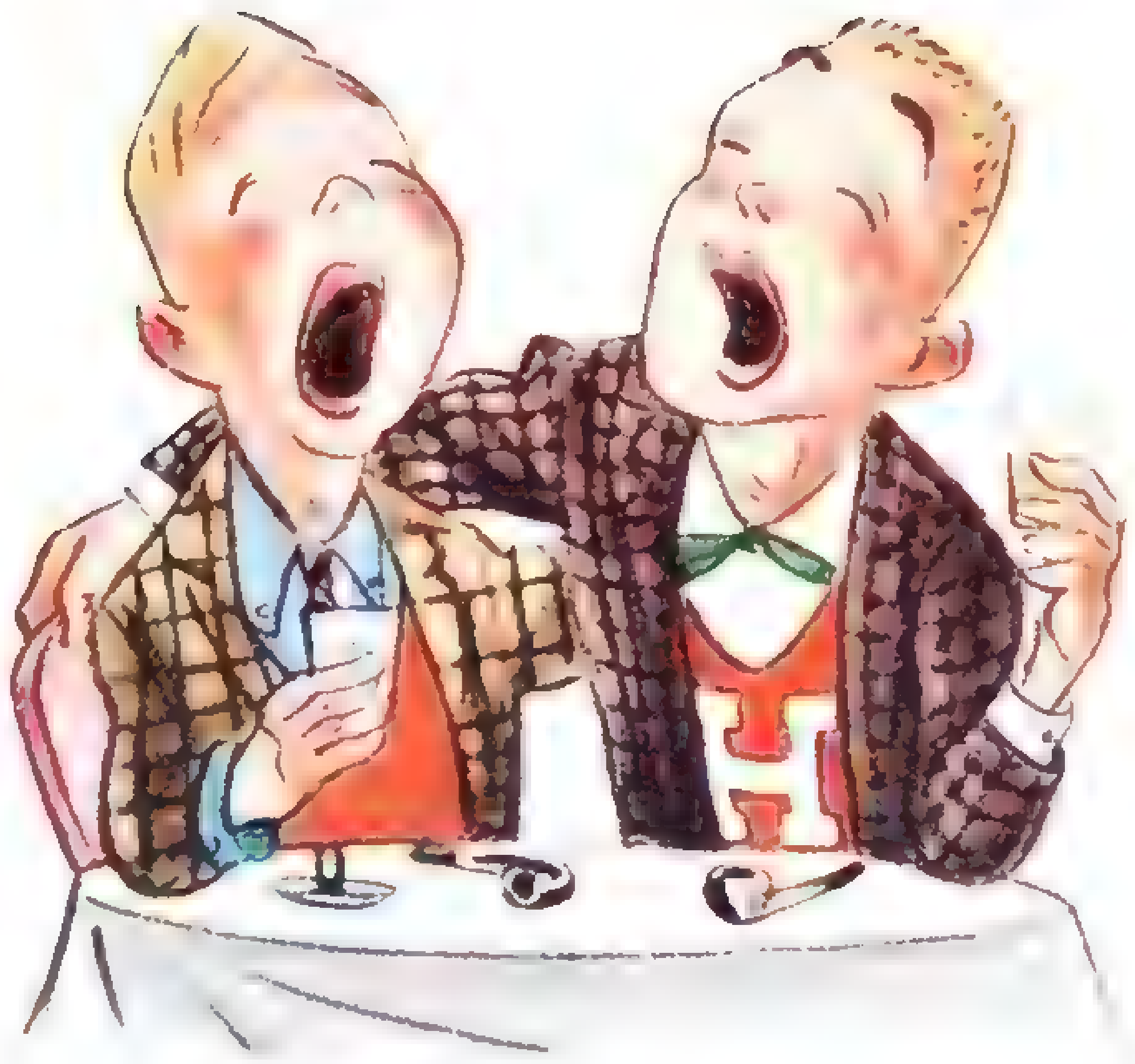

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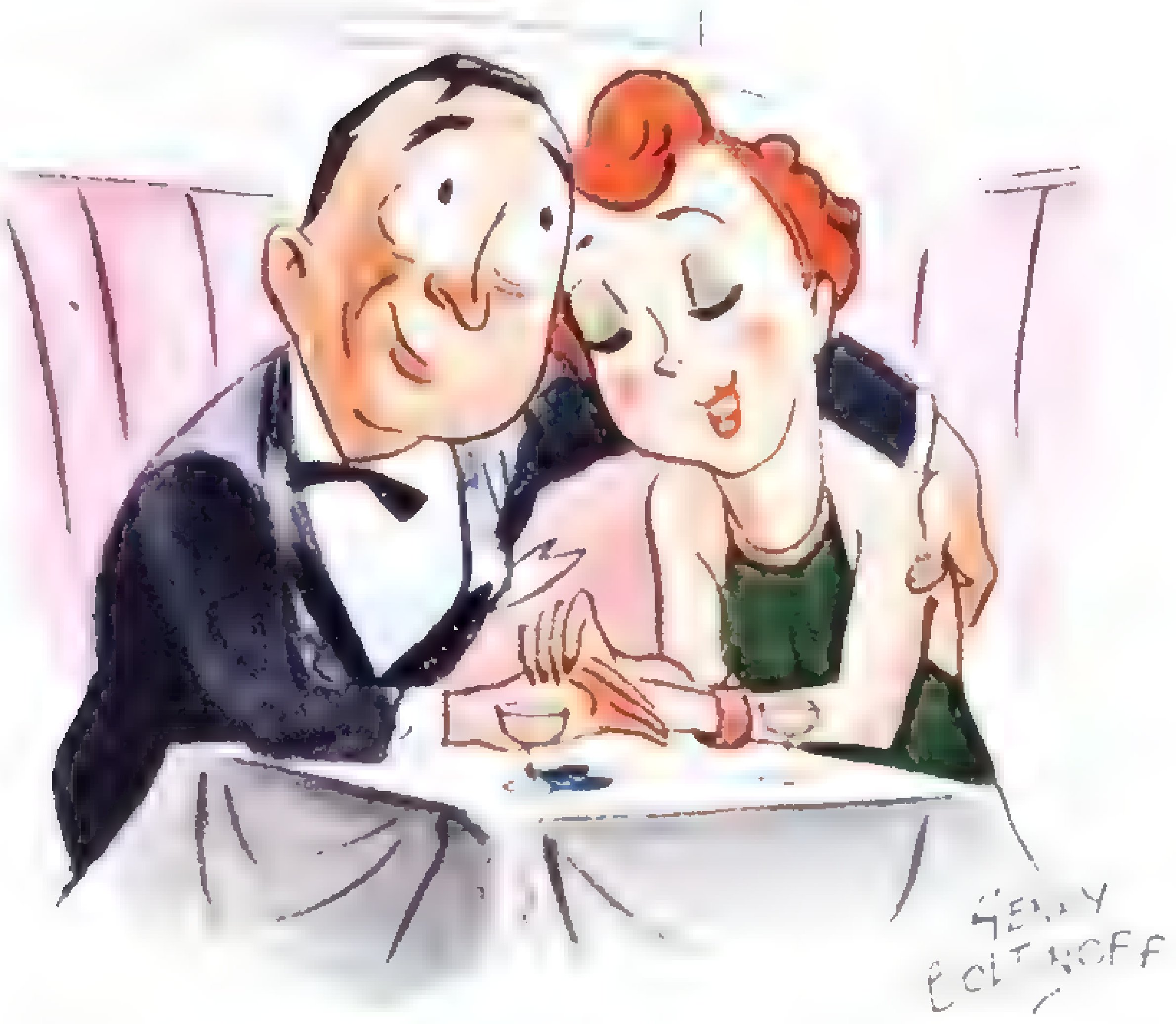
HENRY BOLTINOFF

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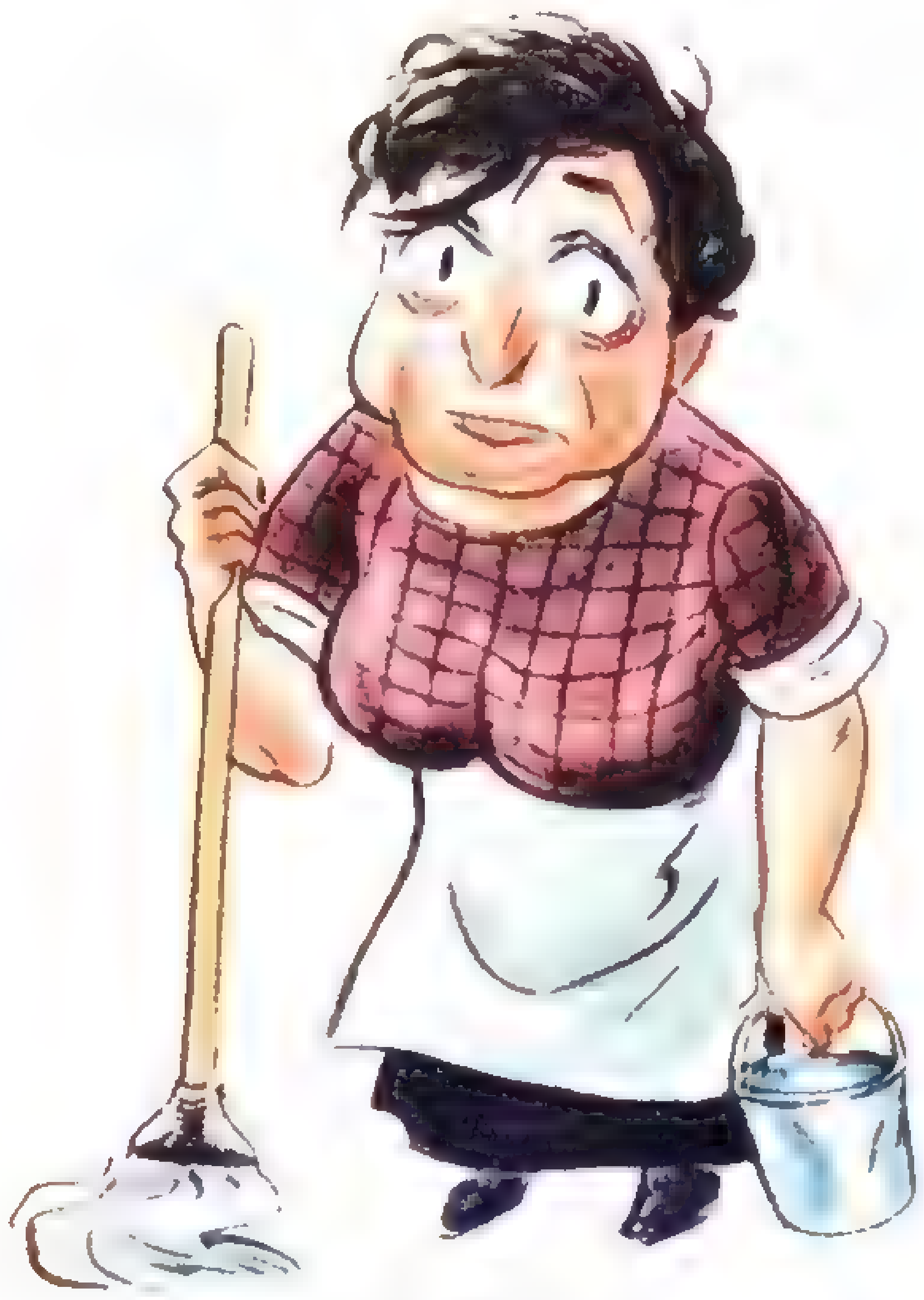

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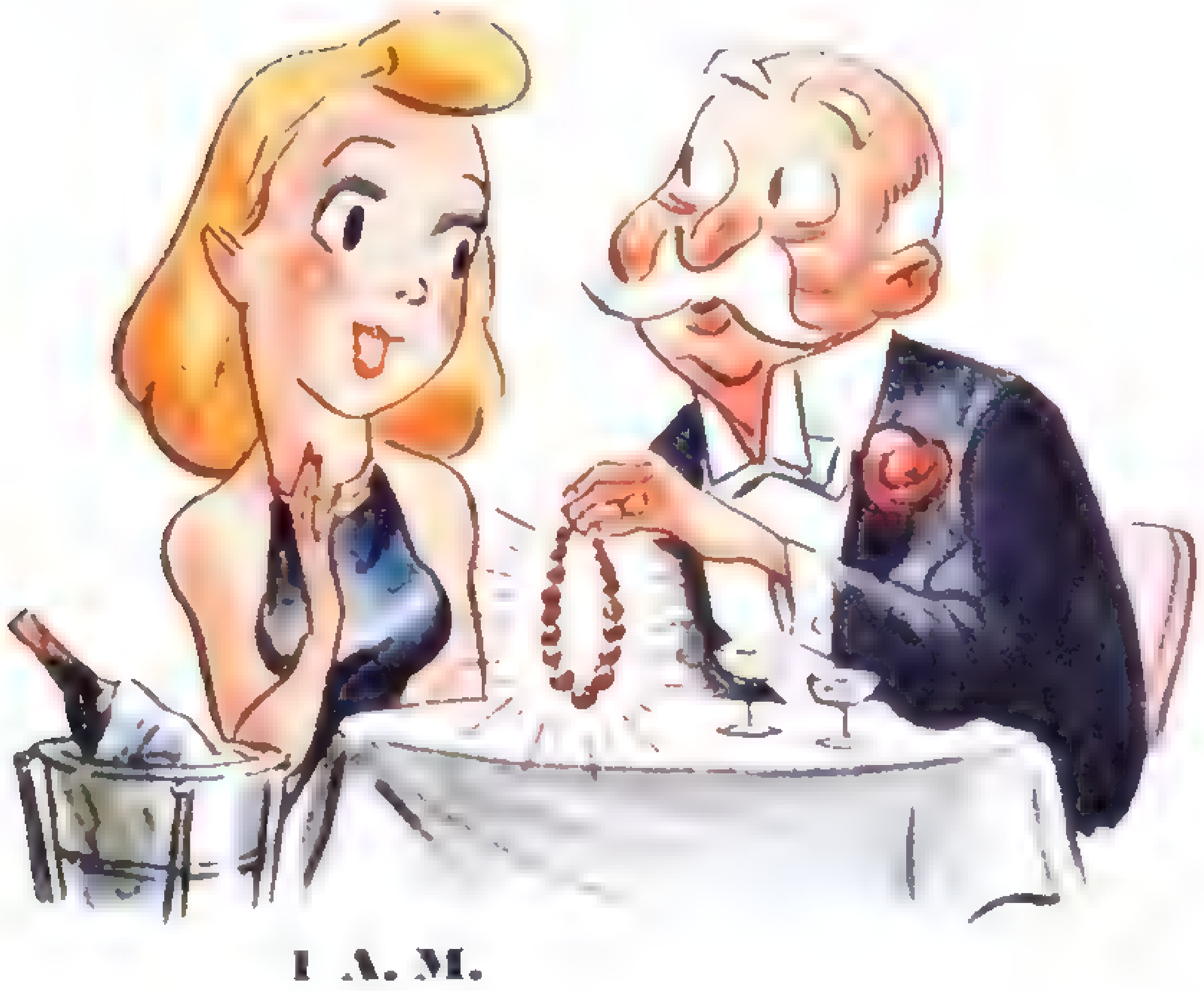


1 A.M.

Café Society

Around the Clock at a Night Club

by **HENRY BOLTINOFF**

On the Record

Mozart doesn't come any better than the smooth-flowing recording of Don Giovanni made by the Glyndebourne Opera Company

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

Mozart: Don Giovanni. Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company conducted by Fritz Busch. Victor Albums M-423, 424, 425. Well studied and thoroughly prepared, this performance flows. The voices are not first class, but their projection is direct and straightforward. There is no faking: the recitatives are remarkably clear and fluid. You feel that Mozart's characters, not itinerant gypsies, are doing the speaking.

Finest voice: Kolomon v. Pataky, the Don Ottavio.

Finest artist: Salvatore Baccaloni, the Leporello.

John Brownlee is dull, a bit bourgeois as Don Giovanni. *Deh vieni alla finestra* is not light, airy, free as it should be. Donna Anna is too lyrical: the role is more dramatic and in this cast there is not sufficient difference between her voice and Donna Elvira's. *Mi tradi* sounds suicidal; at best, Mme Helletsgruber stalks over the notes and seems to have difficulty doing that. Zerlina's voice is insignificant: her Italian diction bad.

The ensembles are secure and generally, though not always, well blended. Fritz Busch's direction is firm, healthy, correct, authoritative . . . without sparkle, virtuosity, or exceptional brilliance. Not ideal Mozart, as ideal Mozart probably will never exist except on paper. Technically excellent, these records are the best Don Giovanni we are likely to get.

Haydn: Concerto in D major for piano and orchestra, opus 21. Marguerite Roesgen-Champion and the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, conducted by M. F. Gaillard. Columbia Set X-118. Perfect recording of Haydn's more intimate and subjective, if scarcely profound, thoughts. Mme Roesgen-Champion, famous harpsichordist, here switches to the piano and wisely preserves a clear, crisp touch, ideally suited to this score. Her style is impeccable, though—to my taste—it should be more shaded. It may leave you cold, but it is delightful music making.

Fauré: Requiem. Performed by Les Chanteurs de Lyons, Le Trigintour Instrumental Lyonnais, Edouard Commette at the Organ and E. Bourmauck directing. Recorded in the Cathedral Saint-Jean, Lyons. Columbia Masterwork 354. A work I would not be without, written in memory of the composer's father and unparalleled in modern religious music. It speaks calmly and tranquilly of unquestioning faith, solacing hope and eternal benediction. Fauré rises above his sense of personal loss to a serenity that takes his Requiem out of the realm of personal lament into that of the universal. For humanity and himself he accepts the common fate that "all that lives must die, passing through nature to eternity."

Except for the rasping of third-rate soloists, that momentarily destroys the mood, the recording is ideal. You have the illusion of being in a cathedral and of being swept upward by the blending of heavenly voices.

Sibelius: The Swan of Tuonela. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor 7380. Music's most extraordinary living genie opens the pages of the Kalevala and conducts us on a never-to-be-forgotten visit to the land of the dead. The sounds are those that in all the world only the Philadelphia Orchestra can make.

FOR THE SEASON

J. S. Bach: Clavier Toccatas in C minor and D major, played by Artur Schnabel. Victor M-532. Unbeatable if you have any piano students at your house; but you may tire of it before the week end is ended. To me, Professor Schnabel is cold, dry, pedestrian—the pedagogue personified. For all its clarity and correctness, this is anything but my idea of Bach. I prefer Landowska at the harpsichord, but there are those who find Schnabel not only musicianly but deeply reflective.

Beethoven: Coriolan Overture, Opus 62. Victor 12535. London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. The tenth recording of this famous war-horse. The best Beethoven I have heard from Mr. Walter. Full of sentiment and feeling, it would be better Beethoven with severer accents and more clearly defined structure.

Mozart, Concerto in F major for harpsichord and orchestra, played by Marguerite Roesgen-Champion and the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris conducted by M. F. Gaillard. Columbia Set X-114. Early Mozart, full of youth and life and spirit; suggests baroque churches, choir boys, courtyards, an era of ceremony. The performance is clean, clear, classic . . . the conductor always supports the soloist and there is no sentimentality. If you love Mozart and haven't a large supply of his albums, you may want this for your collection.

Schubert: Rosamunde, Opus 26. Ballet music in B minor and G major. London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. Victor 12534. This is Mr. Walter at his best, sentimental and charming and full of the lyrical spirit of Schubert. He makes you feel there is more in this music than there actually is—an experience one frequently has with Toscanini.

Schumann: Concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, opus 54. Myra Hess and symphony orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Victor M-473. The finest recording of this, the romanticists' first love among piano concertos. Miss Hess is herself . . . poetic and full of feeling. Her tone and phrasing are beauty itself. By comparison, the nameless orchestra sounds shabby; its instruments colorless and empty. Too bad Miss Hess wasn't given a first-class orchestra. By next season, she ought to be heard at least in half a dozen new recordings.

FOR THE WEEK END

Noel Coward: Never Again and I Get Along Without You Very Well. Sung by Greta Keller. Hoagy Carmichael's Orchestra. Liberty Music Shop L-253. Without the slightest provocation you get sentimental with her. It's all feeling . . . and her abandon is typically Viennese. The exact opposite of Beatrice Lillie.

Handel: Berenice Minuet and *Purcell: Faery Queen—Three Dances.* Jacques String Orchestra. Columbia 69407-D. For your guests who want to relax in the 18th century manner. Simple, beautiful music—well played. A first-class recording.

Mozart: Il Mio Tessoro (*Don Giovanni*) and *Donizetti: Una Furtiva Lagrima* (*L'Elisir d'Amore*). Sung by Richard Crooks. Victor 15235. The interpretation is exaggerated, Mr. Crooks uses too much voice and has neither the style nor the breath for this music. Nevertheless, there are ladies who will swoon.

Sibelius: Valse Triste and *Berceuse from The Tempest, opus 109.* Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor 14726. For your friends who don't know Sibelius, but would like to. The interpretation is night-clubbish, full of sensational, exciting contrasts.

Von Weber: Overture to Oberon. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir

Continued on page 143

The Candid Cameraman

Sure, Bette Davis may win another award for her acting, but we say all she's got is too much thyroid

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

Nobody likes to feel old, Mr. Schenk, and one trouble with your using the same (old) glamor girls is that look how old they make us feel, lately. Maybe you still are tied to them with $5,000 a week contracts for five years hence, but dear Mr. Mayer, men, unlike women, may be perfectly willing to admit their age; but on the other hand they are not at all amused by being made to feel old. A man likes to admit his age and marvel at how young he feels.

Well, Mr. Metro, here you invite a fellow into a movie and he pays his four bits and goes in with the hope of falling in love again, finding something in the bloom, and what do you give him? his (old) high school sweetheart and she is still Cinderella even though now she's Cinderella on ice skates. The temptation is too great, Mr. M., to say a line of treatment is suggested if you leave off the skates.

Sure, the (old) familiar faces and how we love them. Every American male, Mr. G., is faithful in his heart to the true first love of his youth. But he likes to keep her way down there and not see her still trying to look eighteen on the screen. Oh yes the girls are still lovely but maybe it's like in any factory, Mr. M., there comes a time when the machinery is out-moded and in spite of the tremendous investment you have put into that old machinery and in spite of the fact that it still runs fine, well, if you are smart, and you are smart, you don't have to junk it at all, no, no, just adapt it to that finer grade of product for the more selective clientele (you can convince 100,000,000 customers they are more selective) and get the new machines to turn out the stuff for our everyday five-and-dime souls.

Maybe we've got to use the word psychology here. Now take a young man, oh still quite a young man, say in his early thirties. Say he first fell in love, real love, with Joan Crawford when he was twenty-one and the year was 1926 and she was a luscious number of eighteen (according to the record, though she had already been in show business four years) but she had the bloom, she had the bloom, and anybody could buy it for the price of admission to *The Taxi Dancer*. Our young man has been in love many times, with the Talmadge sisters, and the Bennett sisters, one at a time, and along came Loretta Young, and there was Dolores Costello that he wanted to take away from Barrymore, and then a bouncing little number named Jean Harlow lifted his lovelorn heart. Yes, he's a man experienced in love, for he's seen that sweetheart die; but his heart is still resilient, and a bunch of wildfire named Hepburn brings the spring back into his walk.

But now look, Mr. M., in 1939 he goes into a theatre and there is Joan, still playing Cinderella. Well you see what it does to a man? Okay you say she can still get by, no lines in her face, no sag in her figure, Joan is perennial, but Mr. M.—where are all those years in a man's life? Where is all that beautiful experience? Washed away, gone. You insult a man, Mr. M., you insult a whole generation of men, when you ask them to accept their adolescent love as a cutie to this day.

For what we are dealing with here, Mr. M., is a kind of psychological axis of aging. We age in proportion to others. And if a man goes into the theatre feeling his thirties and sees the gal of his pimple-year dreams still fitting on the glass shoe, he is only going to feel that alas he has aged mightily, in comparison to that same gal; that the years have been heavy upon him.

Conversely, Mr. M., if he goes into a theatre and sees that same gal playing the part of a wife and mother, and in the same picture is a daughter named Ann Sheridan whom he can dream of taking for a nice long walk, why then the male will feel young, Mr. M., he will feel that all those gals he used to run around with are carrying the years, but he alone has the spirit and the susceptibility of youth in his veins.

Now some of your stars have been luckier than Joan. They have been permitted roles of seduction where youth is not prerequisite. Take the famous feudists, Shearer and Crawford. Of course both girls persist in the idea that they can act and that it is their art that has held them in our affection. Well it doesn't hurt to humor the (old) girls, after all we've had our tender moments with them. And when Norma wanted to play Juliet a couple of years ago, okay, wives seem to get that hankering at a certain stage in their development. But in her last picture, Norma got a break. She could put on a platinum wig and play an adventuress of uncertain years. Well that's all right with a man, he can take the excitement without having to dream of setting up a little cottage and going through the years in wedded bliss with the little wide-eyed creature. So Norma got by and hail hail she is still a great actress.

But poor Joan. Some cynic is in there with a knife to her back telling her now Joan, Cinderella is what made you, Cinderella is what keeps you dear to the American male, Cinderella was always your part so play Cinderella, Joan, we'll even do it in Technicolor on ice and that'll bring you back. So there is a shot of Joan saying cutely (but oh the double-meaning some studio cynic put into that line) where is my close-up? And where is it? where are all the close-ups? And now the Norma fans can go around and say see, Norma was good and Joan flopped in her last picture.

Not that this old man in his thirties gives a hoot whether Joan or Norma gets the best of the feud. But if the girls are going to have a battle, give them equal weapons. It doesn't matter that neither of them is an actress. They both have personalities, and a man likes to feel that the loves of his adolescence were worthy loves and turned into women of charm and mature attraction. Our concern is rather sentimental. Give, we say, give the (old) girl a break.

We don't feel old, for instance, when we see Dolores Costello in a current picture as the mother of a full-grown jockey. And we feel kind of spry when we see Fay Bainter, a glamor-girl in our college days, so beautifully and normally middle-aged in great roles on the screen.

The vulgar truth, Mr. Hollywood—and if you didn't have so much money invested in Crawford and Loy and Shearer you'd be the last man to have to be reminded—the vulgar truth is that you are largely in the burlesque business, beef-trusting they used to call it. The vulgar reality is that men, of whatever age, like their girl friends young, yes, with that peculiar fuzz and bloom that wear off even in the twenties. Sure, you don't have to be told; you went after Simone Simon and you will certainly grab Corinne Luchaire out of *Prison Without Bars* even if she still runs like a colt, or because of that. And you'll answer that it takes five years to build a girl up and then what are you supposed to do with her if she has had three marriages and maybe a baby in the meantime. That's your problem, Mr. Leg-shower. There comes a stage when we can't be the same (old) sweethearts though we're willing to continue the friendship but we would, yes, we always would like a few new sweethearts, yes.

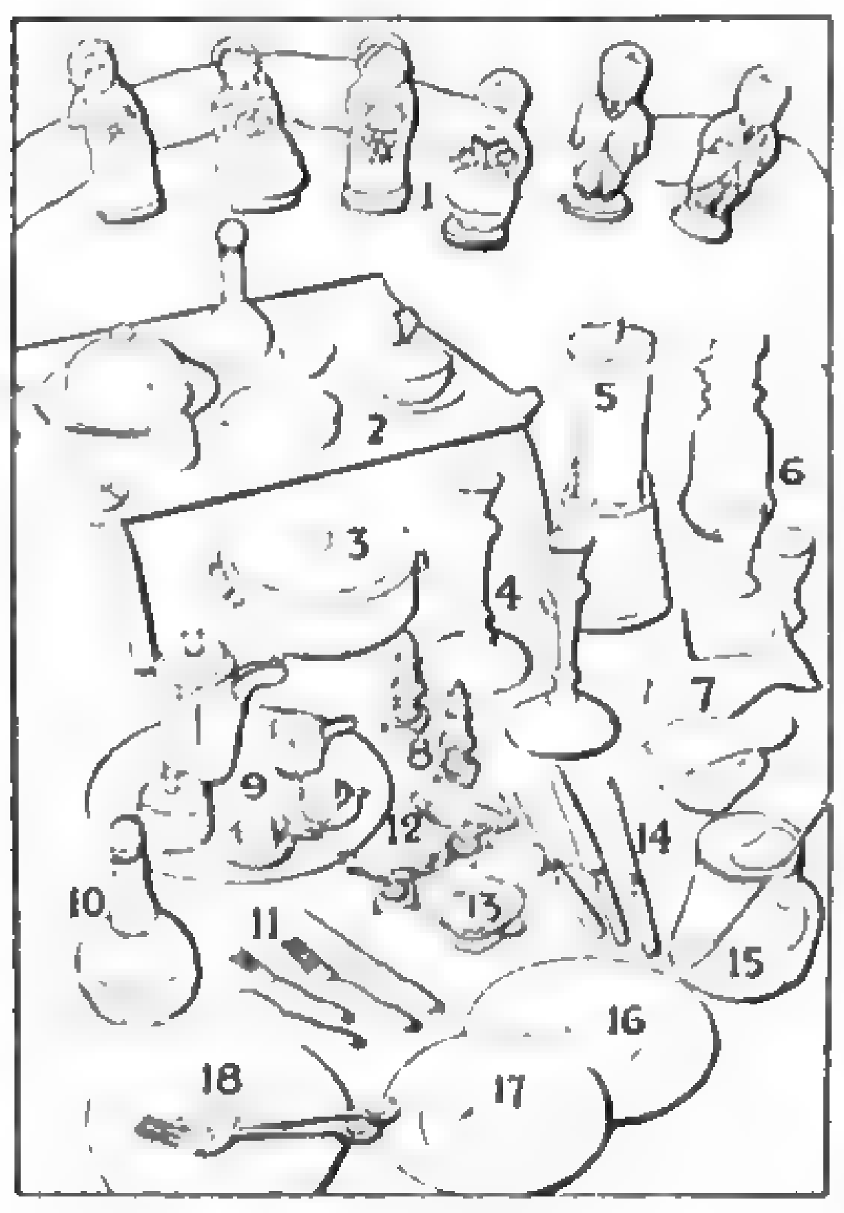
* * *

As for that gurreat actress Bette Davis, Mr. Warner, maybe like they say she will win the Oscar the third time but a lot of other Oscars are going to get pretty tired of her pretty soon if she keeps on acting with a sledgehammer. No doubt the women will flock to *Dark Victory*, and the men will allow themselves to be bulldozed into agreeing that

Continued on page 161

JINX FALKENBURG
Hurrell Photograph

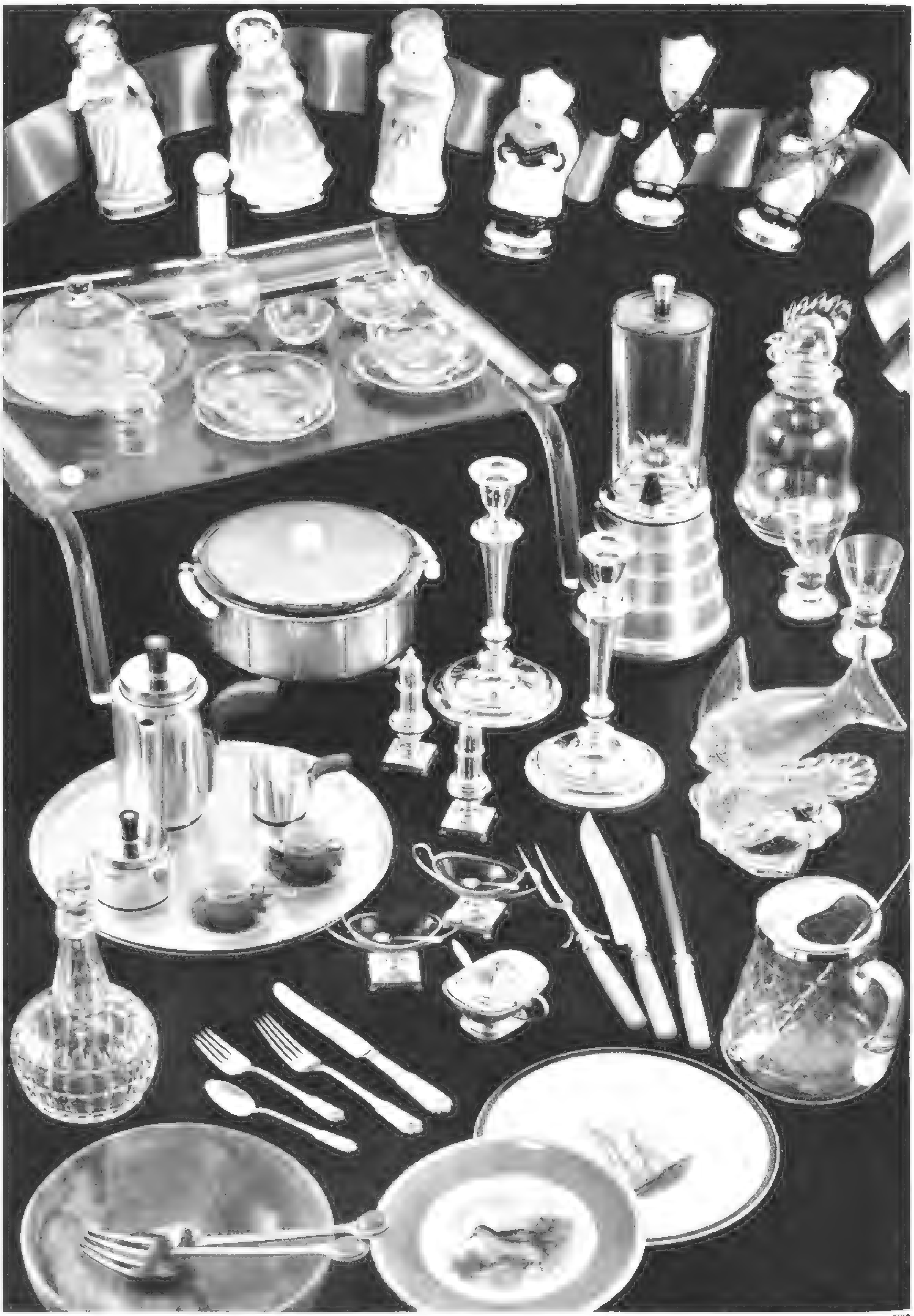
Helping you ring the bell



Words of congratulation are cheap, and telegrams in the same vein are comparatively inexpensive, as you are very well aware. But when they invite you to the church and reception, then it's indisputably another story: *that means give!*

1—The main members of the bridal party, nicely executed in fine English china . . 2—There's nothing parsimonious about this definitely modern all-glass tray and breakfast set . . 3—Electric buffet serviette, a conspiring accessory to those midnight snacks . . 4—Rating in the heirloom class, sterling silver candlesticks . . 5—The electric mixer for all-around conviviality . . 6—The cock-of-the-walk motif, appropriately enough, finds its way to a cocktail shaker . . 7—An unusually decorative fish figure in Venetian glass . . 8—Always seasonable, silver plated salt and peppers . . 9—Sterling silver coffee service in the modern manner: tray, pot, creamer, sugar and demi-tasses in different color combinations with sterling silver spoons . . 10—Handsome is as handsome does in a fine crystal decanter . . 11—An unusually effective pattern in sterling silver flat ware . . 12—Silver plated salt and peppers with spoons . . 13—A gift they're sure to relish, silver plated mustard dish . . 14—In the grand manner, flattering to masculine ego and feminine pride: a carving set and sharpener with genuine amber handles . . 15—Martini pitcher with spoon . . 16 and 17—Service plates with sporting motifs . . 18—Salad bowl in beautifully grained myrtle wood, pewter fork and spoon.

(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., for information)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 80

in the Irish histrionic records; and so it goes. One might extend the list indefinitely.

Think then, in turn, of the wretched performances often given by actors and actresses of wide experience, players who regard themselves as histrionic artists and who are also so regarded by the public. You will have no difficulty reeling them off in dozens, from Ethel Barrymore's Juliet to Lionel Barrymore's Macbeth and from Walter Hampden in *Achilles Had a Heel* and half a dozen other plays to Philip Merivale in *Lorelei* and several others and Blanche Yurka in a comprehensive repertoire.

But, condescendingly smile the objectors, you can't reckon an artist by a single fine performance. Can't you? When Brahms composed his first symphony, he was initially established, and properly, as the third B in the proud company of Bach and Beethoven. Following the minor experimental scribble, *Galatea, An Eclogue*, Cervantes became immortal with *Don Quixote*, his first novel. And though he never wrote anything afterwards even remotely to approach it, his genius remains unquestioned. This is flying pretty high and wide, and a bit absurdly in any contemplation of mummers? Maybe so. But, descending precipitately in the scale of values and merely for the sake of the argument, what acting performances in the history of the stage have showed greater histrionic genius, if we are to believe the critical authorities of their time, than the very earliest performances of Tomasso Salvini, the first performances of the brothers Coquelin, Benoît Constant and Ernest Alexandre, at the Théâtre Français and the Odéon respectively, or—to come down in the scale somewhat further than we have come down—the first performance ever given on a dramatic stage by the musical comedy girl, Marie Tempest?

* * *

A second singularity of the season has been the effort of many of our playwrights to give body to plays not noticeably possessing any by arbitrarily tacking on, just before the last curtain, a big speech of cosmic significance. Most of these last-minute afterthought fireworks give one the impression that the plays into which they have been incorporated were fished out of trunks and through the tacked-on harangues hopefully, if bogusly, posed as up-to-the-minute and very trenchant and pregnant stuff. Shaw is probably the papa of the chicane. Finding in *Too True To Be Good* that he had written a play that didn't amount to much and that was, even in his own judgment, pretty feeble, he cleverly pinned onto the end of it, like a bright carnation on a shabby, rented tail coat, a brilliantly colored, if somewhat irrelevant, philosophical oration on the present travail of humanity, in the hope of deceiving his audience that what had gone before was rather meaty business and sending it out of the theatre persuaded that the eloquent finishing speech indicated a quality it must have carelessly overlooked in the antecedent parts of the play.

Our playwrights who go in for the same trick are, however, unfortunately not Shaws, and as a consequence their last-minute philosophical antics only convince their audiences that the plays that have preceded the antics are even worse than they seemed. The force of the theme of a play must be inculcated in an audience slowly and gradually; it cannot be kept hiding behind a screen for a couple of hours and then suddenly be thrown into the audience's face like a custard pie. A number of this season's exhibits that have endeavored to lend a superficial importance to themselves by abruptly and startlingly laying down their teacups at ten minutes to eleven and talking big out of the corners of their mouths have accordingly not only irritated their patient auditors to the point of a nervous and embarrassing laughter but have defeated what simple purposes the plays themselves, before their authors became cosmically self-conscious, originally had.

If this nonsense keeps up, we may soon expect farces like *Getting Gertie's Garter* to pause suddenly toward the conclusion of their last acts and confide to us that unless we all join the communist party immediately we are lost, and revivals of *Charley's Aunt* in which the uncle from Brazil will step to the footlights at eleven o'clock and make a fifteen-minute speech arguing that if Brazil enters into any further trade bartering deals with Germany the whole western hemisphere is in danger of going Fascist.

Of the numerous plays that have brought in the philosophical Marines at the last minute in the hope of saving their weak and desperately fuddled themes and garrison of characters, only Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* up to the time of writing has turned the trick with any degree of integrity. This is because, being an honest writer, Miss Hellman has written a play of which her coda apostrophe is naturally and honestly an integral part. In this best of her dramatic offerings, she deals, in a kind of Strindbergian parable, with the change that has come over the South and that here and there, since the turn of the present century, has seen the substitution of a greedy commercialism for the older and more gracious order of life. It is against this economic and industrial meanness and this capitalistic avarice that her representative of a newer and idealistic order swings the fire of protest as the drama ends. Her whole play leads sincerely and inevitably up to it, unlike the others which drag their own special fancy pleas and magniloquent protests into the tail of their cheap proceedings much after the fashion of Automat dinners topped off with crêpes Suzette.

This Miss Hellman begins to give signs that of all the girls writing plays in this country she is the most commendable. She still has her readily discernible deficiencies, among them a pessimism that springs from specialization and which she mistakes for sound criticism of the general, to say nothing of a quasi-Strindbergian over-intensification of theme and character which sometimes descends to dubious melodrama; but by and large one detects in her work a mind and solidity that are absent from the work of most of her native sex.

It isn't, as careless readers of criticism may think, merely that she avoids the sentimental, for when it comes to a sentimental approach to themes our women playwrights—despite the dictum of Rachel Crothers, who is one of the most sentimental of the lot—are considerably less sugary than many of our males. Our girls, in point of fact, are often pretty tough babies. It is rather that this Hellman sees a theme through to its bitter finish with all the probity and truth that are in her, and with never a flicker of a thought for what the box office may think the one way or the other. True, there are other women playwrights who pursue the same endorsable tactic, Susan Glaspell and Lula Vollmer among them, but neither of these nor any of the rest have at their command Miss Hellman's dramaturgic skill, sharply inquisitive mind, and pointed writing gift. *The Little Foxes*, though it remains one of the best of the season's plays, still suffers from its author's weaknesses, as its author will herself surely come to recognize when her talents more greatly mature. But its author is unmistakably on her way up the ladder.

* * *

The season has offered several surprises in the way of acting, at least for your departmental luminary. Among his grave histrionic skepticisms, Tallulah Bankhead, for example, has since her beginning bulked pretty large. He could never see in her much more than an electric personality with a decidedly minor acting equipment, and her considerable critical success in London some years ago seemed to him, after due on-the-spot investigation and research, to be grounded largely on the facts that, with her wild and woolly ways and manner, she was a novelty to a stage whose women generally comport themselves as if they had been written by Pinero and that, further, in one or two of her exhibits she had taken her clothes off, which always gets the sedate old London boys.

In *The Little Foxes*, however, Tallulah made your Solon eat a slice of humble pie. Her performance of the vicious, stone-hearted, rapacious female who gets what she goes after whatever the price, was a capital job, admirably poised and excellently detailed, and in addition devoid of all the hitherto cut-and-dried Bankhead quirks and mannerisms. I appreciate, of course, that critics who have been skeptical of an actress in other rôles often at length fall for her when she shows up in one that presents her as what the he-man school of English playwrights, embracing the Messrs. Coward, Novello, *et al.*, designate as a bitch. But as Tallulah has played that species of rôle before, and has usually played it poorly, no such excuse may be assigned for the respect here paid to her performance in the Hellman exhibit. It is a good piece of work—and another slice of that humble pie, please.

Among my other doubts have for some time been Florence Reed, George Coulouris and Ethel Merman. It will be observed that I am something of a peculiarly doubtful fellow. For example, although no one esteemed more than I the uncommonly fine performance that the late Jeanne Eagels gave in *Rain*, I have never been able to join in the otherwise unanimous endorsement of her as one of the consistently great actresses of the American theatre. In her performances before Sadie Thompson (a grand rôle that exactly suited her) she indicated nothing that markedly stamped her from the general. And after Sadie she certainly did little of any particular histrionic account, her performance in, say, *The Cardboard Lover*, being even slightly embarrassing. As for Miss Reed, she generally seemed to me over a long stretch of time—more than thirty years, in fact—to be little more than a routine actress with a criticizable tendency toward exaggerated overemphasis. This season, however, she disclosed herself as a most tasty comédienne, with a beautifully timed delivery and with an inner relish for sardonic humor, in the revival of *Outward Bound*.

Coulouris has in past years impressed me as a stiff, mechanical and artificial actor, with an emotional equipment that never got very far below his Adam's apple. Yet in *The White Steed* he surprised me out of my former estimate of him by turning in—also to the surprise of several other previous critical head scratchers—a really top-notch sample of acting. As for the Mlle. Merman—to come to the musical show stage—I was one of those who couldn't see her with a critical field glass. Of the women in the yodel and yam department of entertainment, she stood, in this estimation, pretty far down in the scale. But here she comes along this season in *Stars In Your Eyes* and makes a fool out of Old Infallible with a low-comedy performance that is a little bit of all right. #

HOW TO LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Proceeding on the theory that no wedding is complete without a groom, and that there is no adequate reason why he should be totally eclipsed by the splendor of his bride, Esquire offers with congratulations a spot of advice to prospective husbands.

The formal daytime wedding:

She's decided to take you, the veil, and white satin. Anyway, you're the important *male* at your wedding, and it is universal tradition that you're the most handsomely turned out. This state of affairs you can easily achieve by appearing in the outfit pictured, which is the black morning coat with striped worsted trousers, doublebreasted white linen waistcoat, grey and white striped shirt, white stiff collar in widespread shape, small check tie, white pocket handkerchief and black shoes with perforated toecaps. The black top hat is the correct head piece and lilies-of-the-valley, while not as essential, let's say, as a wedding ring, are an invariable adjunct to the buttonhole. This outfit guarantees that you, as groom, while not stealing the show, at least play a major supporting role. And you might as well become accustomed at once to the supporting role part. Popular in England and seen occasionally in this country is the grey sharkskin morning suit, worn with grey top hat.

It's a formal evening wedding:

This calls for regulation evening kit—black or midnight blue tailcoat, wing collar, butterfly tie, white waistcoat and patent leather oxfords.

The semi-formal day wedding:

Another day the groom shines on, wearing an oxford grey or black jacket, with striped trousers, striped or solid color shirt with white stiff collar, subdued tie, black shoes and sennit straw hat. The black Homburg, bowler, or even the black silk top hat are all permissible.

Semi-formal evening wedding:

This is dinner jacket time. In town, the black or midnight blue dinner jacket, with wing collar, semi-butterfly tie, and black patent leather shoes. In the country or at a resort, the shawl collar doublebreasted dinner jacket of white tropical worsted, washable fabric or Palm Beach is worn, with midnight blue or black dress trousers; a starched, pleated or soft bosom pique or silk shirt and black semi-butterfly tie are worn with both the regulation and the summer dinner jackets.

Informal, in town:

You're not dressing, but it's a big day, and you should put two feet forward in your best black shoes, a navy blue or oxford grey suit (single or doublebreasted), solid or subdued pattern, a white shirt, white stiff collar, small check tie or solid color dark tie. The sennit straw hat here, for summer wear.

Informal, in the country:

This is our favorite wedding of the month. Wear a single or doublebreasted blue or dark grey jacket, white flannel trousers, black and white shoes, white shirt, white starched collar and polka dot or small check tie. Here, too, the boater or sennit straw hat.

A word on boutonnieres:

No matter where, how or why you get married, the boutonniere is always that miniature wedding bell—lilies-of-the-valley.

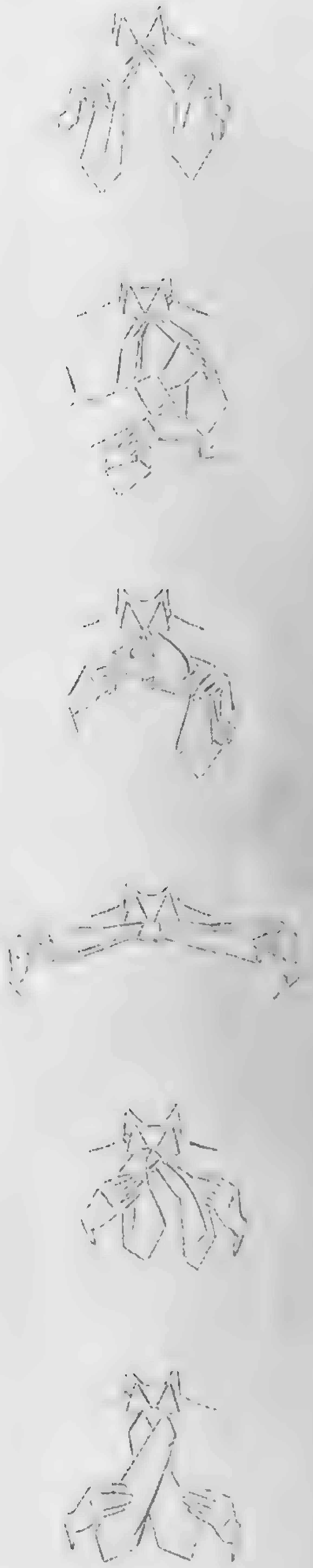
The well-groomed groom:

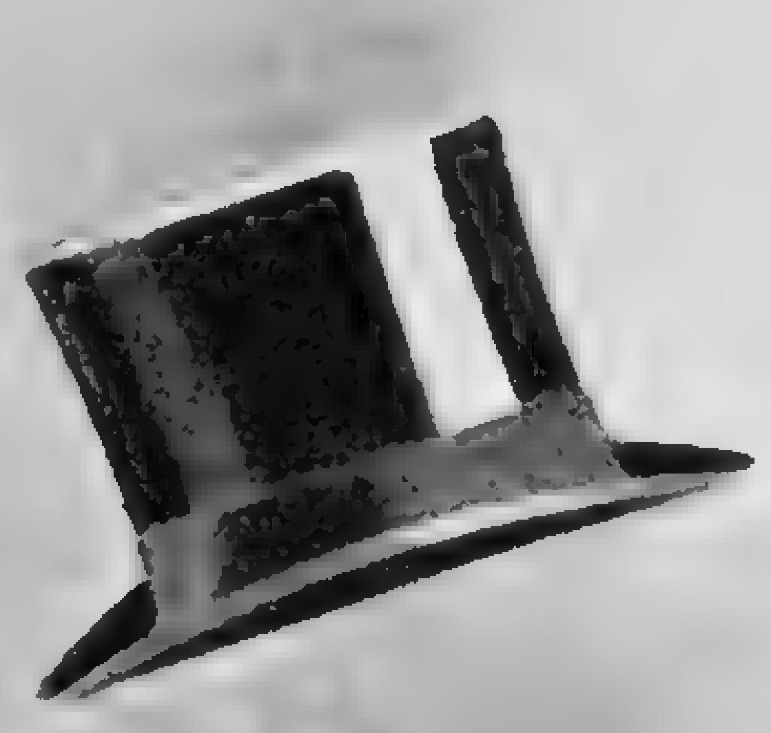
Good grooming is primarily a matter of exposing immaculately laundered linen. Note in the sketch that plenty of shirt cuff extends beyond the cuff of the suit, that as much white collar as possible is displayed at the back of the coat. White gloves and linen spats, if worn (a matter of personal choice), are spotless, as is the white waistcoat. Consult the illustration for the proper method of tying the Ascot and note, too, that an inconspicuous pearl is the proper stickpin. Also illustrated, for formal day weddings, are the high silk hat and the grey top hat, wing collar, black shoes with grey buttoned tops, grey Ascot, and a choice of checked or black and white striped tie.

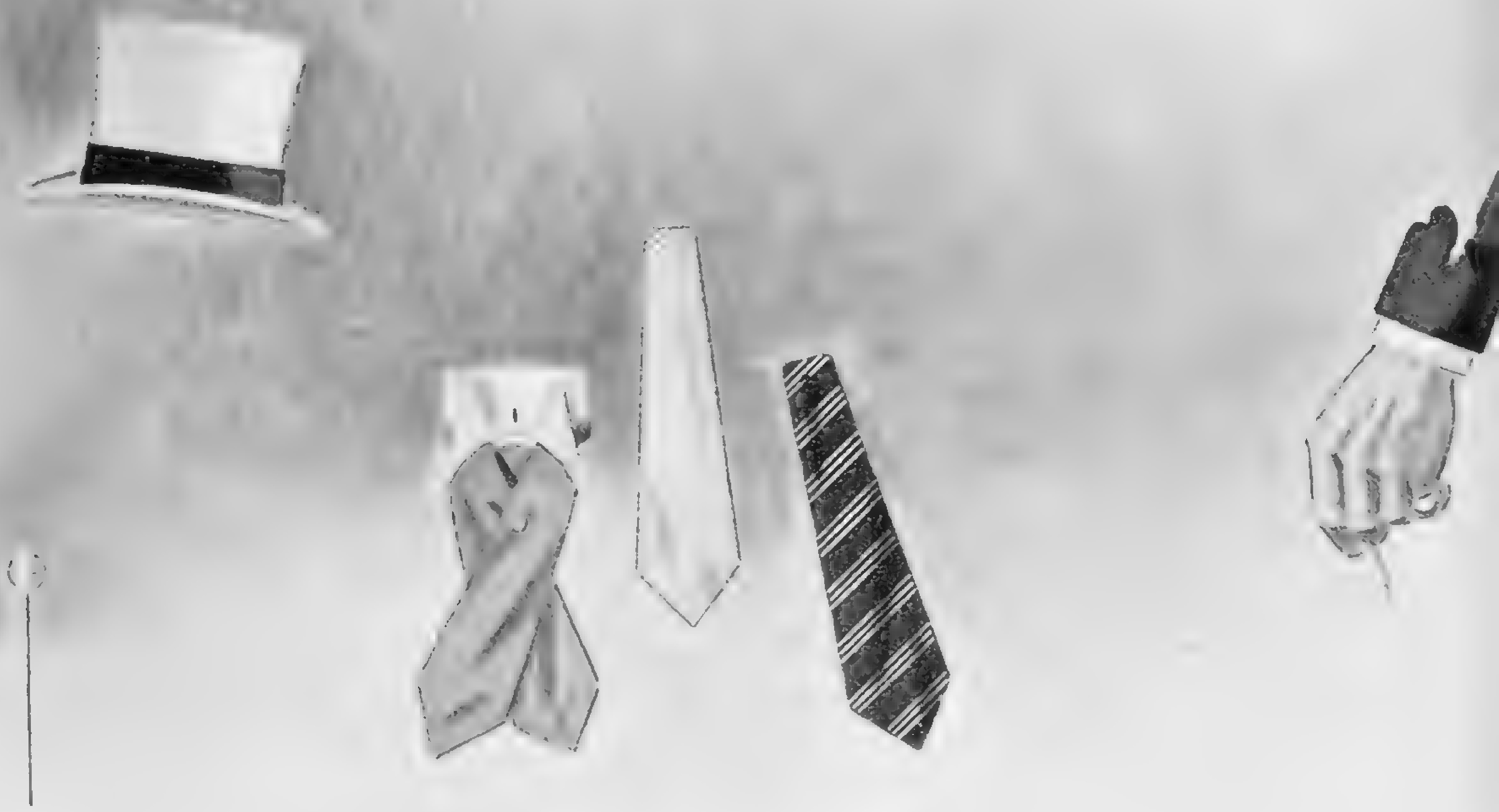
An old wedding custom:

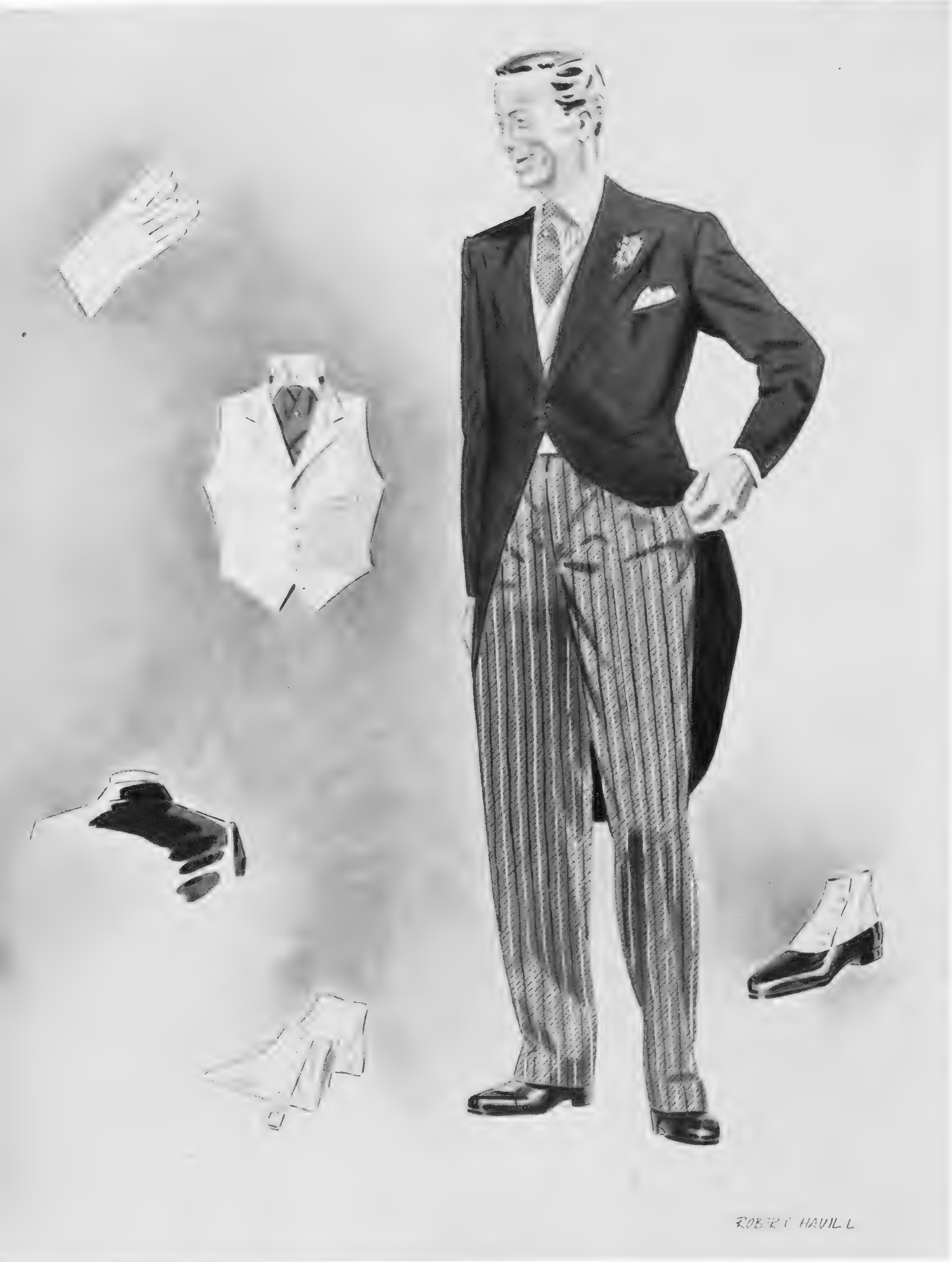
The groom generally presents gifts to his best man and ushers. The best man gets the prize of the selection, gifts to the ushers being identical. Many men's shops have a special gift box for ushers, including a wing collar, an Ascot tie, and white gloves and spats. This insures the ushers presenting a uniform appearance.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)








ROBERT HAVILL

See the Beautiful Flames

Continued from page 89

of me from now on, won't you?"

"Fred?"

"Yeah?"

"Wouldn't it be funny if we got to likin' it too? Maybe that's why I get afraid. Maybe I'll get to likin' it more 'an she does."

Fred put his head in his hands, drawing the finger tips tightly across his temples. "You poor crazy bastard," he sighed. "You poor ignorant bastard! Why in hell did I ever get you into it?"

II

The three of them moved silently between the two buildings. The night was bright and the light from the autumn moon streamed into the narrow passageway. The buildings looked bleak and solemn in the stillness. Once they had been painted a dark gray. The paint had peeled and brown weather-beaten boards showed. All that remained of the paint was colorless blotches.

"You're sure no one lives here?" whispered Fred.

"Yes," said the woman.

"I don't like it. It's too quiet."

"I told you that the buildings have been condemned," said the woman.

"All right," he said.

They came to the end of the passageway and stood in a small court, the clear starlit sky making them all plain to each other.

"I wish it was darker," said Fred.

"We'll get caught sure as hell," said Herbie. He spoke as softly as it was possible for him to speak. He had started to tremble and it worried Fred. "Someone saw us come in here! I know they did! I'm afraid!"

"Stop it!" answered Fred. "No one saw us." He took a small package from beneath his coat and placed it on the ground. He ran a hand along the wooden boards. "Dry. It'll go fast."

The woman sank to her knees and untied the package. Three tightly pressed balls of cotton, soaked with kerosene, showed gray-white in the moonlight. A low moan came from the woman's throat. An eager fanatical look was in her eyes. Her mouth became fixed in a set grin. She placed the cotton balls close against the building and raised her right hand. Fred slipped the matches into the waiting hand and remained by her side. Herbie stood in the center of the court, shaking, his short legs wide apart, his buck teeth gleaming, grotesque looking in the light autumn night.

"Don't do it," he said. "It's a bad thing! Don't let her do it, Fred!"

The woman struck the match and held the flame against one of the cotton balls. It began to burn, the flames creeping slowly along the wooden boards. She quickly lit another ball and without turning her head or looking at him, handed the matches to Fred.

"You," she said.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get outta here before *we* get caught!"

"You," she repeated firmly.

"All right."

Reluctantly he struck a match and threw it beside the last ball, not looking to see if it caught fire. The woman remained on her knees, watched the flames, infatuated, motionless, a wild look in her eyes, the set grin still around her mouth.

"This will be better than any of the others," she said. Her voice was no longer grave and assured, nor filled with shyness; a crazed delirious tone had taken their place.

The flames were eating their way upward, biting into the dry wood, making a sound like sticky cards rubbed together. Herbie jumped from one foot to another like an excited child.

"It's burnin' good!" he cried. "What're we stayin' here for?"

Fred placed his hands under the woman's arms and lifted her to her feet. Her body was rigid. He forced her face away from the fire until their eyes met. Looking directly at her, close, he could not believe (as he had not really believed the other times like this) that she was the woman he had talked to in the Park six weeks before; the quiet woman he had listened to without any amazement or anger, only feeling a pity he could not understand, and allowing that pity, combined with her gentle forcefulness and his own desperateness, to persuade him to do the thing she asked. But now that pity was gone. It had died the first night they had done a thing like this.

"Come on," he said. "We gotta get outta here."

She shook her head, troubled, as though she were throwing off a bad dream. The madness left her eyes and turned into one of fear. Beneath the terror lay craftiness and cunning. She took a last look at the fire and forced herself to walk toward the street. The two men followed her, Herbie tightly holding Fred's hand. The woman stopped when she came to the street and remained hidden in the passageway. She opened her purse and gave the money to Fred without counting it

"It's all there," she said.

He felt the shame in her voice, a shame that only came after they were through. He took the money, feeling the same disgust for himself that he had felt the other times, the same mounting hatred for her. He glanced quickly up and down the street and stepped out into the open.

"Come on," he said.

The fire was burning into the passageway, lighting it clearly. They heard the wood crackle and the roar increase as the flames swept upward and around the walls. Soon they would hunger for the sky, leap with great bursts toward the heavens, making the bright night crystal day, a thing of horrible beauty. Soon there would be the sound of fast approaching sirens. The woman stepped upon the street and turned left, not looking at the men or saying anything. They walked in the opposite direction, hurriedly, silently except for Herbie's heavy breathing.

III

The woman stood as she had the other times, with her back against the door. Her face was worried and agitated. The quiet assurance she had once possessed was gone. Defeat showed in her eyes, and her voice, gentle and low, was hesitant and uncertain:

"I didn't know if you would still be here. I can't tell you—"

"Hold it!" Fred said hurriedly. He nodded toward Herbie.

The woman closed her mouth tightly and rubbed the palms of her hands against the door. The expression on Fred's face, his voice, the whole feeling of the room made her uneasy.

Herbie got up from the cot and walked toward her. "Tell her, Fred. Tell her we ain't goin' with her anymore! Tell her we're gonna get outta this town!"

Fred did not answer; only watched the woman, his face drawn, feeling as though a stream of ice water had suddenly been released inside his body. Herbie reached for the door knob.

"I'm goin' out like Fred told me to do," he said.

The woman did not move. "You can stay," she said.

"Let him go," Fred said.

She stepped forward, allowing room for the door to open. She followed Herbie with her eyes, not wanting him to go, sensing safety in his presence. The door closed and they waited until they no longer heard his footsteps.

"He doesn't know?" she asked.

"No," said Fred. "He can't read and I wouldn't tell him."

"It was a mistake. I don't know how it happened. It won't again."

"The mistake was your comin' here. I didn't think you'd have the guts. I wished a thousand times that I knew where to find you. You should've waited another day. We'd have been gone."

"It won't happen again," she repeated.

"You're right. It won't!"

Looking directly into his eyes she knew a fear unlike any other she had known in her life. "Don't look at me like that," she said. "I couldn't help it."

He sat quietly in the chair and when he spoke there was little movement from his lips: "Three people were killed in that fire—a woman and two children. *I* helped kill them!"

The fear was now around her heart, pressing like a tightly closed hand. "You wouldn't do anything to me. You wouldn't get away with it."

He spoke wearily, as though he were expelling a breath he had been holding: "Maybe not. I don't care."

"I'll make it up to you. I'll do anything you say."

All bitterness left him, the anger dead, leaving him coldly logical. His voice was low, calm. There was no menace in it, just an intense sincerity, meaning what it said:

"If I let you go, you'd only do it again! You might think you would not, but you would. You might be lucky and get a couple of other guys like me and Herbie. And maybe someday, somebody'd find you out and they'd have you put away for awhile, but in time you'd be out to start the whole thing over again. You'd be willin' to go out again tonight if I said the word."

Looking into the dark brooding face she knew there was no mercy in it, knew there was no use to say anything. The voice went on, hard, cold, meaning what it said:

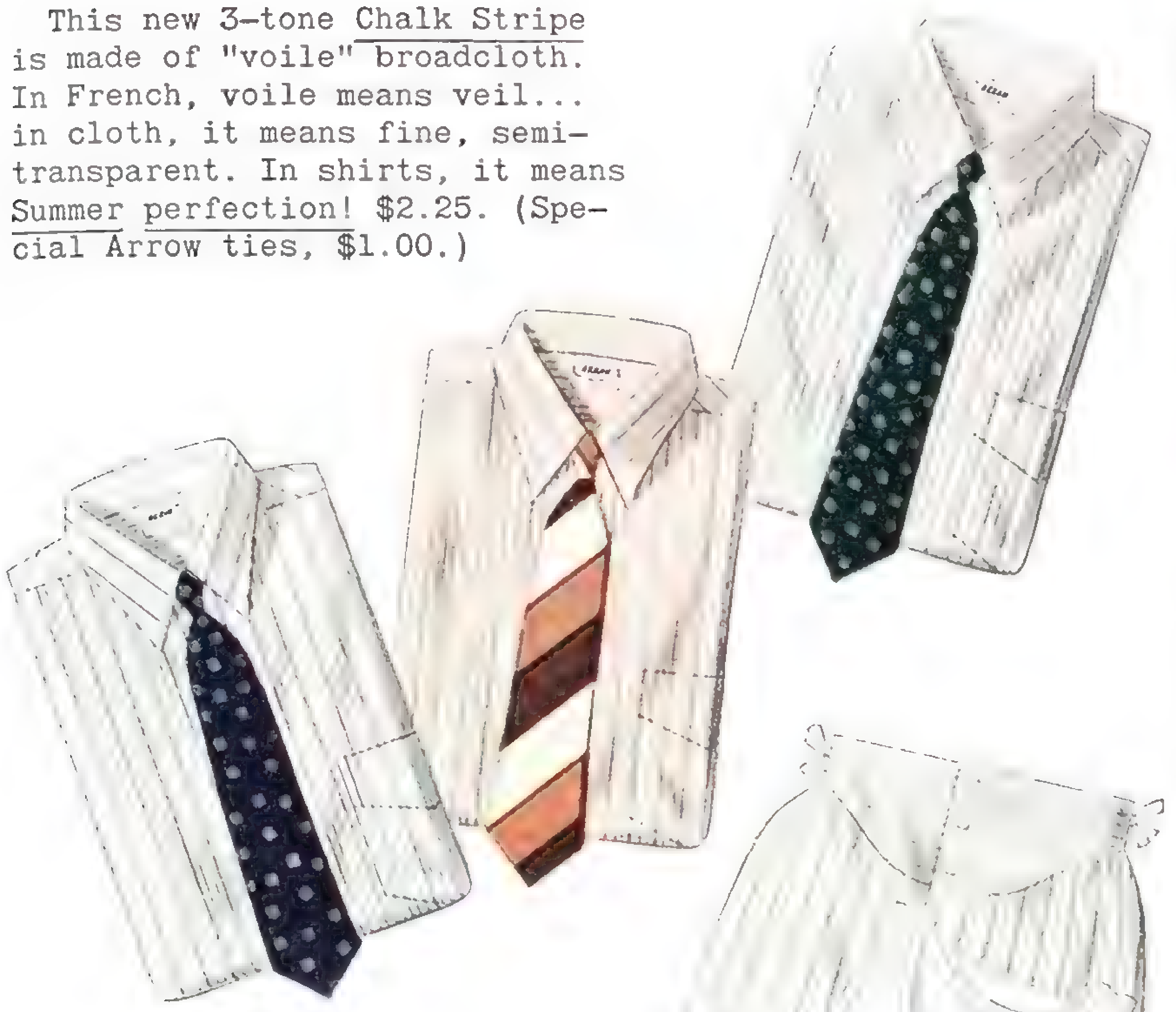
"I'd never feel good with you in the world. I don't want people to die like that woman and them kids did. You'll be better off where you're goin'."

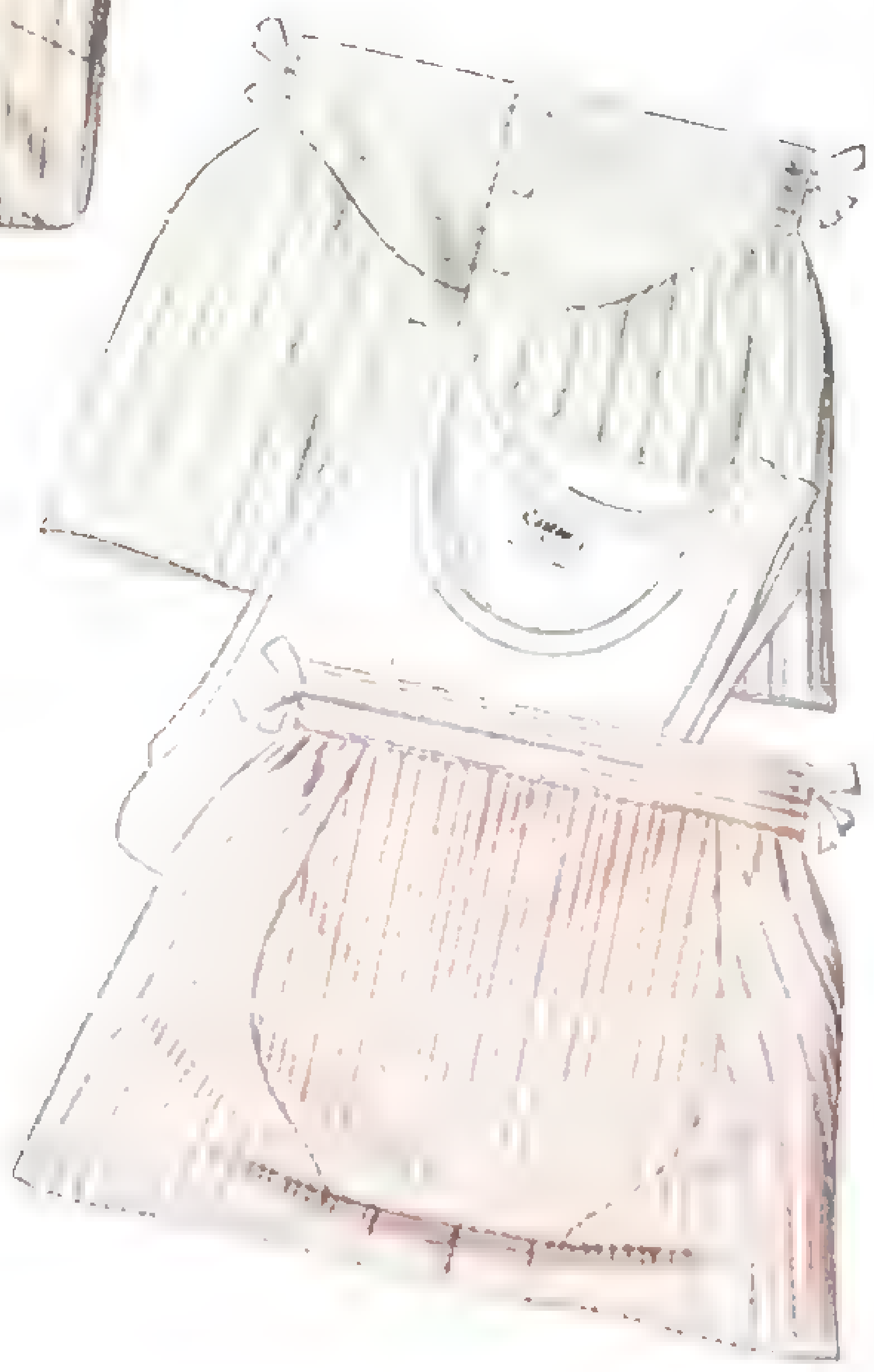
She saw a hand and in the hand was gleaming metal, smooth and sleek. In a pleading gesture she put her own hand forward. She opened her mouth to scream. The terror lodged somewhere deep within her and was never given. She felt a sharp pain in her stomach and with the pain was a noise that burst around her head like thunder. She wanted to fall, to lie upon the floor. Bent over, it was difficult to straighten up. She rested against the door, looking out at the dark face before her, at the gleaming metal in a hand that now shook. She wanted to tell him so many things, wanted him to know that she did not regret what was happening to her, now that it was happening. The hand became steady and there was another noise like the first, and more pain. All the lights in the room seemed suddenly to have been turned out and she was surrounded by darkness. She felt herself falling, and before her knees touched the floor there came a third blast, only this one she did not feel nor hear.

Fred remained in the chair, looking at the woman, her arms stretched above her head, her asleep-face with no marks upon it, wondering about the things he had wondered about hundreds of times before: who she was, where she lived, if she were married or had a family, feeling that he had done the right thing. Suddenly he felt tired and lonely. He got up, put on his hat and coat and went through the door without disturbing the position of the woman. The house and street were quiet. He could not understand it. There had been so much noise in the room. He walked slowly, breathing in the late autumn air. In the distance he saw Herbie leaning against a drug store, the place he had told him to wait if the woman ever came to see them again. They met before he reached the corner. He took Herbie's arm and began walking faster, getting away from the house where they had lived, to leave this town forever. #

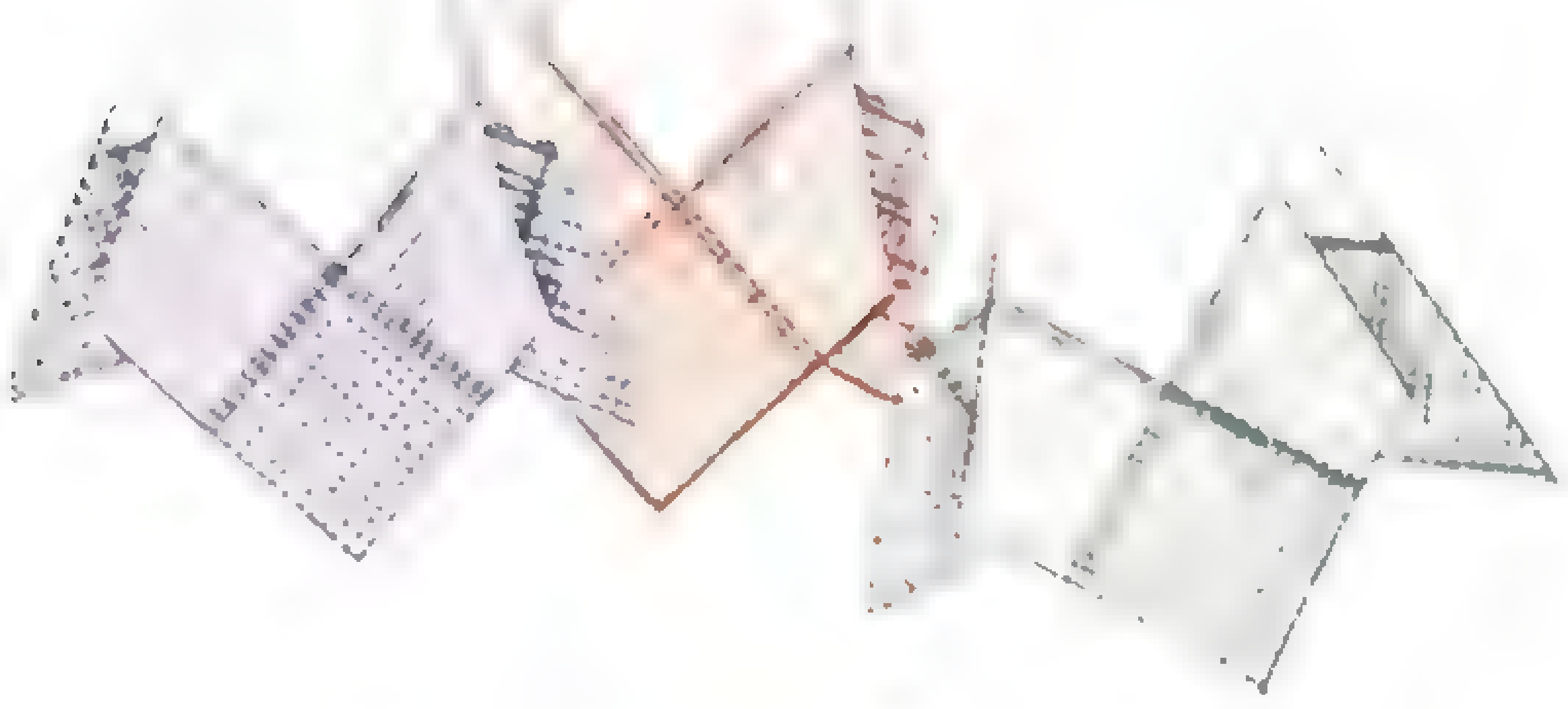
Arrow's Choice for this Month...Chalk Stripes

This new 3-tone Chalk Stripe is made of "voile" broadcloth. In French, voile means veil... in cloth, it means fine, semi-transparent. In shirts, it means Summer perfection! $2.25. (Special Arrow ties, $1.00.)





SHORT SHORT STORY: You'll never find more comfortable shorts than Arrows. They're roomier, have no maddening center seam. Moral: get Arrow shorts today. Chalk Stripes, same material as the shirts, only 65¢. Tops, 50¢.



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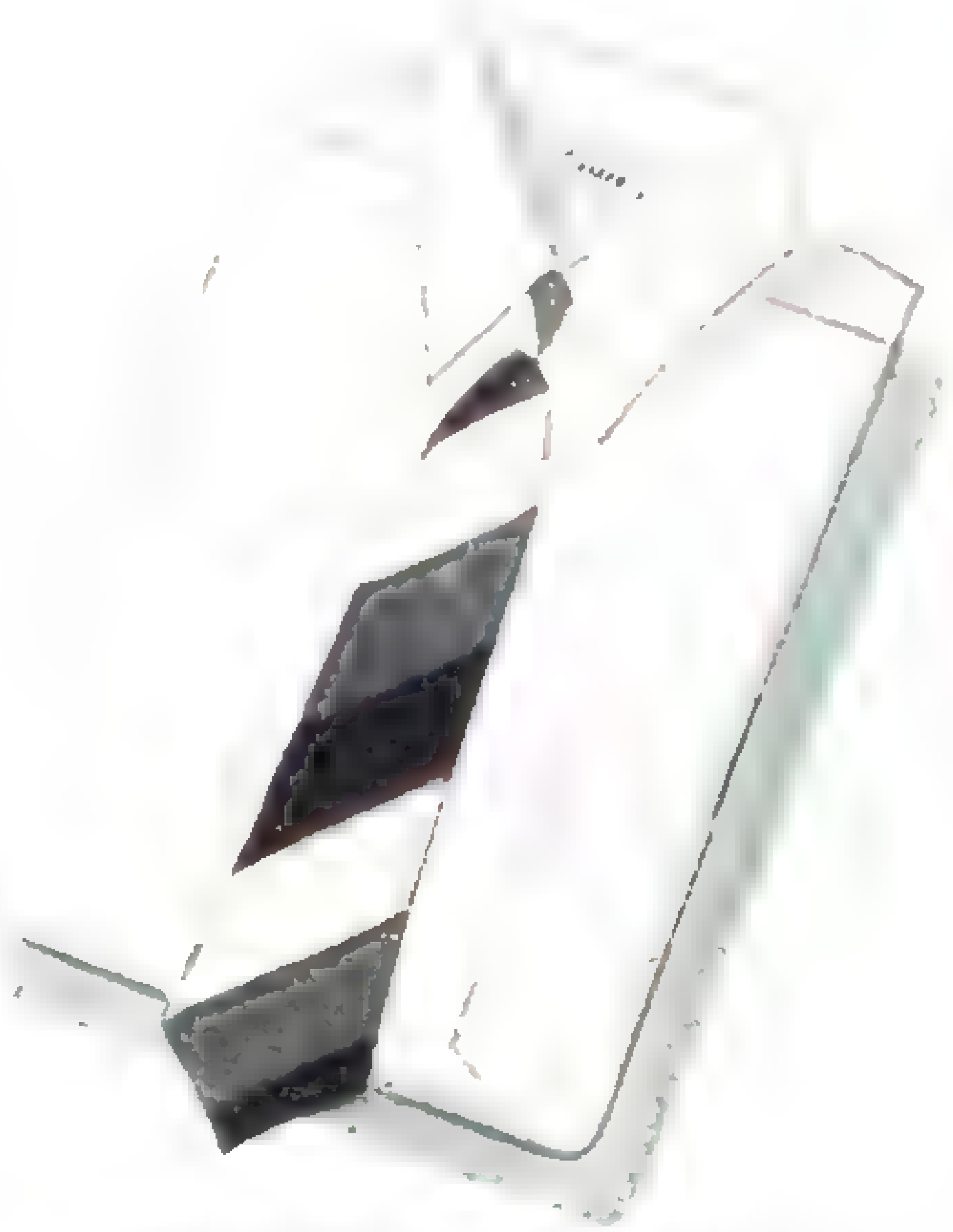

No man's wardrobe is complete without an Arrow HITT—its collar looks starched, but feels as comfortable as a soft collar. $2.

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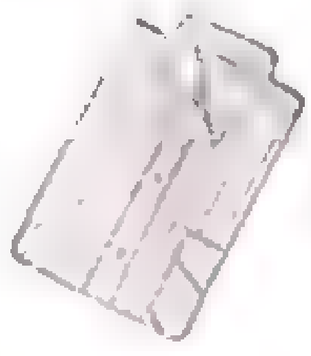
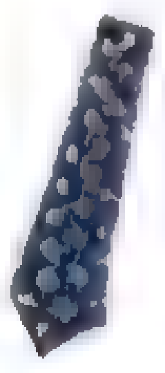
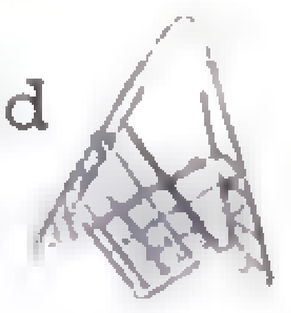
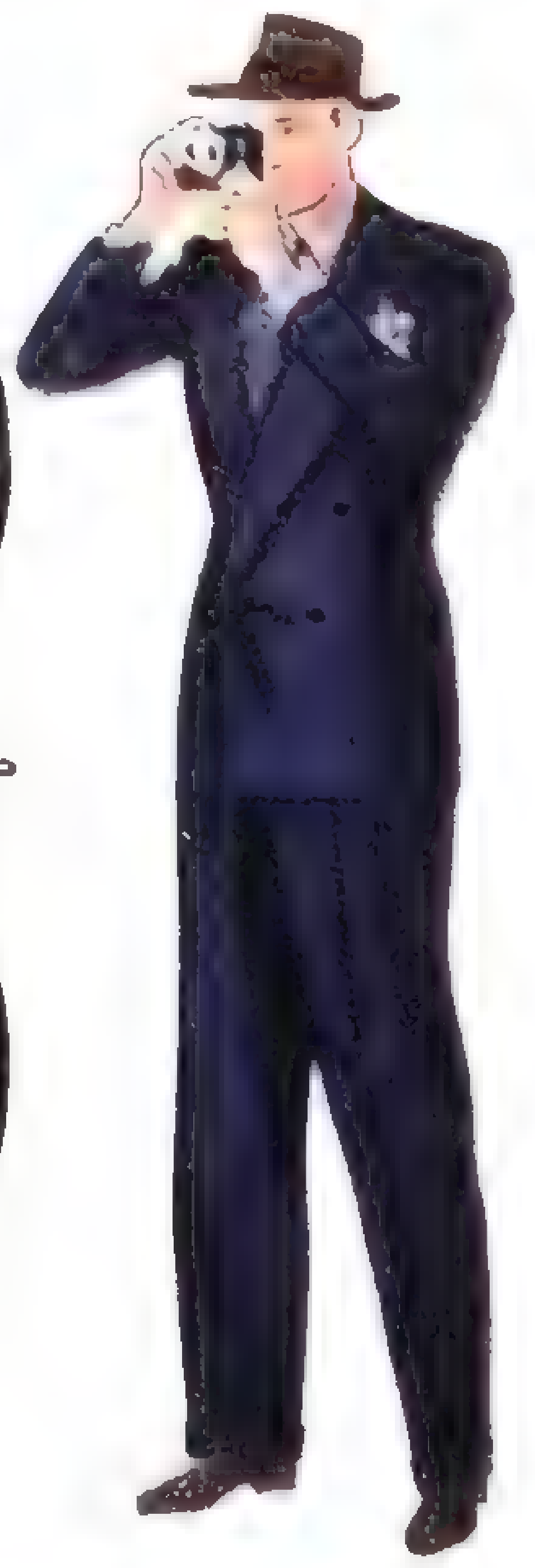
With blue suit

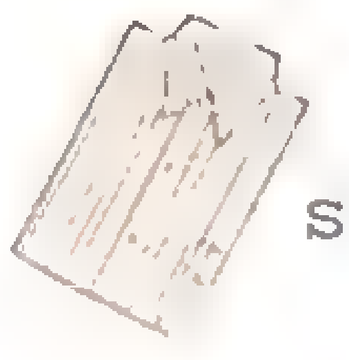
wear  shirt,

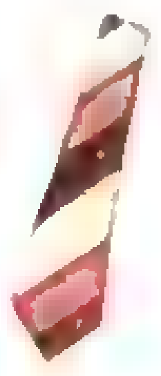
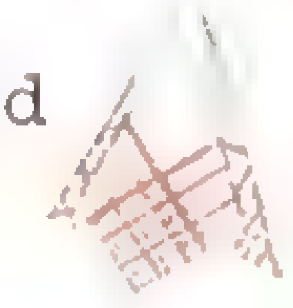
 tie, and 

handkerchief.



With gray outfit

wear  shirt,

 tie, and 

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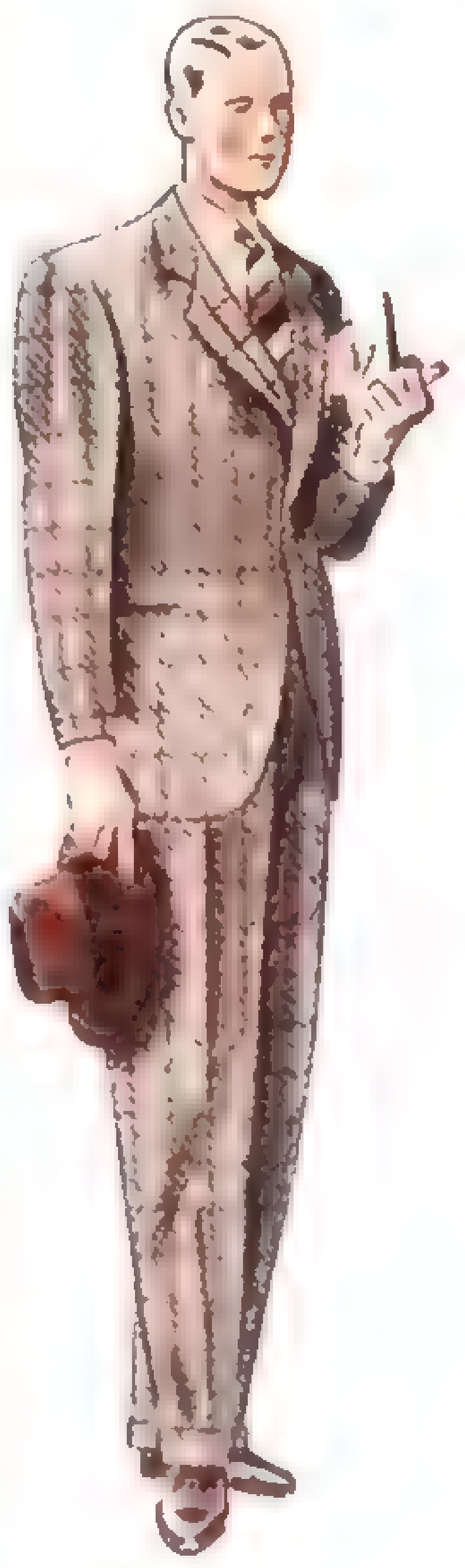
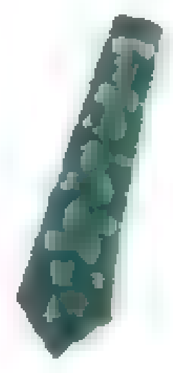


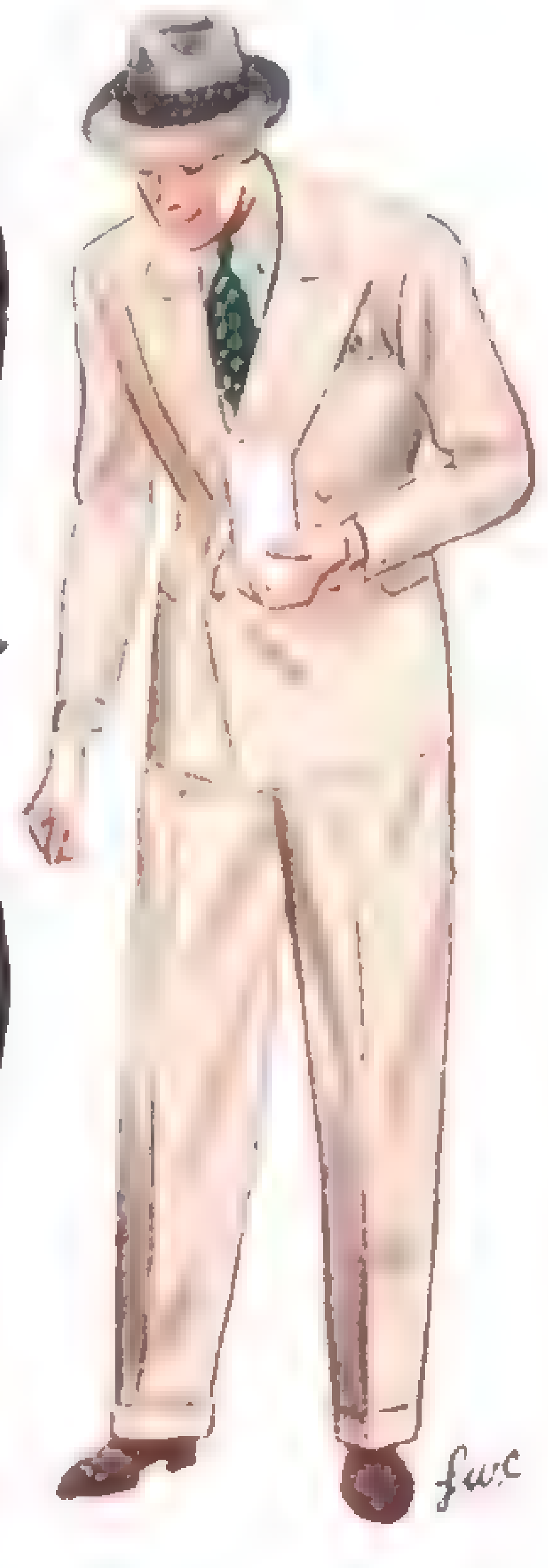
With

natural gabardine

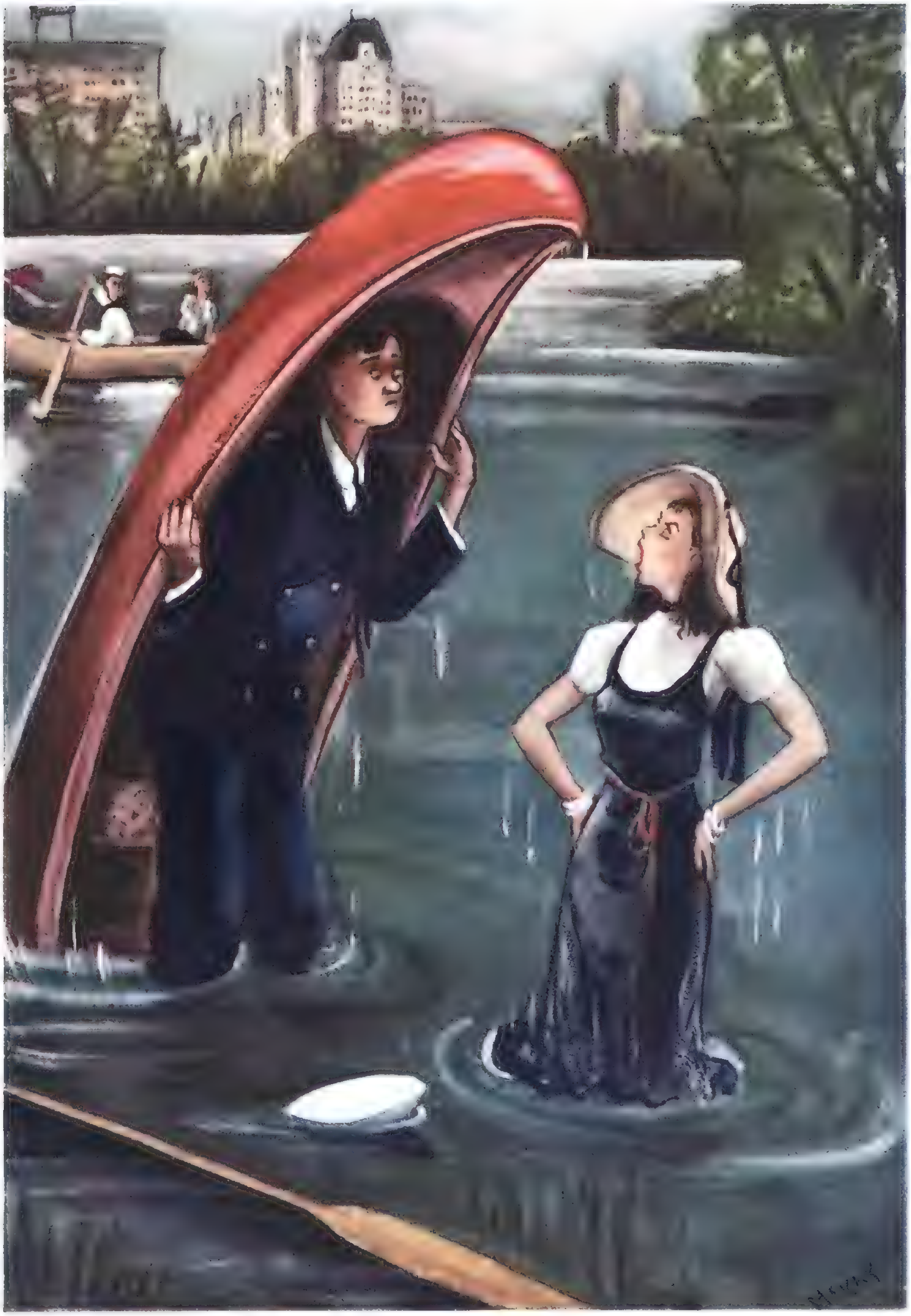
wear shirt,

 tie, and

handkerchief.



The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer—tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.



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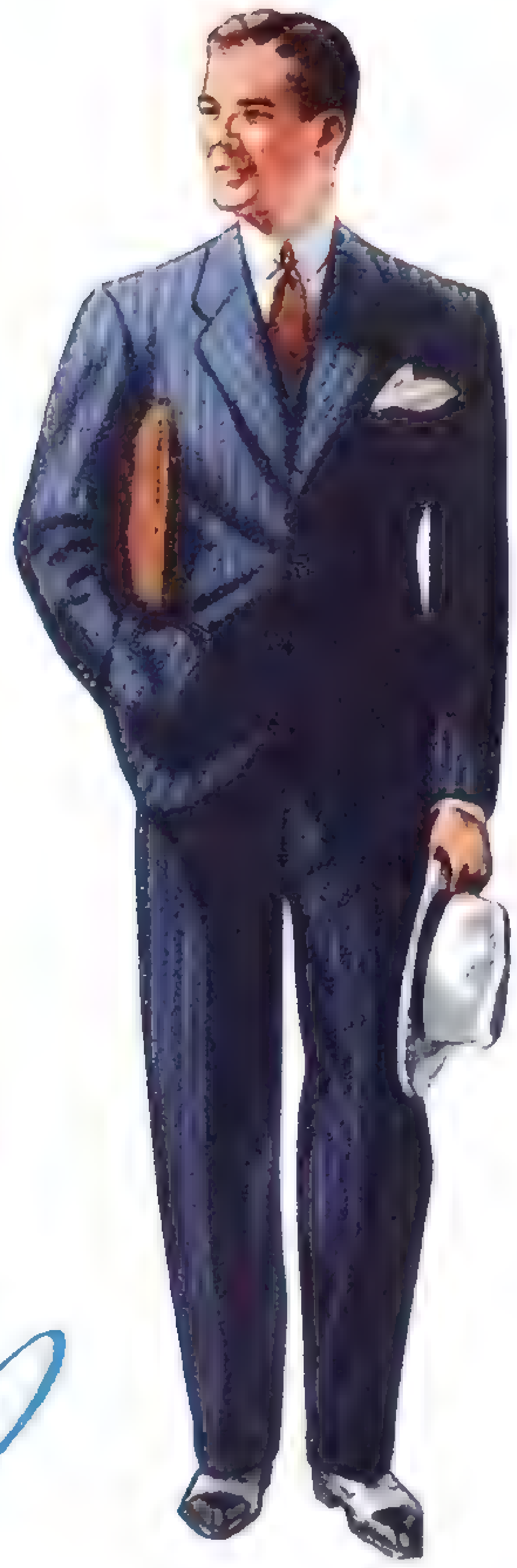

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RIVERCOOL

How to Launch a Bride

Continued from page 92

brate. Now come the mellow years of contemplation and philosophy.

The first official anniversary, the wooden, has a fortunate break. The 1933 vintages are coming on the market and are said by experts to rank up with the golden years of the past. For the end of your dinner you can have recourse to liqueurs which have no particular relation to age, or even some of the younger brandy.

The etiquette charts that designated the wedding anniversaries need a lot of modification. Jumping from the fifth to the tenth, the tin anniversary, you would miss some choice drinking. Take for instance the very good year of Burgundies of 1934, such as Clos Vougeot, Chambertin, Romanée Conti, the Musigny Les Amoureuses of 1933, or the Grands Echezeaux of 1930. A pause may be made at this juncture for a great variety of Scotch that has become sufficiently mellowed. And there are many experts who will tell you that bourbon and rye reach their full maturity at eight years.

For the tenth anniversary there is a generous choice. Good brandy may be had of that age, much of the Scotch boasts of ten as the age of discretion and, of course, rye and bourbon have added dignity at that age. Rum, too, when kept in old casks, has a mellowness that is special at ten years. As for the Bordeaux, the 1929 wines have matured superbly, are very scarce and would make a fine gift. There is the ever-popular Chateau-Margaux, Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, Chateau Latour. In the Burgundies, 1929 was known as one of the best years of the century. There are at least a dozen, any one of which would make a prized gift, even to yourself. There are several Chambertins of high order, delightful Richebourgs, especially Vieux Cepages, and a Romanée Conti that will cost you well on to fifteen dollars a bottle but is worth it.

If you are married you are supposed to skip the eleventh anniversary. We don't know why. But if you like fine things of life you had better take time out for the eleventh anniversary of anything. For the year of 1928 was a glorious one in the champagnes. Of the several superb brands there are still a few bottles left of that vintage. It was also a remarkable year in the Bordeaux and Burgundy countries, the sun falling the exact number of days and there being a clear harvest. We advise you, if you wish to remember a lady graciously, send her a bottle of Chateau Yquem of that year.

The less said about the next bracket the better. If you are scheduled for a twelfth year celebration, better borrow a wine from the previous year or choose one of the aging whiskies.

The figure thirteen can't be unlucky for celebrants. For that takes you right back to the glorious '26, almost as famous a year as the '28 for champagnes and Burgundies. How about a bottle of Moulin-a-Vent, or Les Gaudichots, or Clos Vougeot with your anniversary dinner to precede the champagne and brandy?

Skipping lightly down to your fifteenth occasion for a celebration, we recommend that you emphasize the whiskies and the brandies for your celebrations. All the time they have been taking on an added bouquet, whereas the wines of the intervening years were not so notable. Borrow your champagnes from the other years and be content with more merit and less sentiment.

At your sixteenth anniversary there is time to pause and decide what you want to do about champagnes. For at sixteen most champagnes have seen their best years and go into rapid decline. Sometimes they are saved by rebottling but few bottles available for commercial uses are left. Those that remain are usually in private cellars and need not concern you. '23 was a splendid year for Burgundies and we advise a Grands Echezeaux, a Corton or Richebourg of that vintage.

For your seventeenth anniversary there is a Fonseca Port from the year 1922 that should be included at the end of your meal or by a gift of a bottle to your friend remarking that year. On the eighteenth, we advise a Chateau Yquem of '21, an exceptionally fine year for the white Bordeaux. For the nineteenth, the emphasis should be on the Bordeaux of 1920, a splendid year. Try a Chateau Latour or Chateau Cos d'Estournel. And for after dinner, or as a gift, remember that many authorities consider a twenty-year-old brandy at its best.

There is a legend in some of the wine regions of France that if the white grapes have a good year there is no chance of war that twelvemonth. And a heavy, lush harvest of the dark grapes is supposed to be an ominous warning. True or not, the year of 1915 is still known as the great war year of the Côte d'Or. For the proper observance of two dozen years of something, we suggest a Pommard, Les Epenots of 1915.

Speaking of the last big war, there is an interesting story about cellars. Belgium, which used to use more fine wine than even France or Russia, was noted for its cellars, which helped delicate wines to age. When the German army approached Liége in 1914, the best wines were concealed in the subcellar of a brewery. Evidently the soldiers were content with the brew they found in the first layer of potables for the precious wines were never discovered. This *cachet de Liége* was later auctioned in London and found its way around the world to hotels with special wine lists, dealers and private connoisseurs. So for some very special occasion you might pick up a bottle of Musigny, 1911, a Clos Vougeot, 1907, a Chambertin, 1906.

If you have memories, or friends, that call for celebrations past the two-score years' span, you are indeed fortunate. Any of the better liquor dealers will gladly help you out. As a suggestion there is a precious Chateau Haut-Brion, a Cheval Blanc, a Chateau Brane-Cantenas, a Chateau Petrus, all of 1906. There is also a Brane-Cantenas of 1900 as well as a Chateau Latour of that year. The Chateau Margaux of 1899 are sometimes sold at auctions but you can pick up one now and then for around twenty dollars. And if you want to make a grand impression there is a Chateau Haut-Brion of 1874 that is known as one of the magnificent vintages, priced around twenty-five dollars.

There are other curiosities that dealers will be glad to show you. Each house has its specialty, rare items that they have picked up here and there. By this we do not mean the various unauthenticated "Napoleon" brandies of doubtful origins. If you know your brand and demand your label you will be protected on these rare items as you are on the ordinary items of commerce. There are some excellent bourbons and ryes that date from 1901. Scotches, as a rule, do not run as old due to the intervening Dry Era but some are fifteen and twelve years old and favored by the portly men. There is one Scotch thirty-three years old as low as twelve dollars. Original Green Chartreuse, bottled in France before 1903, sells for ninety-five dollars a bottle. The Yellow Chartreuse sells for one hundred and twenty-five. One hundred-year-old brandy may be had for thirty-three dollars, and some Armagnac for forty. There is an Imperial Sherry, on the liqueur side by now, which sells for twenty-four dollars.

Along the rue de Rivoli in Paris, there used to be a bodega where you could sample Ports all the way back for half a century. There was a legend that old gentlemen favored the Port of their birth and some experts claimed they could tell by a certain redness of the nose just what year the customer was born. We skipped a few years and didn't seem to get any stiffer in the joints. What has become of the bodega we don't know. Something like that is needed in this country now that the American wines have come of age and the American public is learning again about what to like and what to pass by. We know of an American Port, laid down forty-five years ago, jealously guarded and renewed for shrinkage during Prohibition. It can still be had and is a fine tipple to add the after-glow to an excellent meal. A bottle of it makes a practical and thoughtful gift to an appreciative friend; whether in or out of bed.

Correspondence from London anent the razing of Anderton's in Fleet Street, famous rendezvous for most of the anniversaries of the British Isle, reminds us that America is peculiarly lacking in places in which to celebrate. Let an American say to his wife, "Let's celebrate our anniversary at Smith's Café," and when they arrive at the address, all they find is a new skyscraper, a hole in the ground, a garage or a sheriff's notice. You have to be quick on the trigger if you wish to be sentimental about old dining places. Visitors to London will miss Anderton's. It was undoubtedly the oldest tavern in London. There is a record of it since 1385; it was the best spot in Shakespeare's day, the writing boys going to the Mermaid for economic reasons. During the last fifty years, Fleet Street has become sophisticated, yet Anderton's held its own as the official banquet place for all Scots, Welshmen and provincials who came in for anniversaries ranging all the way from cricket matches to the Premature Burial Society's Annual. An office building will replace the Inn where the great and the common dined and drank for five and a half centuries.

* * *

Last summer there was a wave of *vichychoisse* flooding the better restaurants. It was a sort of refinement of the old potato soup your grandmother used to make. We had so many inquiries about it that we secured from J. P. Barrere, of the New Weston Hotel, the recipe for the best sample we encountered. It is especially recommended for the warm months.

Vichychoisse

(Recipe for six persons)

Set 6 leeks, sliced, 1 small sliced onion, 2 medium-sized potatoes, sliced, 2 spoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt to taste, in a covered saucepan; place over a slow fire in order to cook slowly until the whole is reduced to the consistency of a paste. (Be sure not to brown.) When ready put through a sieve, add one quart of chicken or beef consomme; mix well and allow to cool off. Then add 1 cup of sour cream; again mix and place in the refrigerator. When serving, sprinkle lightly with chopped chives.

A correspondent writes that one of his favorite dishes, broiled pigs feet, he is unable to find in the great city of New York. Ordinary pigs feet, he disdains but tells of some marvelous dish he has enjoyed on the Pacific Coast. After some research we obtain from Captain Harvey Delano, U.S.N., the recipe for pigs' feet as served at the famous Pierre's, San Francisco:

Broiled Pigs' Feet

Soak them for 8 hours in water. Drain. Place them in a saucepan with cold water, seasoning, and some raw vegetables. Boil for 5 to 6 hours. Remove and cut each foot in two parts. Wet the surface with a brush dipped in melted butter. Roll in very fine bread crumbs and broil them for 15 to 20 minutes over a moderate fire, preferably a charcoal fire.

World of Tomorrow Punch

Use an extra large bowl. 1 and ½

Continued at top of page 108

How to Launch a Bride

Continued from pages 92-107

pounds of loaf sugar are rubbed on the yellow skins of 4 fine lemons and 2 oranges until the colored parts of the fruit have been rubbed into the sugar. Place in the bowl slices of 1 pineapple, 1 dozen fine oranges, sliced, 1 box of strawberries, 2 bottles of the best sparkling water, and mix these ingredients thoroughly. Now add ½ gill of Maraschino, ½ gill of Curaçao, ½ gill of Benedictine, ½ gill of Rum, 1 bottle of Brandy, 6 bottles of Champagne, 4 bottles of Tokay wine, 2 bottles Madeira, 4 bottles fine Claret, and mix well with ladle. Strain through a very fine sieve into a clean bowl surrounded with ice. Serve in wine glasses. (The gill is ¼ pint.)

Champagne Cup

Carve and shave a piece of ice 8 inches long so it will stand in a pitcher and leave 1½ inch space all around. In this space place 3 round slices of orange, 3 round slices of pineapple, and preserved cherries in between. 3 long slices of fresh cucumber rind are next put in place. Now add 1 bottle of Champagne, and 2 ponies each of Brandy and Benedictine, and stir. Fresh mint is used as top decoration.

Rum Punch

Into a bowl put ½ cup granulated sugar and juice of 4 large grapefruit. Stir to dissolve the sugar and add 1 bottle of Rum, 4 oz. Brandy and 4 oz. of Benedictine, 2 teaspoons of Bitters, and the juice of 1 lime. Stir well and add ½ nutmeg grated and the peeling of 1 lime.

Brandy Punch

Mix 3 quarts of Brandy, ½ pint dark Rum and 1 gill of Curaçao. Add 1 gallon of water, ice, and Falernum to taste. Also add the juice of 6 lemons, 3 oranges, sliced, 1 pineapple, sliced, and 2 gills of raspberries. Let stand and serve very cold.

Lil Naue

½ Cognac
⅓ Port Wine
⅓ Apricot Brandy
1 teaspoon Sugar
1 Lemon Peel
Yolk of Egg

Shake well with cracked ice and serve with cinnamon on top.

Nugent

2 ounces Rum
1 teaspoon Sugar
½ white of Egg
Juice of ½ Lemon

Shake well with ice and strain.

Harpo's Special

2 ounces Rum
1 drop Bitters
½ teaspoon Curaçao
Juice ½ Lemon
½ teaspoon Sugar.

Shake well and strain.

Kiss the Boys Goodbye

½ Sloe Gin
½ Brandy
½ white of Egg
Juice of 1 Lemon

Shake very well with plenty of ice and strain.

Old-Fashioned, But Special

1 complete Lemon Peel
squeezed into glass
½ teaspoon Sugar
½ teaspoon Curaçao
2 ounces Whiskey

Shake well but do not strain and serve in glass garnished with slices of pineapple, orange and cherries.

Sensation

⅔ Port Wine
⅓ Brandy
Twist of Lemon peel

Stir well and serve.

San Martin

⅓ dry Gin
⅓ dry Vermouth
⅓ sweet Vermouth
1 teaspoon Anisette
1 drop Bitters

Stir with cracked ice, strain into glass, first wetting the brim with lemon and sugar.

Brown Derby

2 parts dark Rum
1 teaspoon Maple Sugar
Juice 1 Lime

Shake well and serve.

Vermouth

2 ounces Italian Vermouth
1 teaspoon Amer Picon
½ teaspoon Curaçao
1 dash Bitters
1 Lemon Peel
1 small sprig Mint
½ teaspoon Sugar

Shake well with cracked ice, and serve with Cherry.

Vermouth Special

½ teaspoon Sugar
1 Lemon Peel squeezed
into glass
1 dash Bitters
1 sprig Mint
½ teaspoon Curaçao
1 teaspoon Amer Picon
2 ounces Italian Vermouth
1 ounce Whiskey

Shake well with ice, strain, serve.

Texsun Cocktail

2 parts Rye Whiskey
1 part French Vermouth
1 part Texsun Grapefruit
Juice

Shake well with ice and serve with Cherry.

Texsun Collins

1 jigger Gin
Juice ½ Texsun Grapefruit
1 tablespoon Honey

Stir well, add ice and fill tall glass with soda.

Texsun Special

2 parts Gin
1 part Cognac
1 part French Vermouth
Dash of Cointreau
Juice ½ Grapefruit

Shake well with ice and serve.

Texsun Ranger

¼ Texsun Grapefruit
1 teaspoon Maraschino
⅓ sweet Vermouth
⅓ dry Vermouth
⅓ dry Gin

Shake well with ice, strain and serve with a few Almonds. ###

Petermen's Saint

Continued from page 59

freeze a brass monkey's posterior.

Only recently Blizzard had blasted a pete in a Dakota mining camp during a bitter snow storm. Pursued by a trainload of possemen, he had made his getaway on a handcar, using nitroglycerine to oil the stiffened gears and bathe his frostbitten feet. He claimed many medicinal properties for his soup and always carried a pint of it in a whisky flask, from which habit may have arisen the story that he drank it and touched off cribs by blowing his breath through the cracks in the door jambs.

Blizzard had several good personal reasons for wanting to keep peace in Toledo. His dogs were so tender that he could hardly walk, and his body so huge that no policeman could fail to identify him. He had found, too, that the bulls, notoriously lacking in a sense of humor, were as much annoyed by fables of his greatness as his actual crimes. They were always throwing him into a cell and refusing him anything to drink, offering as an excuse the old yarn that he had escaped from Walla Walla by drinking the prison fountain dry and using a natural function of the body to wash a hole through a ten-foot granite wall.

There was in Montana Blizzard as in most other yeggs a strain of political idealism that had never before appeared among criminals. As soon as he understood the Golden Rule through the interpretations given it by Singer and Downey he was for Sam Jones, sledge hammer and bottle. Under the peace plan finally adopted by the underworld he became a kind of provost marshal with the scatter-keepers acting as a court with unlimited authority to enforce the law of hospitality. Word went out that it would be too bad for any crook who practiced his profession in Toledo.

Yeggdom, democratic as well as individualistic, jealous of craft secrets and proud of its standing in the world of thievery, was loath to recognize any big shots with power of life and death, but the Blizzard, as its hero, managed to assume control. The cracksmen, in turn, closed the damper on the pickpockets, prowlers and small-fry thieves.

Toledo, recovering from its hysteria at last, found to its amazement that it had become almost a crimeless city. There was little need for a citizen to lock his house or keep his hand on his pocketbook in a crowded streetcar. Business men noted that more money was in circulation. Insurance companies cut the rates on burglary protection. Nightwatchmen napped in their chairs.

The preachers and newspapers, puzzled for a while by the seeming miracle, presently began to charge that Jones had bargained with the underworld. Other cities took up the cry, claiming that Toledo was harboring the thieves who preyed on them. There was some justice in the out-of-town clamor, for every pete worth cracking in every town within a two-hundred-mile radius of the Bulldog was sooner or later to yield its contents to Blizzard and his fellow craftsmen.

"Good begets good," explained the dreamer in the mayor's office, sublimely unaware of the mechanics by which the yeggmen had made the Golden Rule function. He did not realize either that Johnny Singer's place, with its rather sinister sign of a squat canine with bared fangs turned toward his office, had become the city hall of the lower depths, but even if he had known, it is hardly likely that he would have felt that the law of Christ was a failure or that the thieves were getting better than Christian treatment. Certainly, he would not have denied them.

"I am one with those convicts and prostitutes myself . . ."

Soon after the yeggmen's *coup d'état* Jones used the Whitman line as the theme of a talk with which he opened the Boody House convention of a national lodge founded on the principle of brotherly love. Among the badged and beribboned officers and delegates who listened in varying attitudes of boredom was the warden of a Midwestern pen, who expected to be elected head of the order.

The prison keeper had not the slightest belief in any principles except those of force and punishment, and his stouthouse was reputed to be the toughest in America. Vexed by the mayor's compassionate speech, he ducked out, intending to hoist a few drinks. The Bulldog being convenient, he brushed through the swinging doors and found a place at the crowded bar.

He did not care to meet any fellow lodge members and scanned the backbar mirror for familiar faces. He saw a half-dozen, but they belonged to brothers of the stir, two of whom he had lately flogged and strung up by their thumbs. They had been in solitary cells when he left the prison.

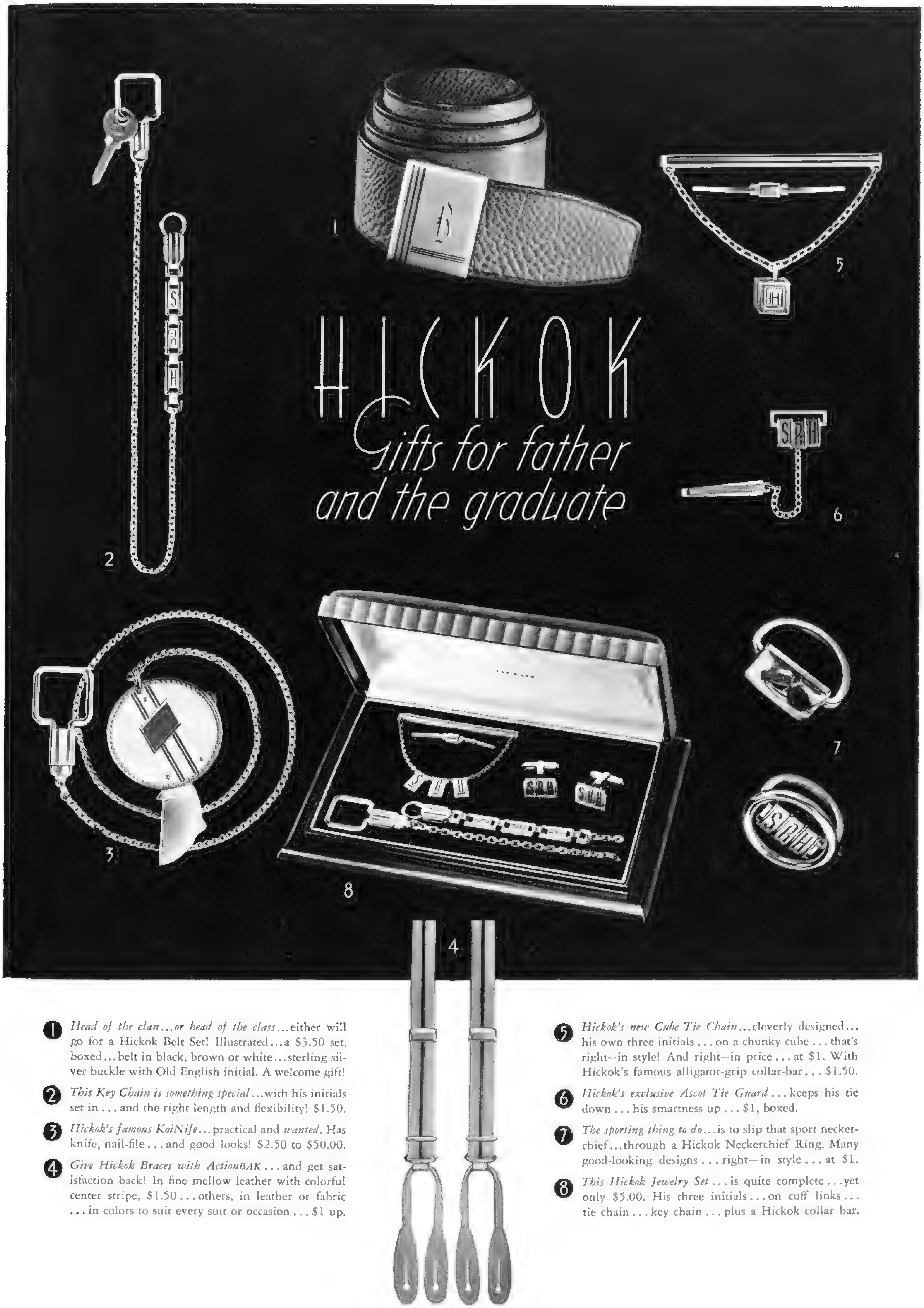
The escaped convicts whose lamis the boys were celebrating recognized the head screw at once, corner-mouthed a message along the bar and began slowly to advance, prison-made shivs in their hands. The warden looked around for help and saw at his back Montana Blizzard, grim and massive. Hopelessly he gripped an empty stein with which to defend himself, experiencing all the terror of the men he had stood on the trap. Then someone poured beer into his mug.

"D'ya see that sign up there, screw?" Blizzard roared. "That's the Golden Rule. Drink to it, you son of a bitch. Drink to Sam Jones and be glad you're in Toledo, because if you wasn't we'd cut your guts out and tie 'em around your neck in a hundred and fifty knots."

The warden drank. He drank to the only law in the world. He drank to the grandest guy since Jesus. And when they finally booted him out the alley door he took the first train back to the security of his high walls and steel gates, the flight costing him the election.

Golden Rule, as an institution of sanctuary for criminals, was now an established fact. The strange city of thieves within a city daily demonstrated new capacities for self-government and a kind of moral strength that grew out of the fact that not one cent in tribute was being paid to the

Continued on page 110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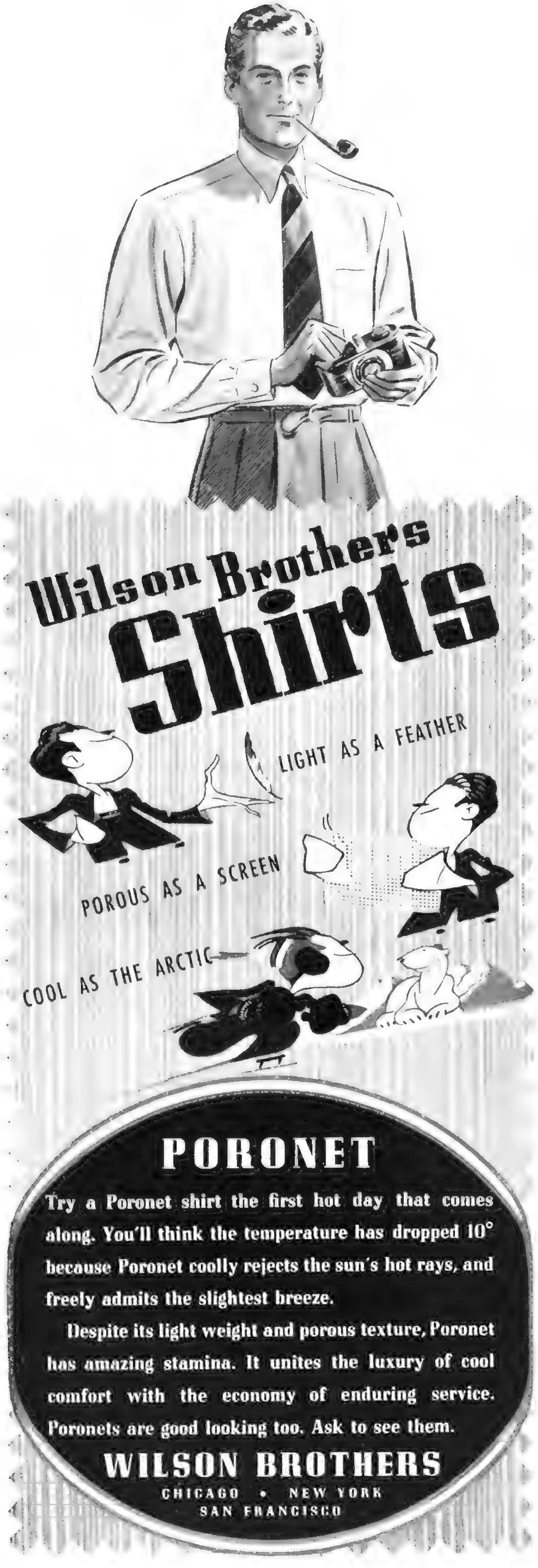

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Petermen's Saint

Continued from pages 59-108

cops and politicians. It asked nothing from Jones and promised nothing, never making any actual contacts with his office.

The shadow city had too much at stake to remain independent in political campaigns. Registering to vote, so many of the burglars adopted the mayor's surname that the First Ward became known as the Jones Ward and its residents as Jones Boys, a term later applied to all yeggmen. As its councilman, the Jones Ward elected Pie Rogers, fated to be kidnaped from his office by Mansfield, Ohio, officers and tried on a charge of cracking a crib in their city hall and stealing municipal bonds.

When Jones came up for re-election, his self-righteous enemies beat the tom-toms again and tried to stir up mob violence. A revivalist bearing the same name as the mayor was imported.

Said the Rev. Sam Jones, devil-thumper: "I believe in the Golden Rule to a certain point and then I believe in shotguns." That was the issue—the stopping point in Christianity.

Always tolerant, the mayor begged his supporters to take the sting out of their replies to the evangelist. Supported by several thousand resident yeggs, he could have slugged and bombed his way to another term in office, but nothing of the sort was attempted by even his most enthusiastic and dangerous followers, although Blizzard and a few pals cooked up a big batch of dynamite juice and vowed to blow the city stone from stone if anyone harmed their Boniface.

In spite of many threats against his life and a strong possibility that some religious fanatic would assassinate him, Jones refused to have a police guard. In the guise of piano movers, Blizzard and a half-dozen other formidable heavies attached themselves to the campaign party.

Music played a large part in the Golden Rule vote drives. Being a Welshman, Jones liked to sing and his songs, which he himself composed, usually had some such refrain as: "Love will rule the wide world o'er."

The job of moving a piano in and out of a dozen halls every night was one for which the petermen were well fitted. Many of the meetings took place above saloons, and as each move called for drinks, they sometimes joined in the singing, favoring the refrain which they brought up from the floor with a tone that had chest-hair.

After the influx of thieves to Toledo had come a flood of young writers, idealists and rebels. Like the yeggs, they worshiped Jones though he had little in common with them. A Golden Rule school of writing grew up around the mayor, producing in Brand Whitlock a successful novelist. Whitlock fervently campaigned for his hero, at the same time gathering material for his stories of crime and politics.

When Jones came up for a third term in 1902 his pulpit-press opposition collapsed. Business men were making money out of the yeggs and wanted them protected. Then, too, a good many folks had become quite proud of their city's distinction as the capital of yeggdom and talked about the cracksmen with all the familiarity that natives of Los Angeles now show in describing their contacts with movie stars. Jones' majority was three to one.

Eager to advance his reforms, which he believed were 1900 years late, but which Lincoln Steffens thought were 1900 years ahead of their time, Jones plunged into a battle with special privilege, though seriously ill. Dying, he called to his sister: "Read me the verse which begins, 'He that endureth to the end—'? He never heard her answer.

Brand Whitlock's oration at Jones' open-air funeral, delivered to such a gathering of genuinely sorrowing humanity as no American city had ever known, made him the only possible successor to the dead man. Coppers began to flex their fingers and think of clubs, but Whitlock was voted into Jones' shoes and the Golden Rule continued with the harness bulls being deprived of their canes and sent forth empty-handed.

As mayor of a so-called crime center which had no crime, Whitlock spent much of his time writing stories about imaginary thefts and murders. When his novel of yeggs and prostitutes, *The Turn of the Balance*, came off the presses, the churchmen damned it and it became the Bible of the underworld.

Hustlers kept their copies between towels in their bureau drawers and wept over the electrocution of Archie, the gaycat. Petermen carried the book in their tool kits; cursed the hard-boiled dick, Kouka, as though he really lived.

Of a sudden everyone in the underworld wanted to write a book. Madames and murderers began to set down their memoirs.

In the police department, Del Hare blossomed as a poet, Homeric in the sense that he put the touch on the Monroe-Street Greeks for enough to publish a volume of verse. Even Montana Blizzard became infected with the fever and laid plans for a work about twice the size of a schoolhouse dictionary.

"I'm calling it *Soup to Nuts*," he said, explaining that he was starting it as an expert on soup but expected to be nuts before he finished it. He never got farther than the title.

Yeggdom had its Golden Age under Whitlock. From the fort, as they had now begun to call Toledo, they set forth every fall on their predatory forays into the land. Spring saw them back again, usually flush with jack.

Except for a parade of welcome, Ft. Toledo left little undone to make the social season of the Jones Boys a success.

The home coming cracksman found in the pawnshops special window displays of pistols, saps and tools. The scatters featured mulligan and bock. Pearl Barber, the Negro Ali Baba who had found the open sesame to a million dollars in thieves' loot with his dice, offered new layouts. In the Bulldog the backbar mirror shone with much polishing. At Bob Downey's, where a fully equipped hospital had been established in the basement, skilled surgeons waited to attend any of the boys who came back wounded.

Down in Lafayette Street, where Monte Davenport held forth in a palatial house filled with nymphs, both in marble and flesh, and Bee Fuller offered a change of luck, the madames paraded new recruits. One of them, seeking added novelty, had an artist do a big oil of a cracksman kneeling before a safe.

It drew trade but provoked a dispute even more violent than had the Missouri Parson's inscription of the Golden Rule. Every yegg denounced the canvas as false to life, but no two of them could agree on what details were wrong. After a couple of the Jones Boys had all but come to gun play, the madame wisely replaced *Yegg at Work* with a nude about whose technical points there could be no disagreement. The painting passed into the hands of an out-of-town banker who placed it above his vault. There it was to hang through the boom years, emphasizing his honesty and the security of his depositors' money. There it still hangs, but the banker is in the pen, the bank is a beer garden and the vault a cooler for bottled goods.

Through the gay, sporting, desperate days of summer drifted such figures as Eddie Guerin, of Devil's Island fame, Sophie Lyons, queen of diamond thieves, Cowboy Hill, Al Joyce, Eddie Meehan, Soldier Joe Murphy and Jew Snyder with hundreds of others equally notorious and colorful. Pinkerton dicks saw the most wanted fugitives in Europe and America drinking with Toledo's city detectives and were powerless to do more than report: "Subject in Toledo. Investigation ended."

Sam Jones had been dead a decade and Whitlock, as ambassador to Belgium, was breaking himself in a fight against German military law, when the Jones Boys and Golden Rule met their supreme test. The mayor then in office issued an ultimatum through his safety director giving known crooks just twenty-four hours to get out of town. In such an emergency, the modern underworld, stupid as it is vicious, would have potted an editor or bombed a parson. The yeggs, in congress assembled, evolved a counterstroke that had in it all the genius, humor and daring of their kind.

The next morning a dozen big safes stood in the downtown streets. They had been moved from near-by stores but their contents had not been touched. Chalked on the doors were cartoons of the mayor and wisecracks. The implication was not too subtle for the merchants to understand. Moe and Max stormed the safety director's office, demanding a return to the status quo. "You call yourself a safety director, hey? Well, I esk it, where is my sefe? I want your cops should put it back." The banks and department stores, foreseeing a rise in insurance rates, quietly put out the political and editorial fire. The yeggs stayed.

Monumental as was the success of Safe Moving Day, it did not long avert the decline of the Jones Boys. They were getting on in years. Autos had come into general use and ferro-manganese cannon-ball safes with time locks were replacing the old-fashioned boxes. The yegg who could open one of the new turnips in a single night was a rarity and found himself under such strict surveillance by private dicks that he could not do else than enter into an armistice with the bankers' associations. Several of them accepted pensions after pledging themselves to abandon crime and keep secret their methods of operation.

America's entry into the World War gave the yeggmen their knockout blow. Toledo, in a frenzy of patriotism, clamped down the lid, ended the line and chased the thieves out of town with federal aid. Fearing the fingerprint system of the U. S. Army, many of the cracksmen fled to Canada where they had only to kiss the Bible to serve as soldiers. When a company of recruits was mustered at Camp Niagara half of them took the one step forward in answer to the name of Jones.

The rest were still in their places when the roll call ended, having forgotten their army aliases. "By God," cried the sergeant, "every one of you bloody bastards must be a Jones. Company Jones! 'Shun! Form fours!"

After the War a few old petermen drifted back to Toledo, dreaming that they might find it as it had been, a thieves' Bagdad.

But the nightstick had returned and the portrait and spirit of Walt Whitman had gone from the police station. Fascismo had taken over the underworld and the various gang duces and fuehrers quickly liquidated any of the democratic cracksmen who put out their necks.

As a final gesture, a last salute, two gray-haired yeggmen invaded the Weber Clothing Store in 1924 and blew a safe less than twenty feet from the Central Police Station without any of the cops hearing the blast. In their flight the petermen held up the judge of police court. It was the city's first expert safe job since Sam Jones hung up the Golden Rule. There has been no other since.

With that mark, the art of cracksmanship probably died. #

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Neither Flesh, Fish, nor Fowl

Continued from page 68

degenerate who, on smelling the "guano-like odor of a sow," may "long to eat of the dead body and tremble with ecstatic anticipation of hot livers, of brains and kidneys mashed together, and of sputtering pieces from the fat legs or bristly itching back." "But *no ordinary human*," Dr. Oldfield emphasizes, "ever looks upon a dead animal as food."

One of the first great organs of Vegetarianism in America was *Food, Home and Garden*, official publication of the Vegetarian Society of America, edited from Philadelphia by the Reverend Mr. Clubb. Its pages were replete with loyal bits of testimony as to the nobility of The Cause. An 1896 issue, on the Apple Blossoms page for the kiddies, printed what may have been history's first published report on a vegetarian cat. Headed, Our Tabby Is a Non-Flesheater, the article told how Tabby was brought up on vegetables, never harmed birds, caught mice only to play with and just loved to frolic with toads and flies. In conclusion, it eloquently moralized: "Her whole nature shows refinement. The ears are large and forehead high. What would this world be if all flesh eaters were thus civilized?"

A Vegetarian Winchell in the same issue of *Food, Home and Garden* tattled that "Mrs. Porter, who is considered by many to be the prettiest woman in Chicago, is growing more beautiful in her Vegetarian diet." A bit later, the magazine reported the disgusting news that "one of the most beautiful young ladies in Los Angeles" was near unto death from ptomaine poisoning, caused by eating a villainous little concoction known as "tamale." After describing the horrid ingredients that went into this meaty, peppery little tidbit, Mr. Clubb's journal wonderingly deprecated that "this is a popular lunch at Los Angeles, where fruits and nuts are abundant all the year."

One of the leaders of the first New York Vegetarian Society, which *Food, Home and Garden* reported was in existence as early as 1892, was Ernest Howard Crosby, a prominent attorney and one-time international judge, who had been a worldly chap until Count Tolstoy made a vegetarian out of him. So thorough was his conversion that, in 1905, he raged against the practice of wearing shoes, because cattle had to be killed to provide shoe leather. "It is an additional crime of flesh eating that it condemns us to the use of its by-products to cripple, deform, befoul and enfeeble our feet!" he thundered. "Happy the day when there will be no more leather for boots!" He also used to crusade for extermination of all domestic animals raised for consumption. The cow, "an animal which we raise by careful selection on account of the size of its udder," drew his wrath. "Conceive of doing the same thing with any other female animal—the dog or cat or horse—and you will see what a monstrosity the prize cow is," he propounded.

It was Crosby who enrolled an ascetic, sixteen-year-old lad named Bertram Newman as the youngest member of the old Society. Mr. Newman, now a man of fifty-one, has become the unpaid Executive Secretary of the present Society. Visit his business office off bustling Times Square in the heart of New York and you very likely will find him, surrounded by vegetarian tracts, books and possibly a practitioner or two, blissfully discussing the recipe for some good nut-beet-garlic roast instead of being out selling photographic equipment, which is what he does for a living. No one admits more freely than Mr. Newman himself, a nervously energetic man, who wears thick-lensed spectacles and carefully plasters his remaining blondish-gray hair over his crown, that he devotes more time to Vegetarianism than is good for his business. "I don't know how much it costs me a year," he says, beaming happily, for he enjoys the sacrifice.

He was born in New York, and his father, the late Major Charles I. Newman, was a red-blooded Indian fighter, but Mr. Newman does not know much about his father's military history, for Vegetarianism has made fighting just as repellent to him as pork chops. Anyhow, the Major was living in Old Harlem with his wife and eight children when Bertram, then twelve years old and the youngest of the brood, became a vegetarian without ever having heard the word. Mr. Newman tells the story:

"I was sitting at the table one time and I saw a little blood oozing out of the meat on my plate. The idea went flash in my mind: 'Why, that must have been a living animal!' 'Mother,' I said, 'I don't feel like eating any meat.' My mother retorted: 'Don't be foolish, Bert, you know that's good for you.' I retorted: 'Good or not, I do not wish any.'"

Though the meat-loving Major made it pretty hard on Bert, his mother didn't force him to eat meat and, in a week or two, he had weaned himself away from meat-stock soups. Finally Bertram discovered the word "vegetarian" in a copy of the Reverend Clubb's magazine at the public library. He later visited Reverend Clubb in Philadelphia. That visit cinched the future habits of Bert Newman.

"Dr. Clubb," he still recalls, "was my idol of a man. He was the greatest man in the world to me. From that time on, I never touched any meat. To me, the eating of flesh food is repulsive, disgusting, uncivilized."

Mr. Newman has a way of smacking his lips when he speaks, as if sampling some savory meatless hash, and his high-pitched voice soars louder and louder as his enthusiasm waxes.

"Some people ask me: 'Wouldn't a juicy beefsteak entice you?'" he shouts, smacking away furiously. "I answer them: 'If you were in a cannibalistic country, in a country where cannibals lived, and a cannibal said unto you, "Here is a roasted liver of a little white baby, it is very delicious and seasoned properly, would you like some?" the same horror and disgust that you would express to such remarks I feel toward your juicy beefsteak!'"

A bit more calmly, he adds: "I have never been ill since I stopped eating meat. Never had a doctor, never had any internal trouble or constipation, never taken a laxative. Carry two heavy suitcases of equipment all over town every day and feel fine. I owe it all to vegetables, fruits and nuts."

Mr. Newman never has married. He lives with his two unmarried sisters, also vegetarians, and they maintain an almost perfect vegetarian household. They use few dairy products, no spicy condiments, no green olives or pickles, no white bread (because "it is refined and all the minerals taken away") and, of course, no coffee, tobacco or alcohol. Mr. Newman's nearest approach to dissipation, he confesses, is an occasional dish of weak tea. "But very infrequently," he hastily apologizes.

Between disbandment of the old Society about 1906 and founding of the present group in 1932, Vegetarianism in New York was nurtured by the Jewish Vegetarian Society, organized July 17, 1909, in the heart of the Lower East Side. Those were exciting years, as Samuel D. Mott, who was president of the Jewish Society from 1914 to 1924 and has been treasurer of the present Society since its inception, is fond of recalling. The Vegetarians used to make soapbox speeches in Rutgers Square, and the irate Jewish non-vegetarians would shower them with the contents of slop buckets.

Moses Littauer, one of the founders of the group, who established the Pythagorean Vegetarian Eating Place (the first of its kind on the East Side), still operates a dingy little basement Vegetaria in the neighborhood. An ardent naturopath, sometimes called the "Gandhi" of East Broadway, Littauer wears a scraggly beard, has not had a haircut in twenty years, wears as few clothes as possible and sleeps outdoors on his back porch summer and winter.

Undoubtedly, Vegetarianism made its biggest national stir during the World War when the Humano-Vegetarian Society of Philadelphia, with which New York vegetarians were affiliated, bombarded President Wilson, the War Department and the press with letters and voluminous petitions, protesting that, inasmuch as the watchword of the vegetarians' creed is the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," they should be exempted from the draft. In New York, all the vegetarians got for their pains was a tart reply from the Adjutant-General to the effect that vegetarians in the Army would be required only to kill Germans, not eat them.

In ensuing years, Vegetarianism was kept in the public eye by such colorful disciples as Prince Paul Troubetskoy and the Doukhobors. Prince Troubetskoy, the sculptor, who used to ride through Central Park guarded by his two white Russian wolfhounds, was Vegetarianism's outstanding aristocratic proponent. He delighted in making brief speeches in his rich Russian accent, the text of which invariably was: "Vy do you put a cadaver in your stommick? I would not put a cadaver in my stommick." He also would crush olive pits and bend quarters with his teeth to show how strong vegetable eating had made him. The Doukhobors were the Russian cult which had fled to British Columbia in 1889 to escape religious persecution. They were strict vegetarians and their women-folk would drag plows in the fields rather than burden the animals. In 1929, they threw British Columbia into a panic by parading nude in protest of laws they didn't like. Finally wearying of wrestling with naked female Doukhobors, the provincial police hit upon the idea of spraying them with an irritating oil-itching powder mixture. That ended the undress parades.

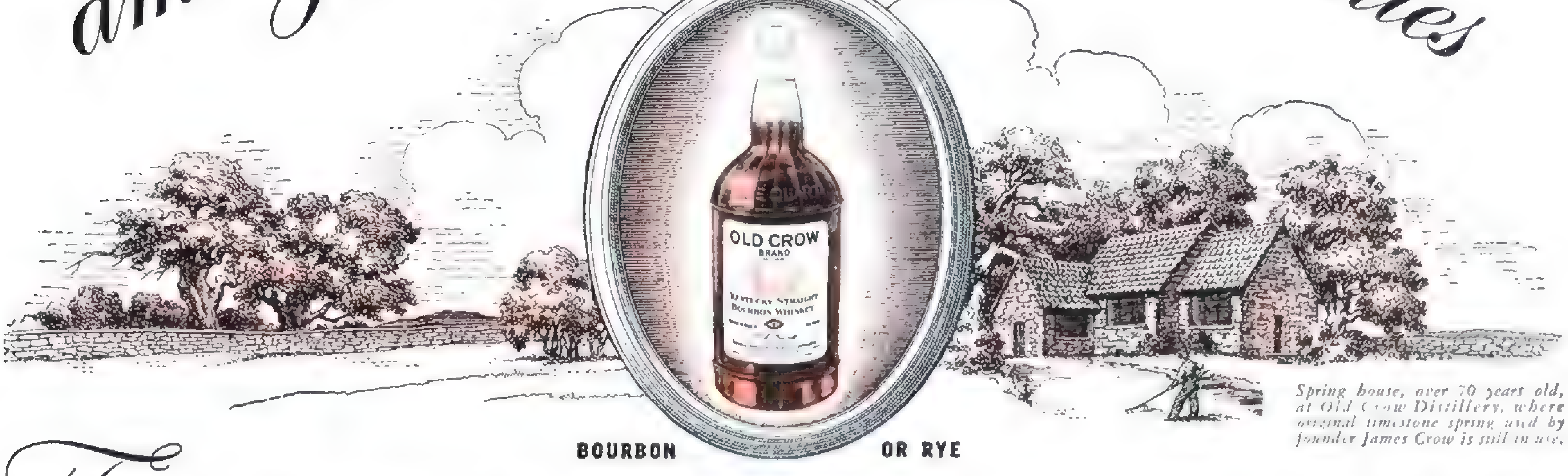
Forty recruits—representing Theosophists, Rosicrucians, Naturopaths, Anti-Vivisectionists, the Millennium Guild, the Jewish, Spanish and Communist Vegetarian Societies and kindred groups—answered a call on January 11, 1932, to launch the present New York Vegetarian Society, which now has grown to a paper membership of seven hundred fifteen. Last Thanksgiving, more than two hundred flesh-abstainers flocked to a place called the Farmfood Restaurant. There they dined on fruits, nuttose salad, raw vegetables, steamed vegetables, a Veganut roast of almonds, walnuts, Brazil nuts, filberts, string beans, carrots, celery, onions, mushrooms and Protose (imitation meat), flavored up with vegetable salts and Savita (imitation beefsteak gravy); pumpkin pie with whole wheat crust and a coffee substitute made of barley and unsulphured figs, mildly laxative in effect. The Farmfood, by the way, is not a strict vegetarian restaurant as it ordinarily serves fish. For that matter, there are less than a dozen strictly vegetarian (*i.e.*, no fish) places left in the city. These range from Moses Littauer's East Broadway basement to, oddly enough, Helena Rubinstein's super-swank Zurich Room in her beauty salon on Fifth Avenue, where, for $1.50, one may enjoy the *Matière Vivante* luncheon, including Vegetable Cascade, Persimmon Solstice, Herbal Dressing, Slenda Spread and Fruit Glacier. The

Continued at top of page 114

OLD CROW
BOTTLED-IN-BOND

A Truly Great Name

among America's Great Whiskies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BOURBON WHISKEY

Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

BOURBON OR RYE

The art of fine whiskey-making offers no better example than Old Crow. It has survived the changes of many generations, its excellence unaltered.

100 PROOF—Kentucky Straight Whiskey

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

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Neither Flesh, Fish, nor Fowl

Continued from pages 68-112

Rubinstein people are quick to explain, however, that their enterprise has *nothing* to do with Vegetarianism; it just happens to be Madame's theory of eating to health through sunlight foods, which she learned in Switzerland from Dr. Bircher-Benner.

The Patriarch of all Manhattan vegetarians is the venerable Dr. Charles Giffin Pease, who is eighty-four years old and has not touched meat for fifty years. White-bearded, dignified and decidedly mystical in character, Dr. Pease was the Society's second president. He now is honorary president (there is no active president) though technically he is not even a member of the Society. This paradox came about a few years ago when a speaker at one of the Thanksgiving banquets rashly defended the vile smoking habit, causing Dr. Pease, who is president of the Non-Smokers' Protective League and perhaps the most violent tobacco hater in America, to throw up his active membership in the Vegetarians. Dr. Pease is a retired physician who never put much stock in drugs, and he tells wonderful stories about how the sick have been healed by crossing the threshold of his home or merely by thinking of him. The Vegetarians hold him pretty much in awe.

Another walking testimonial is Christian Denzler, of New Milford, New Jersey, the Society's 54-year-old, pint-sized strong man, who claims that he can lift a six-foot giant with one finger. Virtually a fruitarian, Denzler's greatest sorrow is that, as a German soldier during the World War, he had to eat meat in the trenches. He hadn't touched it for ten years and it almost killed him. However, he didn't write any letters to the Kaiser about it.

The artistic highlight of the last fleshless fiesta was the annual Bloodless Thanksgiving Ode, struck off by Miss Jeanne Zelinka, of Jersey City, the thirty-year-old "unofficial Vegetarian poetess of America." Miss Zelinka sang of

Plenty of good things in Garbage Cans,
The greens and the peelings that offend gleaming pans,
Millions starving, unconscious of truth . . .
Sacrificing all for frigidaires and tiles,
While in Europe life is no more a matter of styles.

. . . The American meal is awfully pasty,
People here simply love their gue (*sic*),
Coal tar products make them pretty and tasty
While Relief measures help to push them through.

Exhorting her listeners to "Keep on growing folks, be Gods on human feet!" Miss Zelinka concluded in lighter vein:

Ah! This has been a streamlined Thanksgiving
In slang, the Dinner has been "the Cat's"
And more than One Turkey is thankful that he's living,
This is a bow to Mr. Schatz.*

(*Charles Schatz, proprietor, Farmfood Restaurant.)

The major aim of Vegetarianism today, aside from its fundamental purposes, is to rid itself of the stigma placed upon it by Adolf Hitler, who represents himself as a vegetarian. The local vegetarians resent Hitler, and, in fact, once expelled one of their officers who turned pro-Nazi. Mention der Fuehrer to Mr. Newman and he will shout: "I've nailed that lie!" Then he will proceed to explain: "Hitler is not a vegetarian. He eats ham and bacon occasionally. He only has adopted some of the vegetarian customs because he has a bad stomach, but it is not an ideal with him. Oh, no!" Mr. Mott agrees with Mr. Newman, but, being a realist, he carries around copies of published articles, one from the *New York Times*, stating that Hitler "occasionally relishes a slice of ham and relieves the tediousness of his diet with such delicacies as caviar," and the other claiming that Hitler has the indelicate habit of munching sausages during important conferences. When Mr. Mott reads these, Mr. Newman smiles happily and shouts again:

"I've nailed that lie!" #

The Garden of Femadia

Continued from page 67

weight and sorrow of war fell heavily upon the women. We were almost completely a race of widows. Anyway the greatest number of us was always in mourning. Many efforts were made to secure peace. The men would first consent to peace and then a year or so later begin their quarrels anew. Our women then put their heads together and decided to try one great sacrifice. On a certain day, the twentieth of May—they chose the twentieth because when a boy is twenty he is then considered a man and ready for war—on the night of the twentieth, every male except those in arms was killed. It was one great night of slaughter, and it took great courage, but once it was done then it was possible for us to live without war. We became a state of women. We took over the labors of the men and engaged in the tasks that they once performed. We elected a council and called our land Femadia. To this very day we celebrate the twentieth of May as the day of our great liberation. This is no vain liberty such as your countries believe they have achieved. No, this is truly liberty for we are forever free of war."

"And have no armies ever come to overpower you?"

"Yes, many have tried but all have failed. If they want to conquer us we open the doors. 'Come capture us' we say with open arms. 'But our children will be Femadians and all will be girls.'"

"All are girls?" I inquired in amazement.

The doctor of science explained: "No, my sister means only the girl children live and the boys die."

"They die at birth?"

"Yes. Perhaps we help them to come easily into this state. Easily and scientifically. There is no cruelty. And for how many hundreds of years have the Chinese thrown their girl babies down wells?"

"The strongest and boldest troops," said the third woman of this council, "have retreated when they heard that their children would all be girls. And as for capturing our young women for their own pleasure, this too they feared for they heard that the women of Femadia worship their mothers who in one single night killed every male in his sleep. They know that what the mothers have done the daughters also can accomplish. Yes, many have come here and stood perplexed at our gates, but all were pleased to depart."

"And today no man ever visits your Garden of Femadia?"

"Well," spoke the doctor of science, "that is something I would rather not discuss with you. We do not send to your countries for mates for our girls. The reason is that we do not consider your stock healthy. We bring our young men in from other parts of the world and select only those who come from families where they have more sisters than brothers. We pay their expenses and when they come here they want for nothing. Many beg that they might be allowed to remain or perhaps return again, but once their time is over, they are sent home. We keep a very close record of the physical stock that we import for breeding purposes. We accept no inferior specimens, and of the races now in Europe none would measure up to our present-day requirements. Certain of our young women are sent to the best scientific institutions in the world and return to us fully equipped to carry on our work in the most modern sense. Except for these jack-breeders, which we find no difficulty in securing, we manage very nicely without men. Our citizens are quite happy and the little that we miss in social contacts with the other sex we amply make up for by the feeling of peace and security and freedom from war."

"And so you kill every male child to be free from war!"

"And you," said one bitterly, "allow every male child to live so that he may die for his country. We are happier because we live for our country."

"And supposing the whole world were to do as you do," I said emphatically, "then what?"

"Then the women alone would live without fear. At least they would be happy. Now none is happy. If half the race could be sacrificed, once and only once, to insure the permanent welfare and peace of the other half, then I would say—weighing it all in the scales of time—that it would be very much worth while. A few selected males could be kept on an island only for breeding stock. We are no longer an experiment. We are two hundred years old. And as for the progress and genius of the world coming mostly from the male strain, that may very well be, but war and sorrow are male-born also, and we would rather do without the men of progress and be happy. The grand total of all your genius and progress only produced a 1914."

Changing the subject for a brief moment one of the three council women told me that they had already sent word to my friends in Dunkelwald Castle that I was safe and would be back in about two hours. And it was while waiting for the escort to take me out of Femadia that I learned about the origin of the strange dance that was taking place during my arrival, as well as other things about this strange land. Once I thought I heard a soft sobbing that came from some poor unhappy soul.

The council women smiled. One of them explained—"He is waiting for the escort to be sent home. His time is over and he is terribly emotional. He has begged as a last wish that some of our girls be allowed to ride with him the few miles to our borderline. We have consented to this last request."

Soon the horses were ready. Eight handsome riders with great capes were in the yard. Several of them carried torches for it was now quite dark. I said good-bye to the three women of the council and thanked them for their many kindnesses. They returned my hunting rifle and I mounted one of the horses and we started off.

The road out was most intricate but not very long. After an hour we came to a long log house and here I noticed that telegraph poles and wires ran along a road through the woods. We left the horses and climbed into two motor cars and in another hour we turned rather suddenly out of the woods into a main paved highway. We were only a few minutes from the Castle and they stopped for me to alight a hundred yards from the gate.

All this time we had exchanged very few words but now as I was leaving them they exclaimed, almost in unison, "Adieu, sir, adieu!" It was a happy cry from eight pleasant throats as though they were well pleased to be rid of an awkward bundle.

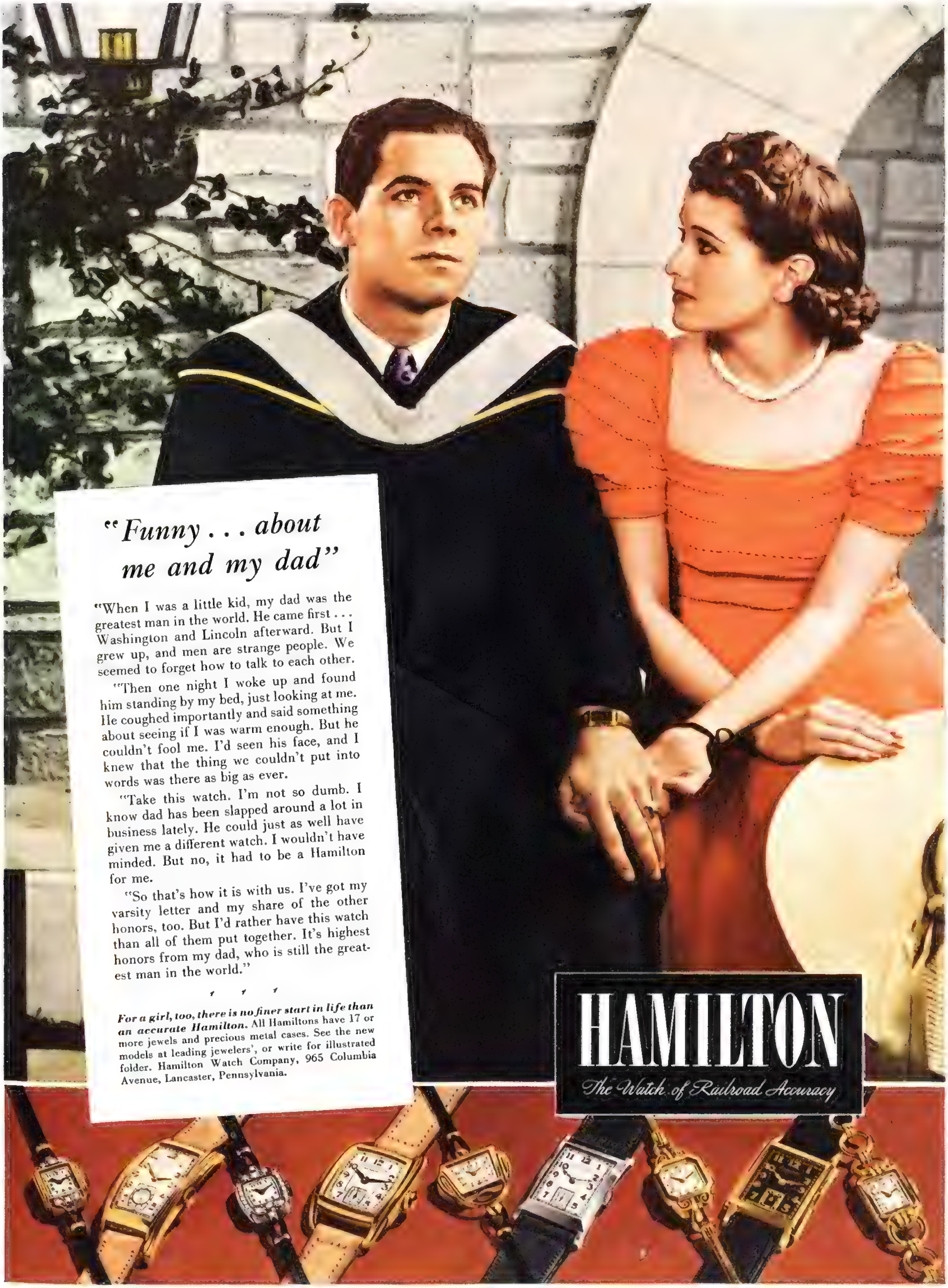
"Adieu," I replied and removed my cap.

"Oh pardon me sir," said one most cheerfully. "We do not know your name and among ourselves we call you the Wounded Buck. I hope you don't mind."

"Why no, not at all," I laughed.

"Adieu, sir," they called again, turning their cars around.

"Adieu." #


HAMILTON
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"Funny . . . about me and my dad"

"When I was a little kid, my dad was the greatest man in the world. He came first . . . Washington and Lincoln afterward. But I grew up, and men are strange people. We seemed to forget how to talk to each other.

"Then one night I woke up and found him standing by my bed, just looking at me. He coughed importantly and said something about seeing if I was warm enough. But he couldn't fool me. I'd seen his face, and I knew that the thing we couldn't put into words was there as big as ever.

"Take this watch. I'm not so dumb. I know dad has been slapped around a lot in business lately. He could just as well have given me a different watch. I wouldn't have minded. But no, it had to be a Hamilton for me.

"So that's how it is with us. I've got my varsity letter and my share of the other honors, too. But I'd rather have this watch than all of them put together. It's highest honors from my dad, who is still the greatest man in the world."

* * *

For a girl, too, there is no finer start in life than an accurate Hamilton. All Hamiltons have 17 or more jewels and precious metal cases. See the new models at leading jewelers', or write for illustrated folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 965 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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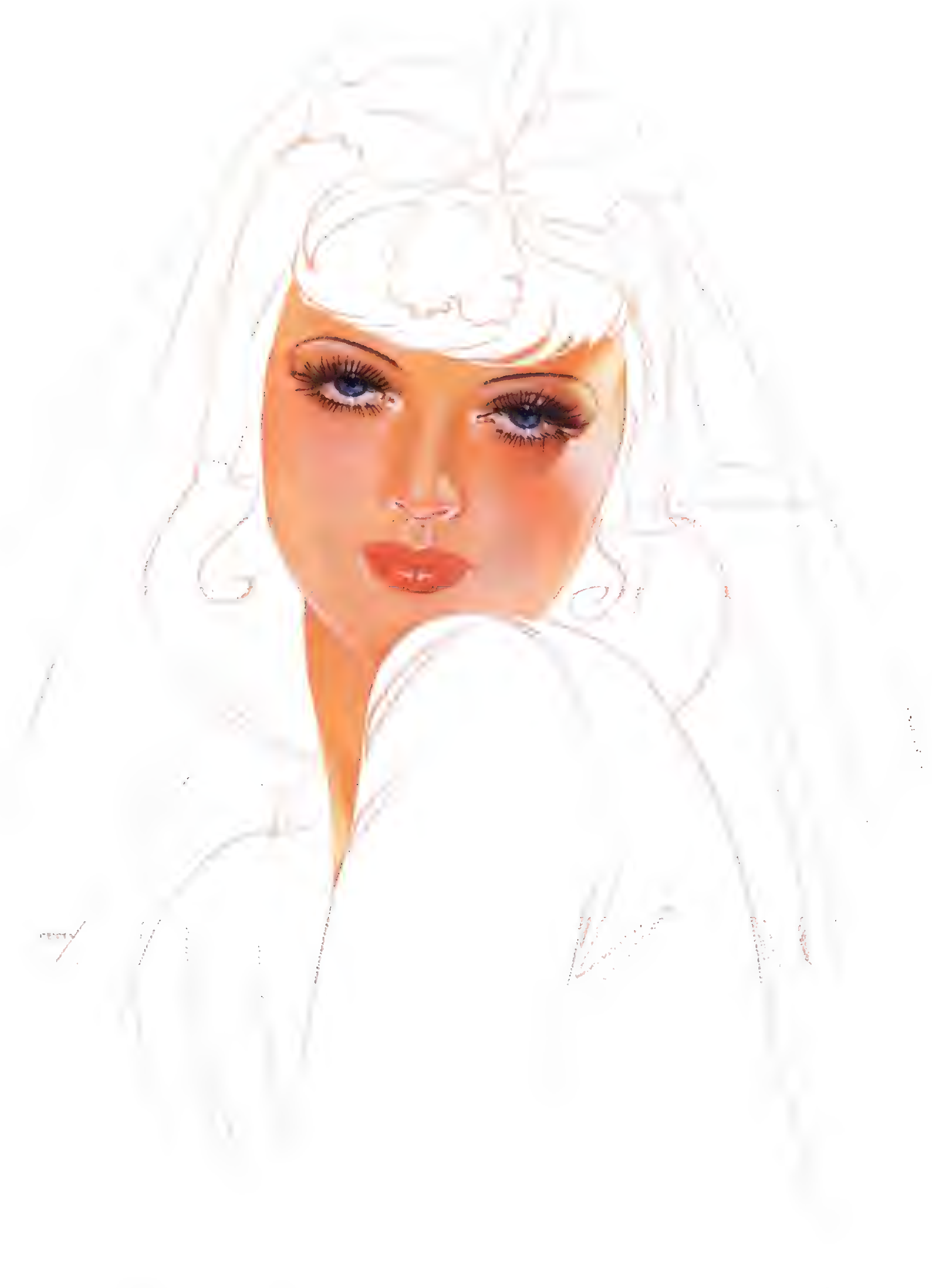
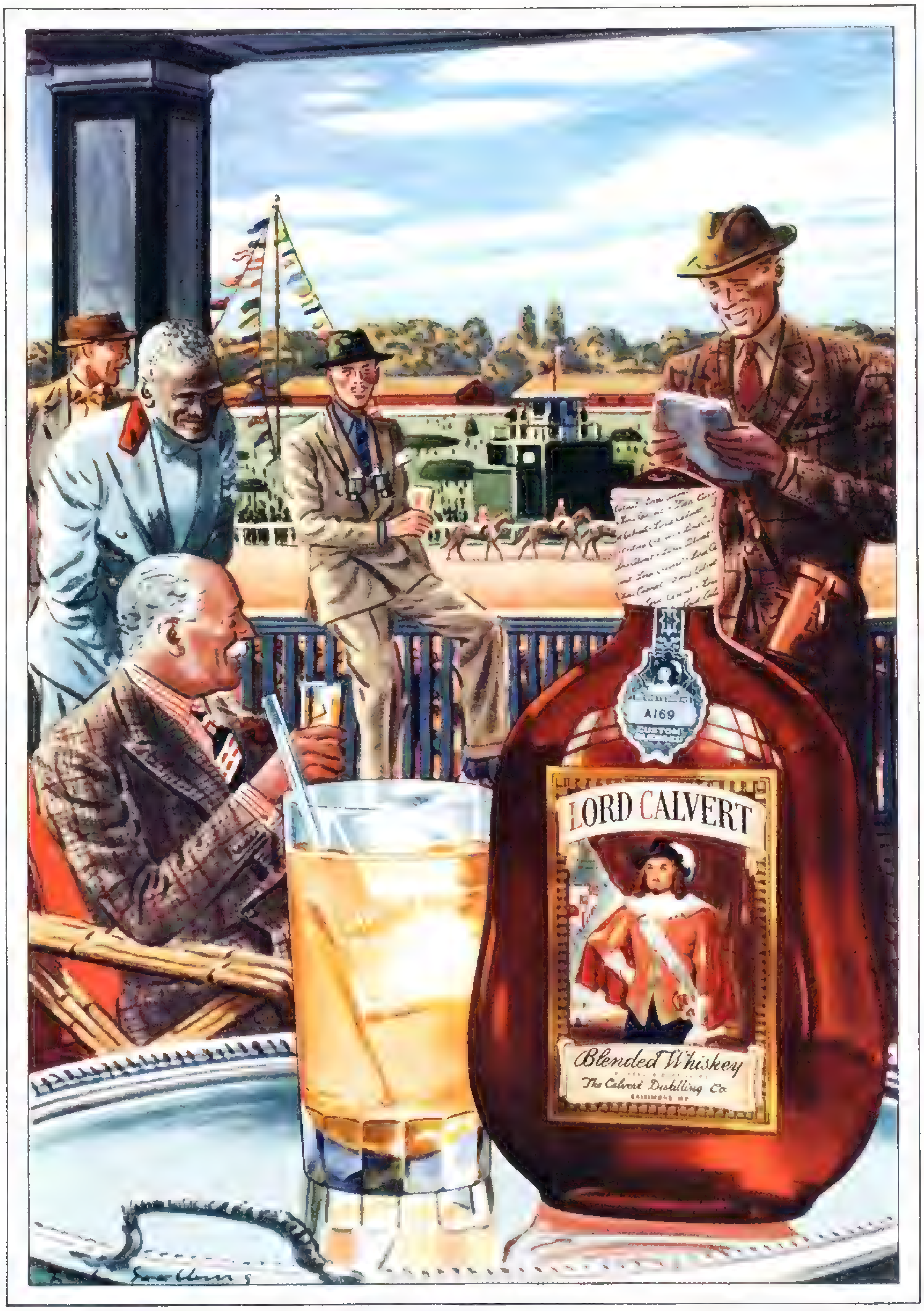


"All I know, Mother, he must be nuts—he keeps saying 'let's play bridge'"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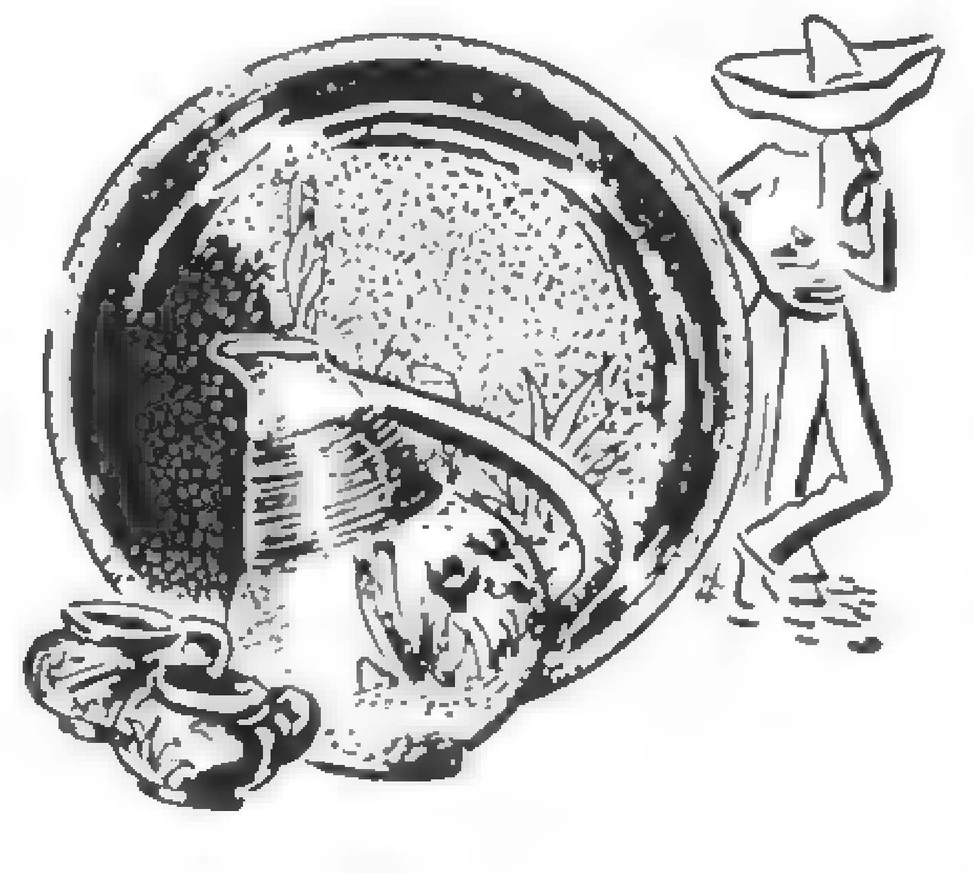
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DEMI TASSE SET A LA MEXICO

A fine thing for your terrace, or your little shack in the country . . . a drinking set, made of Tonala Indian pottery . . . each little cup a different color. There's a colorful tray, a peculiar jug and 8 cups in the set. This can also be used for the after-dinner liqueur, or a spot of tequila if you want to be really Mexican.



MANHATTAN ON A CURTAIN

Among your souvenirs take back a photo mural shower curtain over whose waterproof surface you'll find actual photographs of New York . . . from the Bowery to the Bronx. A lovely vista of Central Park . . . the Library and Liberty . . . the Empire State Building, the bridges and Grant's tomb. This scenic bit of protection may take your mind off your work, but, it's decorative.

BRUSH OFF DEP'T

For the dusty traveler — a double duty English brush with special bristles for both clothes and hats, which opens into a hanger. Comes in a smart pigskin case and can be tucked away in a corner of your bag.

TO THE FAIR VIA PRIVATE YACHT

Spurred by the heavy entertainment obligations growing out of the expected procession of visiting firemen in New York for the Fair, a group of social and business tycoons have organized a private yacht club perched by the East River. Here, in marine atmosphere, they will wine and dine their guests, then shoot them over across the bay via a fleet of twin-screw motor boats, each with a seating capacity of forty passengers. The boats have an open fore-cockpit, previously only found on a few luxury commuters, affording an unobstructed view of the skyline. The captain operates from a control station on the cabin roof, similar to an airplane pilot's cockpit, giving added safety and speed in busy waters. The yachts will operate on a 15 minute schedule both ways, and will knock off the 8-mile run to the Fair grounds in about 30 minutes.

IN THIS VAULT THE CIGARS OF THE GREAT REST IN PEACE

In one of our swank emporiums there is a high ceilinged room whose airtight walls are expensively insulated, windows and doors bear 3 panes of glass, ceiling is cork, covered with Irish linen. The walls of this gigantic humidor are lined with Spanish cedar, and about the room you'll see a number of lockers or vaults each bearing the name of some distinguished gentleman. For it is here, that business tycoons, stars of stage and screen keep their special cigars.

The custodian of the humidor told us that some cigar smokers buy as many as 5000 cigars at a clip . . . and for personal use, mind you. If a man likes a certain blend of a certain vintage, he buys up the lot.

The Hollywood contingent goes for the vault idea in a big way. Gary Cooper smokes a long, slender cigar. Next to his vault is that of Fred March who, like Walter Wanger, prefers a very large imported cigar. Groucho Marx has a vault filled with domestic cigars . . . large and blunt.

Clients of the humidor fancy themselves great connoisseurs . . . sometimes a bit too much on the fussy side. Such as the man who demanded his cigars ⅛th of an inch shorter, for a more perfect balance, which necessitated going through his entire order and delicately removing 1 leaf of tobacco from each cigar. A prominent banker used to have special types of cigars made up for "after breakfast," "after lunch," and a very special "after dinner" variety. Sometimes the tips had to be changed, via the use of caliper rules.

Most men select cigars with their eyes. There is no truth, they told us, in the idea that a light-colored cigar is mild and a dark one strong. Many light colored cigars are endowed with great potency. Something like that fallacy about blondes versus brunettes, we suppose.

Often men bring their wives with them when ordering cigars. The women actually smoke the cigars, theory being that a woman's taste is more delicate, and she's harder to fool on fine tobacco. The husbands usually end up in buying the cigar the little woman chooses. Seems that a number of women are inveterate cigar smokers these days. Know their stuff, too.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Still An Archduke . . .

Continued from page 63

drums to announce our arrival. Then we began the seemingly endless trek through the corridor past the motionless, statue-like figures of the tall palace guards dressed in red coats, white trousers, high black boots, and elegant headgear with white horsehair plumes. The only thing about them that confirmed they were really live human beings were their faces. Finally, we reached the Emperor's sitting room– my knees literally knocking against each other with fright.

As soon as we entered, however, I discovered my fears were entirely unfounded. The Emperor was a genial, amiable old man with one of the softest voices I had ever heard. He spoke very slowly and he appeared very fond of me. I remember the great impression his black shoes made on me because never before had I seen any shoes polished to such a state of gleam. They were like a pair of black mirrors and they fascinated me. The Emperor was not at all pompous. He said the kind of things old men usually say to amuse small boys and a few days after my visit I received from the Emperor a handsome portrait of himself inscribed to me with his autograph. My only other intimate glimpse of him was somewhat later at a family dinner in the royal palace. The Emperor was seated in the center and he ate so rapidly that those members of the family who were unfortunate enough to be seated at the two ends of the huge table had no chance to eat each course before it was snatched away to make way for the next one because of the standing rule that as soon as the Emperor has finished a course it must be removed and supplanted by another.

I was nine years old when the murder at Sarajevo of my uncle, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne, plunged Europe into the World War.

My father had driven us all out to the flying field at Aspern to watch some stunt flying. It was a Sunday. Suddenly, there was a great deal of commotion among the officers. One of them rushed over to my father and spoke excitedly about some news that had just been received over the telephone. My father turned white and told us we would have to return to Vienna at once. I asked what had happened. "An accident," he replied enigmatically and that was all he would say. The car drove back faster than I had ever been driven before.

My father and two of my brothers went to the front. I still had only a hazy idea of what had happened. At first, this idea came only from snatches of headlines I heard discussed around the house . . . Such-and-such a town was taken . . . 10,000 Russian prisoners captured.

Gradually, however, the war was impressed on me in other ways. Things began to happen to our home. First the servants went. Then the teachers, even the Benedictine monk who had been with the family for years. Food began to be scarce. Meat disappeared from the menu. Bread was not only bad but so scarce my mother made us save whatever was left over at any meal and indent our initials on it so we would have the rest the next day.

Finally, my mother decided to send me away to a Jesuit boys' school at Feldkirch in the hope that I would be better cared for there. They too ran out of food toward the end of the war and the school had to shut down. I was sent back to Vienna in a ramshackle train coach that had no lights and the windows of which had been broken.

When I arrived in Vienna, my brother, Anton, was waiting for me in the station. He told me mysteriously that we could not go home but would stay with a friend that night. The next morning, Anton brought me to the station again. A long freight train was standing there and when we came to one of the least reputable looking boxcars, Anton told me to jump in. I did and there to my amazement I found the rest of my family.

They looked very sad, but they did not explain anything to me about the revolution that had been raging throughout Austria. The train we were on was a fugitive train and the boxcar we found ourselves in was labeled "morgue car." While I was still wondering what it was all about, the train pulled out slowly and jogged along its way toward the Italian frontier. We had no provisions with us except a case of conserves, a few old blankets, and some pieces of bread. There had been no time to gather any other possessions.

The escape was due entirely to my mother's clever resourcefulness. Through her Spanish family connections she induced the Spanish Ambassador to give her a Spanish passport made out to "Mrs. Navarro and eight children" and to give my father one made out in the name of Don José de Aquila.

We children could not speak Spanish so every time the train was stopped by sentries and searched, we had to keep silent while mother did the talking. It was very cold in the boxcar and we had to sleep on the floor with our clothes on. These were the circumstances under which we spent Christmas, 1918. My brother, Anton, jumped off the slow moving train as it chugged to a stop in a forest and before it started again Anton returned with a little pine tree he managed to tear up by the roots. So we had our little Christmas tree with nothing to put on in the way of decorations. We tried to be as gay as we could but my parents' eyes were dimmed with tears.

The day we arrived at Trieste there was a loud knocking at the door of the boxcar. My parents

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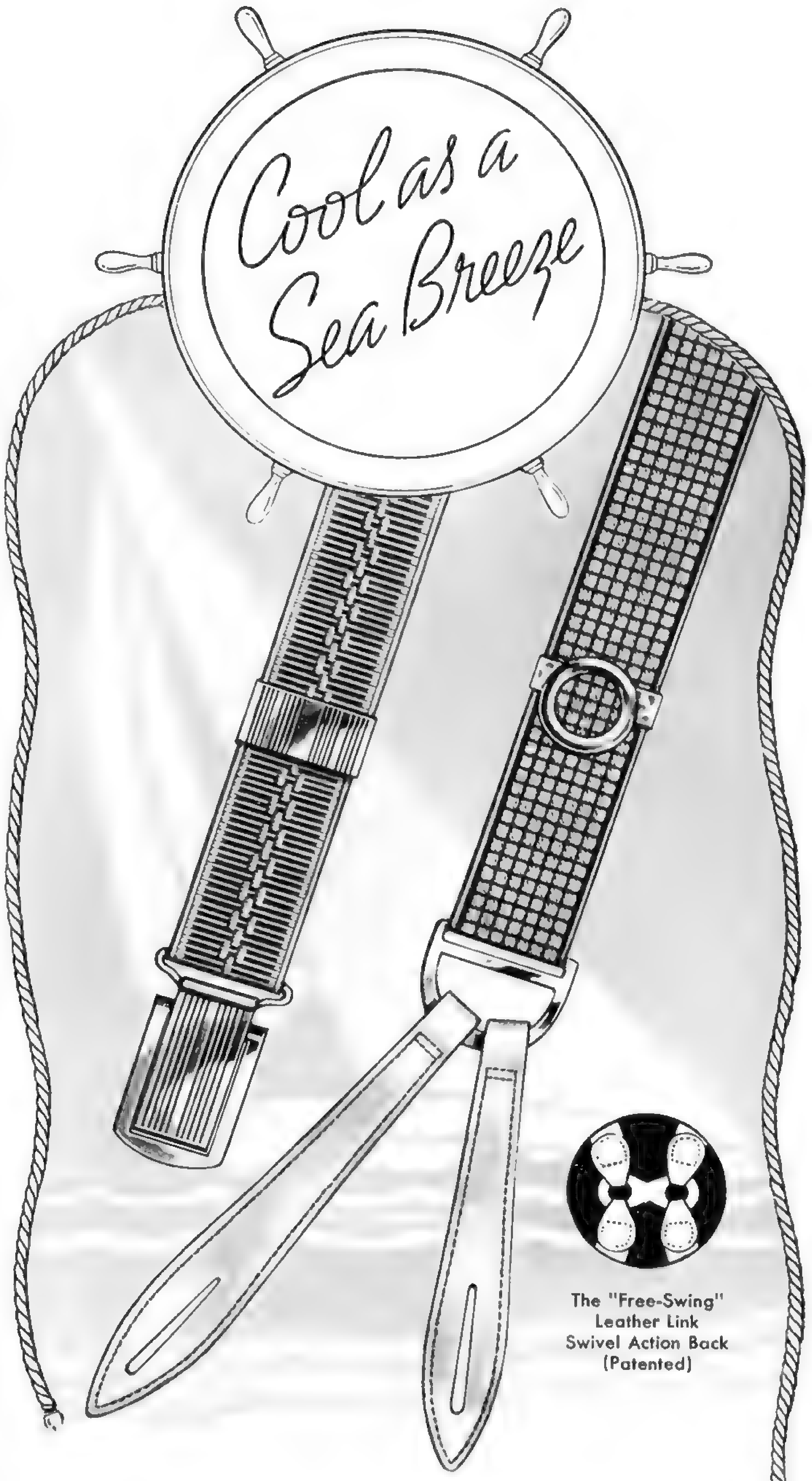
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Still An Archduke . . .

Continued from pages 63-119

were terrified. They thought for sure somebody had discovered their hoax and would send them back to Vienna to face the revolutionaries. At first they decided not to open it, but finally father peeked out and then opened it more than willingly. Our callers were merely the local Italian Red Cross serving coffee to the refugees arriving on various trains from Austria. We drank our fill of coffee and used what was left over to wash ourselves. We hadn't had any water during the entire trip.

In Trieste, the family went to a small obscure hotel called the Pensione Transalpini. We remained in the hotel for one week without any of us leaving—for fear of arrest. At the end of the week, my father managed to obtain transportation to Genoa on the railroad and once more we were traveling. From Genoa, we transferred quickly to a Spanish steamer *Teresa Taya* bound for Barcelona and when it weighed anchor all of us sighed with relief—even I who was just beginning to have a vague idea of what it was all about.

When we finally reached Barcelona there were new complications. My mother was the daughter of Don Carlos who of course was a rival claimant to the throne then occupied by King Alfonso XIII. One of the leaders of the Spanish government approached the king immediately after our arrival, warned him that our presence in the country might menace his regime with an uprising of the Carlist sympathizers who are to this day quite numerous in Spain. He suggested that we be placed in a castle and kept out of sight "for purposes of public safety." But the king was too sporting to do anything of the sort. He ordered that we be granted all the rights of Spaniards; the only pledge exacted from us was that we refrain from participating in politics. We were only too willing, as we were sick of the very word.

Originally, we had planned to stay in Barcelona two weeks. We stayed twelve years. I grew up there, went to Spanish public school and at the age of sixteen, our family resources being low, I was urged by my father to choose a practical career.

My mother had sold jewel after jewel, one of which had been a gorgeous necklace of huge emeralds, long in the Bourbon family. I enrolled in the government agriculture school because my father had hopes of recovering a farm property near Viareggio, Italy, which had been seized by the Italian government during the World War.

It was his idea that if I learned all there was to know about raising olives and grapes I might some day be able to recoup the family fortunes by running our property in Italy. After studying agriculture intensively for three years, I was sent to Italy by my father to claim our property.

I was nineteen at the time. Meanwhile, Mussolini had come into power and part of our land along the sea had been sold by the Fascist government to the commune of Viareggio. Few diplomatic tasks are any more delicate than the one with which I was entrusted. It took six months of red tape and wire-pulling before I could finally get my case before Mussolini. To my surprise I got a favorable decision, because I was able to show that since my mother had never given up her Spanish citizenship or passport, the property in Italy—which was in her name—was really not subject to confiscation by Italy since Spain had been neutral throughout the war. Mussolini returned our house and vineyards to us and ordered us reimbursed for the rest of the property that had been taken over by the commune itself.

I will never forget my first encounter with the Duce. It was at the Afghan embassy in Rome during a reception for the King and Queen of Italy. I was at least as timid as any 19-year-old youth. It was the first time I had an occasion to wear white tie and tails, but I could see Mussolini looked no more comfortable in his dress clothes than I did. He came over and in that abrupt manner of his, he began to ask me questions about myself.

"Do you ride?" he asked me.

I told him that I did and that only the morning before I had ridden through the Villa Borghese in Rome. His eyes lighted up. In the Villa Borghese is Il Duce's favorite bridle path and he spoke at length of how he enjoyed riding in the early hours of the morning before the rest of Rome was awake.

After our friendly conversation I felt the iron was hot to strike and I boldly wrote him a personal letter asking a private audience to discuss my family's property. Three days later, I was ushered into his huge office, then in the Palazzo Chigi. He made me come right to the point. I showed him the maps I had brought and the papers proving our ownership. He told me he already was familiar with the whole story about our property and promised me that action would be taken at once.

A few days later I was on my way back to Spain with a new deed to the estate firmly planted in my pocketbook. My family was

Continued on page 122

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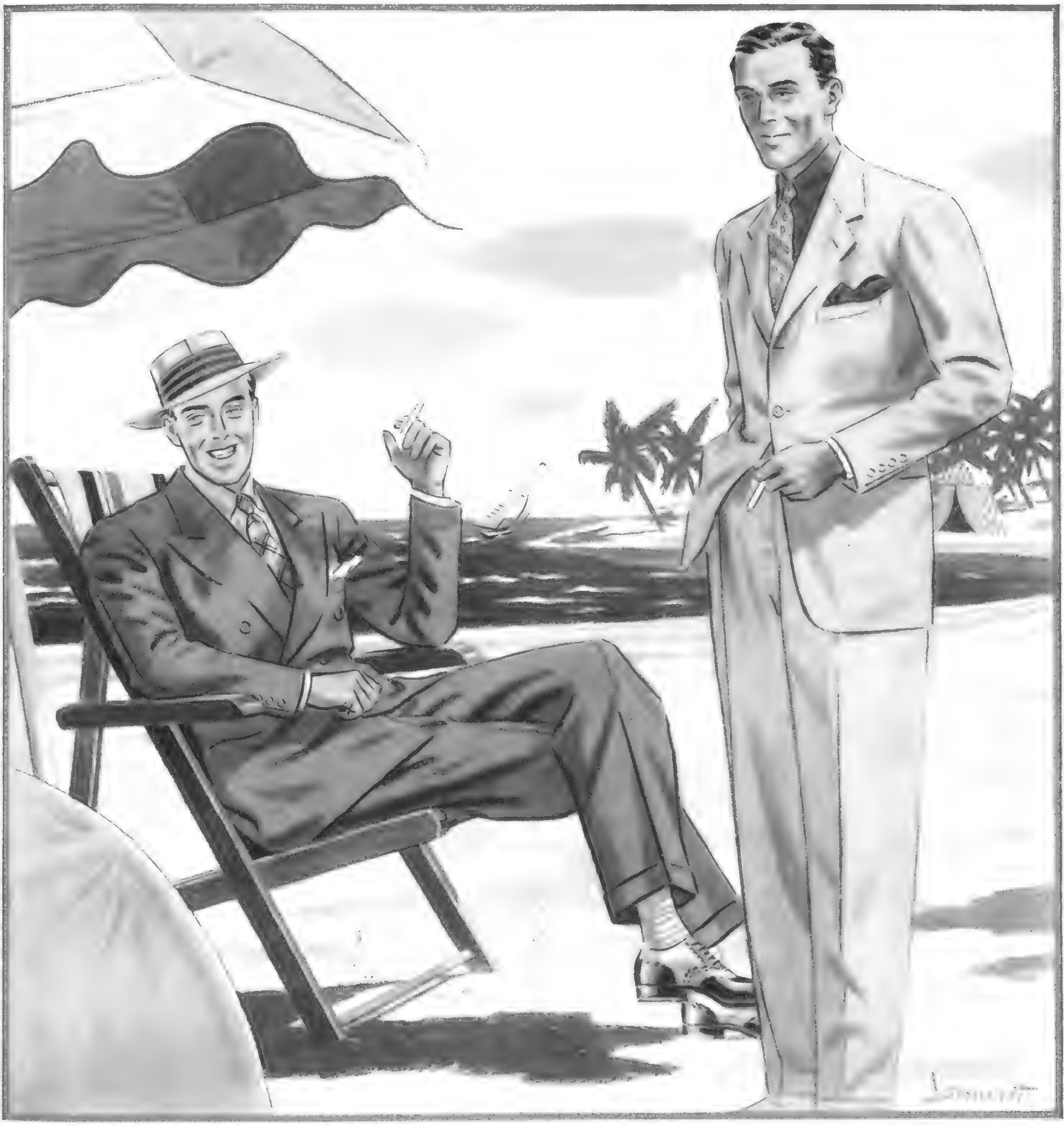

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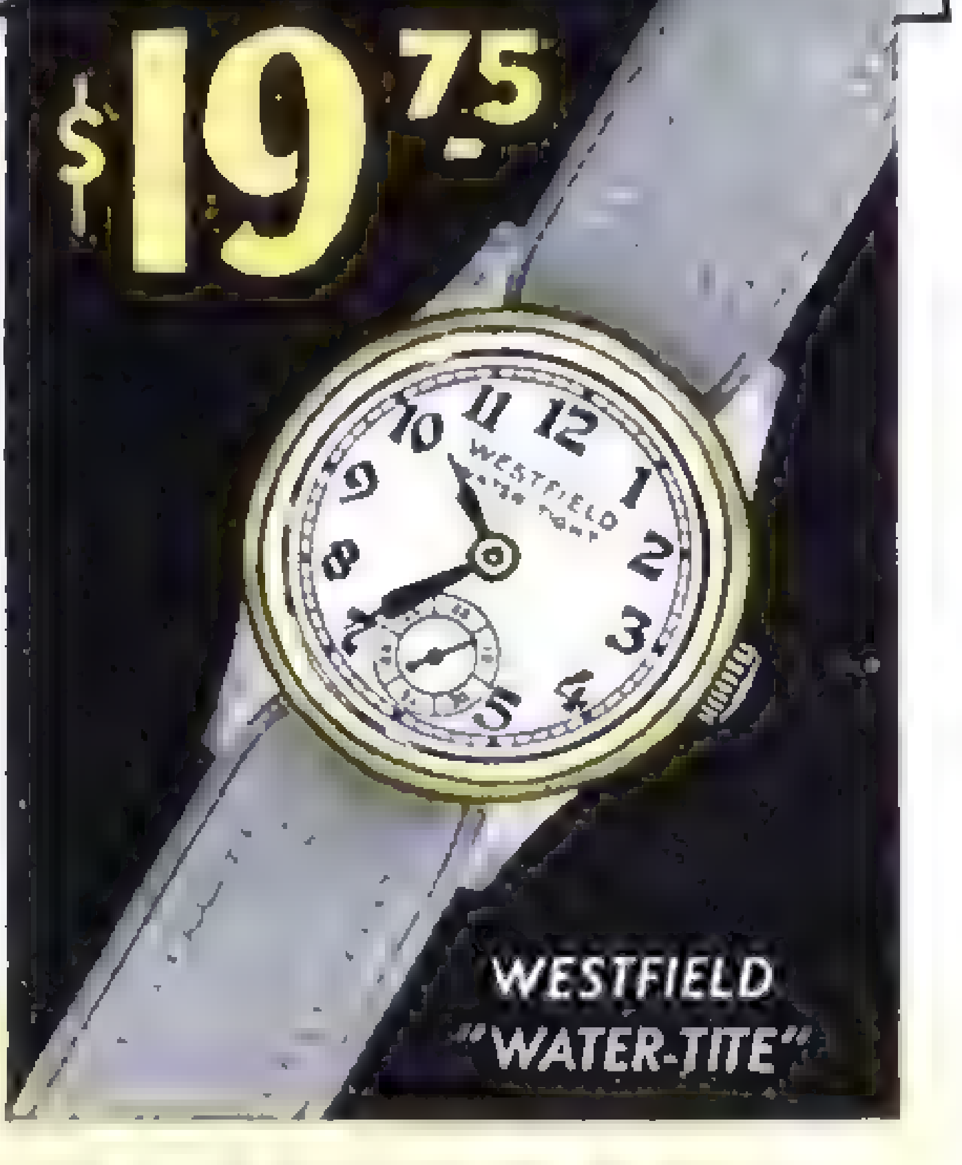
"COULD I-ER-TROUBLE YOU FOLKS FOR THE CORRECT TIME?"
"I SEE YOU BOTH HAVE ON YOUR-AH-WESTFIELD WATER-TITE WATCHES"
Sherman



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The PERFECT WATCH!

You may be all wet, but this amazing WESTFIELD "WATER-TITE" never is!

Not only water-tight . . . but proof against dust, heat, cold and electricity. Smart. Wholly reliable.

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"There's a time for everything!"

Still An Archduke . . .

Continued from pages 63-119-120

delighted with what I had accomplished but unfortunately the very property I had recovered became such a bone of contention between us that it was the cause of my leaving home shortly thereafter and striking out on my own to seek my fortune in the world.

Father wished me to return to Viareggio and work under the administrator of the property. I didn't like the idea, we quarreled, and finally in 1926 at the age of twenty-one I decided to get a job of my own. I had always tinkered with machinery, first with bicycles, then with motorcycles.

I learned to take old broken-down motorcycles apart, rebuild them, and sell them at a profit. I had a little workshop under the steps of the house we lived in. My mother didn't approve of this as she considered it beneath the dignity of a royal personage. She was very, very strict about her children. We were not allowed to go to the cinema. Bars and dancing were simply out of the question even after I had reached my twenty-first birthday. So that leaving home meant not only a new life for me but a new freedom. I decided to try to get a job in one of the American automobile factories that had been springing up in Spain. A friend of mine arranged for an appointment with the manager of the Ford assembly plant in Barcelona. The manager was a big fat man.

It was the first time I had ever looked for a job. I made the fatal mistake of putting on a clean white shirt. The "boss" seemed to resent this right from the start. I came into his glass-enclosed office at 9 a. m. full of high hopes and looking my neatest. He eyed me coldly for a moment and asked brusquely:

"What's your name?"

I showed him my identity card bearing my name and title: Archduke Franz Josef.

He sneered:

"People like you can't dirty your hands with work."

I said:

"But why?"

I was caught completely off guard. I knew almost nothing of the glory or luxury of royalty. I had been born too late for that. I became furious. I fairly shouted back at the "boss":

"If you say I can't make my hands dirty then prove it by giving me a dirty job to do."

He sneered again but this time he said:

"All right, report to the company doctor at 8 a.m. tomorrow for your certificate of health."

After I passed the physical examination the next morning, I was turned over to a superintendent named Mr. Evans, who pinned to my coat lapel a button stamped with the number 406.

He assigned me to the stock room where my job consisted of filling orders for car parts and taking them to the shipping department. I was paid three dollars a day. When my day's orders were filled, I swept up the stock room with a broom. I was living in a cheap pension for about twenty-five cents a day. After a few days in the stock department I was switched to the assembly room where my job was to put wheels on each chassis as it was assembled.

About that time, the company was organizing a countrywide caravan tour to exhibit our new tractor. This sounded like high adventure to me and I volunteered to go. It was like a circus troupe on tour. We lived in tents and moved rapidly from one town to the next. Our prima donnas were the tractors. When we returned, I began to gain recognition and my salary was raised to about $140 a month. I learned everything I could about modern mass production.

I was crazy about automobiles and used to drive on every possible occasion. The company managers decided that with my titled background I might become a good salesman of Lincolns. I was sent to Madrid in grand style. I became the social lion of the Ford Motor Company in Spain. I had almost unlimited expense accounts. I moved in the very best circles. But I didn't feel very much at home there. I found the atmosphere peculiarly stuffy and dull. After all, I had not lived that way myself and it was all new to me.

I went to all the best parties given by the Spanish aristocrats. I managed to sell quite a few Lincolns in the smart set. Finally, the inevitable challenge came. Could I not manage to get a Lincoln into the royal family?

About that time I was getting pretty bored in Madrid and was anxious to get my hands dirty again. The company must have sensed this or maybe my sales record was falling off—because a new man came in to take my place. I was to break him in. We were riding together in one of our cars and he was driving when we smashed right into a carriage and injured several people.

He was taken to jail and there was a lawsuit against the company as a result. He was fired and I was blamed and called back to Barcelona where I was "demoted" to the shop—this time to the paint drying room, the most disagreeable job in the factory. The smell of turpentine was terrible. It was like a Cinderella story. Twelve o'clock had struck for me. I stood it for several months and then decided I would strike out for something else. I had lived very frugally and saved a goodly part of my salary every week.

Aviation was then in its infancy in Spain. Spain was far behind the rest of the world. I made up my mind that here was a career to which I could apply my mechanical talents to advantage. I went to Madrid and got permission to study flying at the Royal Navy School. I became an expert pilot

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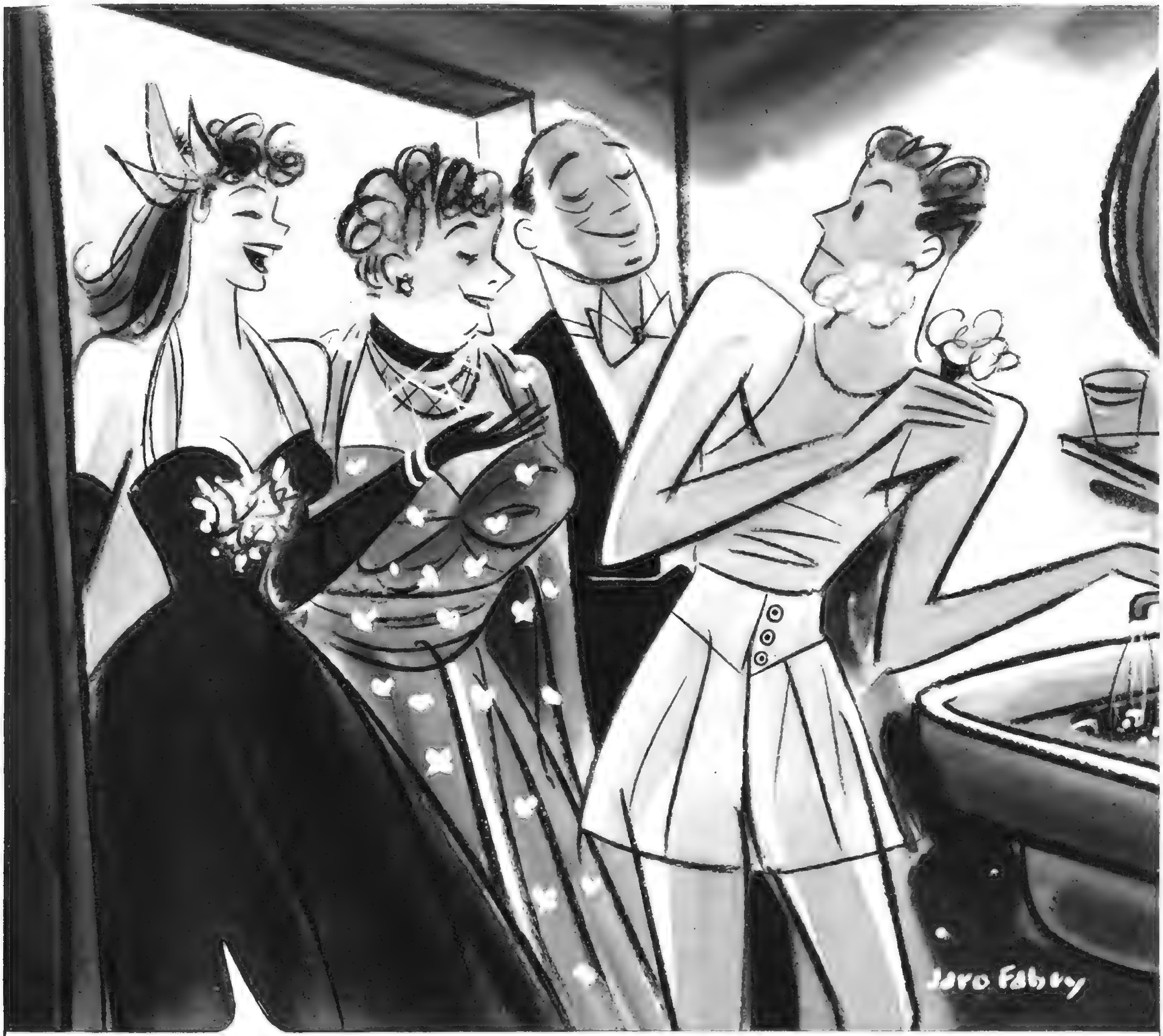

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HOW the news gets around: "No more buttons on shorts to break off and to be sewn on again—no more torn buttonholes to mend."

Shorts with GRIPPERS end button-trouble permanently. GRIPPERS are laundry-proof, won't rust or flatten out. They outlast the shorts themselves!

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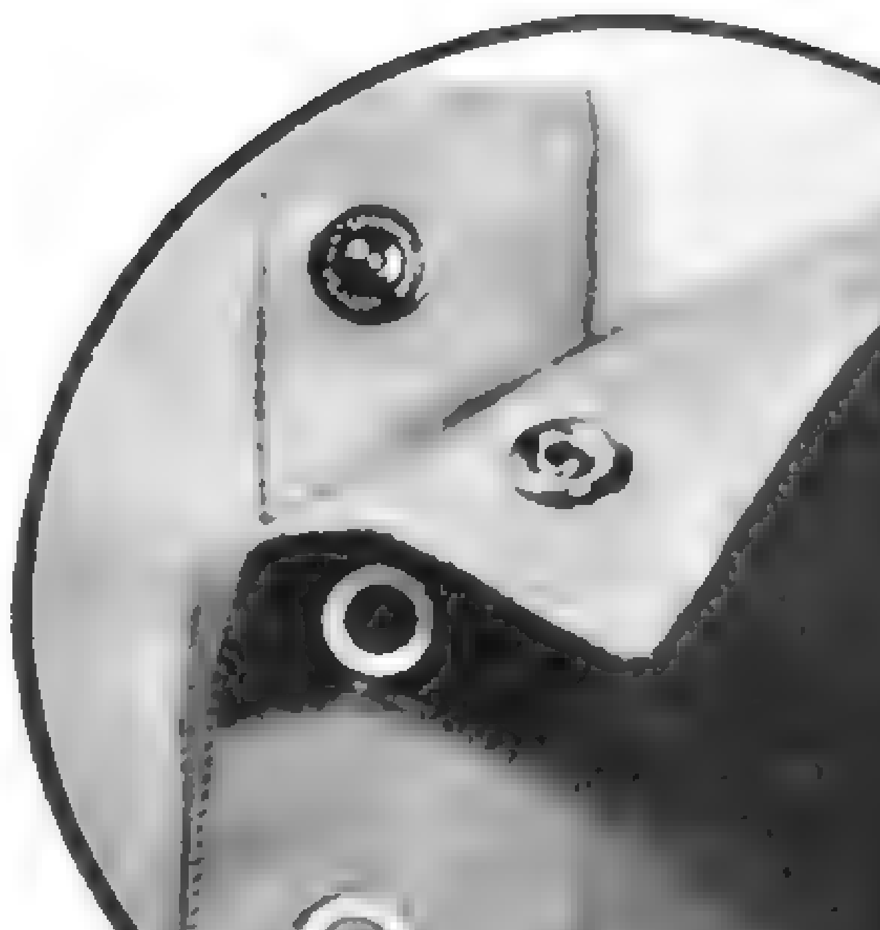

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**The laundry-proof fastener that ends button-bother.*

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Still An Archduke . . .

Continued from pages 63-119-120-122

and then went over to England to join my brother, Anton, who had also become interested in aviation at that time.

I got my British pilot's license although I knew very little English at the time. My brother acted as interpreter. We had enough money saved together to buy a second-hand de Havilland plane for $3,000. It was our ambition to start a civil aviation school in Spain. We had only about enough money left to pay for the gas we needed to fly over the channel and back to Spain.

It was a two-seater, dual-control, open-cockpit plane. We got across the channel safely but when we started to look for a good landing place on French soil we ran into a snowstorm. We circled and circled straining our eyes for sight of any field in which we could come down safely.

It began to get dark and we took a chance, closed our eyes and made a slow descent. Luckily we landed on level hard snow. Next day we reached Paris, refueled, and hopped off again. This time we were not so lucky. Over Dijon, in a freezing weather with visibility almost zero, our engine spluttered and went dead. We didn't even have time to bank the plane. We had to slip down between houses and roads. A man riding a bicycle was directly in the path of our sinking plane. I swerved the ship to one side to avoid him—and before I could realize what had happened we crashed right into the side of a hill.

Both of us were badly smashed up and had to stay in the hospital for several weeks. Our plane was wrecked, our money gone and our hopes dashed. We discovered that the plane had been faulty and was consuming more gas than we had been told. We made a protest to the factory and they rebuilt the plane and we flew with it to Barcelona. At least, we were able to announce the object of our ambition: The Barcelona Air Club.

We staged free flights on Saturdays and Sundays in order to interest the general public in flying. We founded an air school for pilots and we began to use our plane for advertising flights carrying big signs to advertise American auto tires, chocolate, etc. We made aerial photographs of factories and public buildings and sold them. We made pictures for the newspapers. When Spain organized the International World's Fair of 1929, we made a contract with the government to fly all over Europe as ambassadors of good will spreading propaganda for the fair.

My father had almost completely disowned me, because he didn't approve of my career. During one of our rare meetings, he told me sarcastically that he had bought me a present—a grave marker!

The Spanish government gave us a new plane to make our good-will tour. We covered more than thirty different cities on the continent without a single mishap or accident. And when the job was finished, the government let us keep the plane so that we now had two in our Barcelona Air Club.

We did a lot of stunts. I won a prize for acrobatic flying. We were getting along very well—when the revolution of 1931 broke out in Spain.

After King Alfonso left Spain, my parents were in danger because they were considered as relatives of the Spanish Royal family. My father and mother left for Viareggio.

My brother and I were in Barcelona when the revolt first broke out. Our first intimation came when we saw some naval sub-officers hang a portrait of King Alfonso on a tree. We stayed on at the airport even after the Republic was proclaimed because we had long before lost all pretenses of royalty and had gotten into the good graces of the people of Barcelona. The new government, however, eyed us with suspicion. And we could see our position was getting more and more precarious. My brother Anton meanwhile had met Princess Ileana, daughter of the late Queen Marie of Rumania, and they had fallen in love. He went to visit her in Germany and a few weeks later they were married.

I was alone in Barcelona. As matters got worse, I and my plane were virtually under police surveillance at the airport all of the time. I decided to make a bold attempt at a getaway. I asked permission to take my plane up for a small flight over the airport one afternoon. It was granted. I circled the field a few times, tested the wings and motor and then landed and returned the plane to its hangar. At 2 a. m., I slipped quietly out to the hangar, pushed the plane out to the farthest end of the field, jumped into the cockpit, started the motor, and made the quickest takeoff I had ever made.

Although it was pitch black, I could see the coastline and I knew if I simply followed it I would reach Perpignan, France. I was on my way before anybody at the airport could do anything about it. Anton met me at Perpignan where I landed without incident. We sold our planes.

Once more I was a refugee—a man without a country. A second

Continued at top of page 126

"Andy Doesn't Live Here Any More"

FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS, I've been trying to drive out to my twin brother Andy's farm, outside of Cowbell, Ohio. But something always happened.

One summer I reached Hackensack. Dust forced me back. I waited for winter—but last January, I froze to the wheel. Yes, I'd still be in Flatbush, if it hadn't been for my brother-in-law.

Last Sunday, he drove 'round with an amazing new car. I was intrigued by its long, sleek lines. "Why, that's the new Nash—say, let me take her out for a spin!"

"Okay," he said, "but watch out—she's fire on four wheels!"

I headed out of town, for the hills. This Nash had a hurricane of power. It was up and over the Poconos in a swoop. When the needle touched 40, that Fourth Speed Forward* added wings . . . like driving on air.

Then I noticed the dust outside. But inside the Nash, the air was clean and fresh. I was spotless. (*That's* what the "Weather Eye"* did!) An hour later, I saw a sign: "COWBELL, OHIO—100 MILES". Gosh! I was almost out to Andy's place!

I turned in for the night in the Nash bed. This morning, in Cowbell, I had to ask an old farmer where the homestead was. "Why, stranger, that's the farm that blew out to Dog Creek, Californy, the last big wind this way."

Well, now that I'm this far, I'm going on. Won't someone wire my wife and ask her to square things with her brother? I'll buy him a new Nash—*this* one is mine.

California, here I come!

Why not drive this new Nash yourself? Your dealer has a model waiting—*see him today!* (*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost)

Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117" wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.

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Four series of Great Cars.
22 Beautiful Models As Low As
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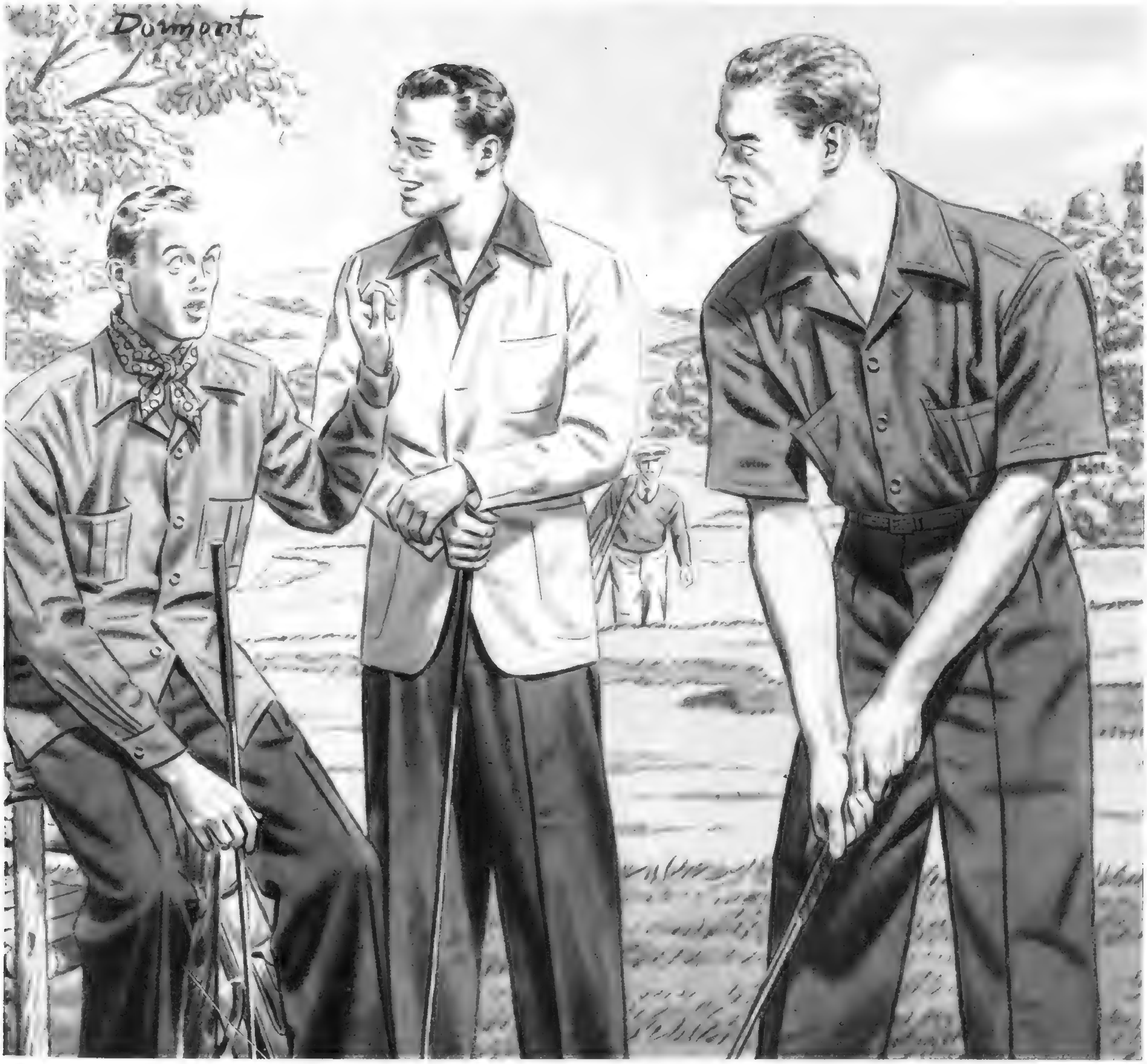

EXCLUSIVE NEW COLOR ENSEMBLES

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seaweed green	with bangkok tan
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Ask your dealer for SEVEN SEAS ENSEMBLES—if he doesn't have them, mail your order direct to MOYER MFG. CO., YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Gentlemen: Please send me, Parcel Post prepaid, SEVEN SEAS ENSEMBLES in sizes indicated below. ☐Cash enclosed. ☐Money Order. ☐C.O.D. Post Office delivery charge of 15 cents on C.O.D.	No.	Shirts	Small, medium, large. Short sleeve $3.95 Long sleeve $5.00	Colors	
*Name*__________ *Address*__________		Slacks $5.00	Waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40) Inseam (28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35)		
*City*__________ *State*__________		Collarless Coats $7.50	(34-35-36-37-38-39-40-42)		

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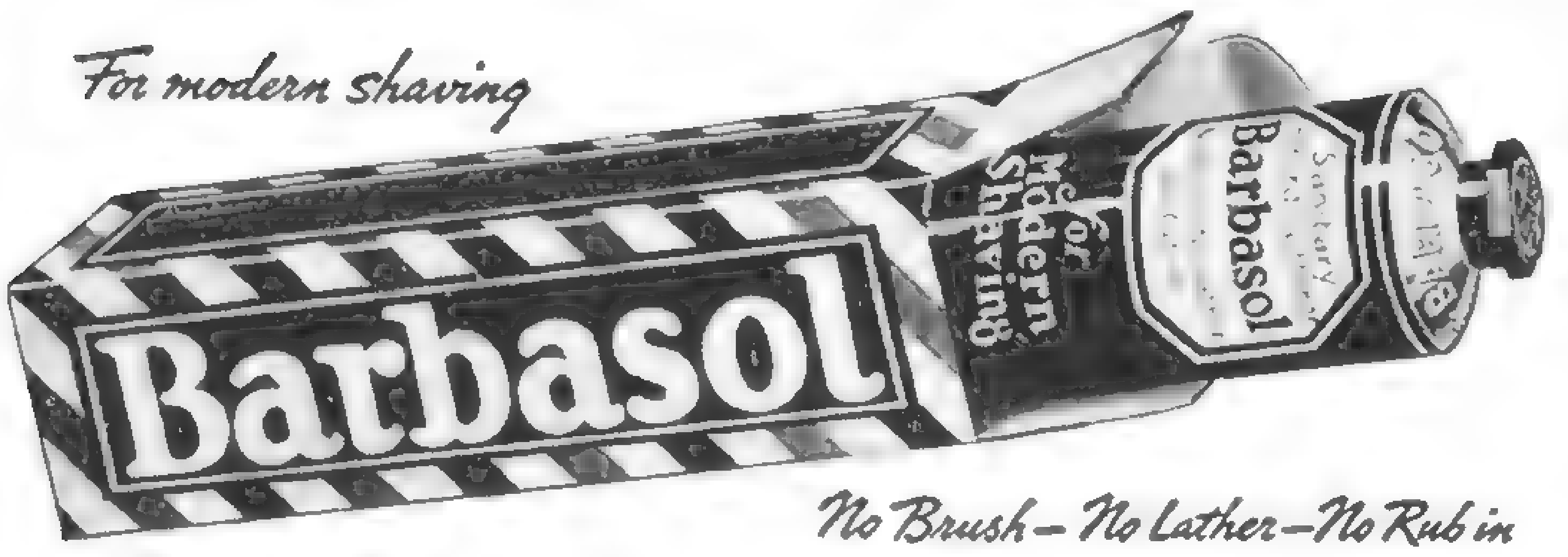
or your Sweetheart (if you're still on the loose) will have her say: "How smooth, soft, positively nice the skin is, on your cheeks, jaw and chin."

your Boss may not tell you in so many words or write you a memorandum, but he'll certainly notice the improvement in your appearance, possibly with thoughts of your salary.

and you Yourself will feel as proud as a peacock. Not only the quickest, cleanest shaves you ever had, but a finer-looking skin by far. No half-cut stubble, either. That's the joy of a Barbasol Face.

YOU'LL GET SWELL RESULTS with Barbasol in ten short days or so. That's because Barbasol does more than give you the sweetest shaves you ever had. Its beneficial oils protect the skin from irritation, coarseness, roughness—oils that smooth and soothe, soften and freshen the skin. Your druggist carries three sizes. The large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family jar, 75¢. Barbasol Blades, scalpel sharp, only 15¢ for 5.

For modern shaving



No Brush—No Lather—No Rub in

Still An Archduke . . .

Continued from pages 63-119-120-122-124

revolution had taken away practically all that I had. And again I had to start all over again. What to do? I went to Germany and studied radio wireless in one of the Berlin radio schools. By that time, events were taking a new turn in my native Austria.

There was a new attitude toward the Austrian Imperial family. We had been asked to return to Vienna—the beloved Vienna I had not seen since my schoolboy days. It was not the same Vienna however. Political turmoil cast a pall over the capital. Revolts simmered everywhere. There were violent uprisings; strange military intrigues. I was so fascinated by the rediscovery of my native land I scarcely paid any attention to the momentous historic events taking place in Vienna during those days.

I was like a foreigner on a tour. Everything was new to me. I feasted my eyes. I gloried in being able to speak my native language, but after a short time I realized that I had been away from my native country for such a long time, earning my own living, that I could no longer understand their happy-go-lucky attitude of going hungry rather than working. I still loved them but I could not understand their mentality any more.

My father died and his passing cut off the last tie I had with his generation of ruling royalty. I felt myself a member of a new generation, with new duties, new aims, new philosophies. We lived in tranquillity. Some of our properties had been returned, so that I could live as a rich and lazy man. I took a trip to the French Riviera—but somehow or other I never felt quite at ease in those surroundings of luxury. I always remembered my auto factory days. Something had happened to me that made me seem unfitted to the life of the lazy and rich. I disliked gambling and the hysteria of the casinos; although of course I enjoyed and appreciated their efforts in procuring the world's best artists and in furthering the recognition of their art.

A short time ago I spent my first visit to the United States, staying three months. I got new impressions and I realized that the way I had been taking was the right one. And the only one which gives satisfaction and happiness to a man is to work, even though he may not have to work for a living, and not to hang on to old traditions and glamour. ⌗

I Say It's False

Continued from page 45

aware of the truth. As for Wellington, documentary evidence proves that he was on leave of absence in England at the time.

Q: Two and two are four. Yes or no?

A: No! Careful study of history shows that prior to 1363, the word "four" was used to connote the number currently known as "five." A monk, named Groschius, in adding a simple sum, inadvertently put down "five" as the total of three added to two, and future scholars who got hold of his work moved the number "four" back a notch. The error was not discovered until recently.

Q: New York is north of Miami. True or false?

A: False. Medieval map makers, unaware that the world is round, started drawing their maps upside down, and all subsequent mapmakers followed them. The terms "North" and "South" were first invented by Askaran, an Egyptian philosopher, and careful reading of his treatise, *Boundaries of the Earth*, will convince anybody that he intended North to be what we now consider South, and vice versa. Hence, in the only true sense, New York is *South* of Miami.

Q: It is better to be healthy than sick. Is that right?

A: It *is* not. On the contrary, it is better to be sick than healthy. "Healthy," correctly defined, means to be without any ailments whatsoever. This would even mean being devoid of such common physiological symptoms as aging through the process of time, running low on energy due to exercise, suffering brain-fatigue or sleepiness from being awake, etc., etc. Thus, no living mechanism can exist without suffering ailments of one sort or another, and the only truly "healthy" person is a dead one. What we *really* mean is that it is better to be sick than to be *very* sick.

Q: It is lighter in the daytime than at night. True or false?

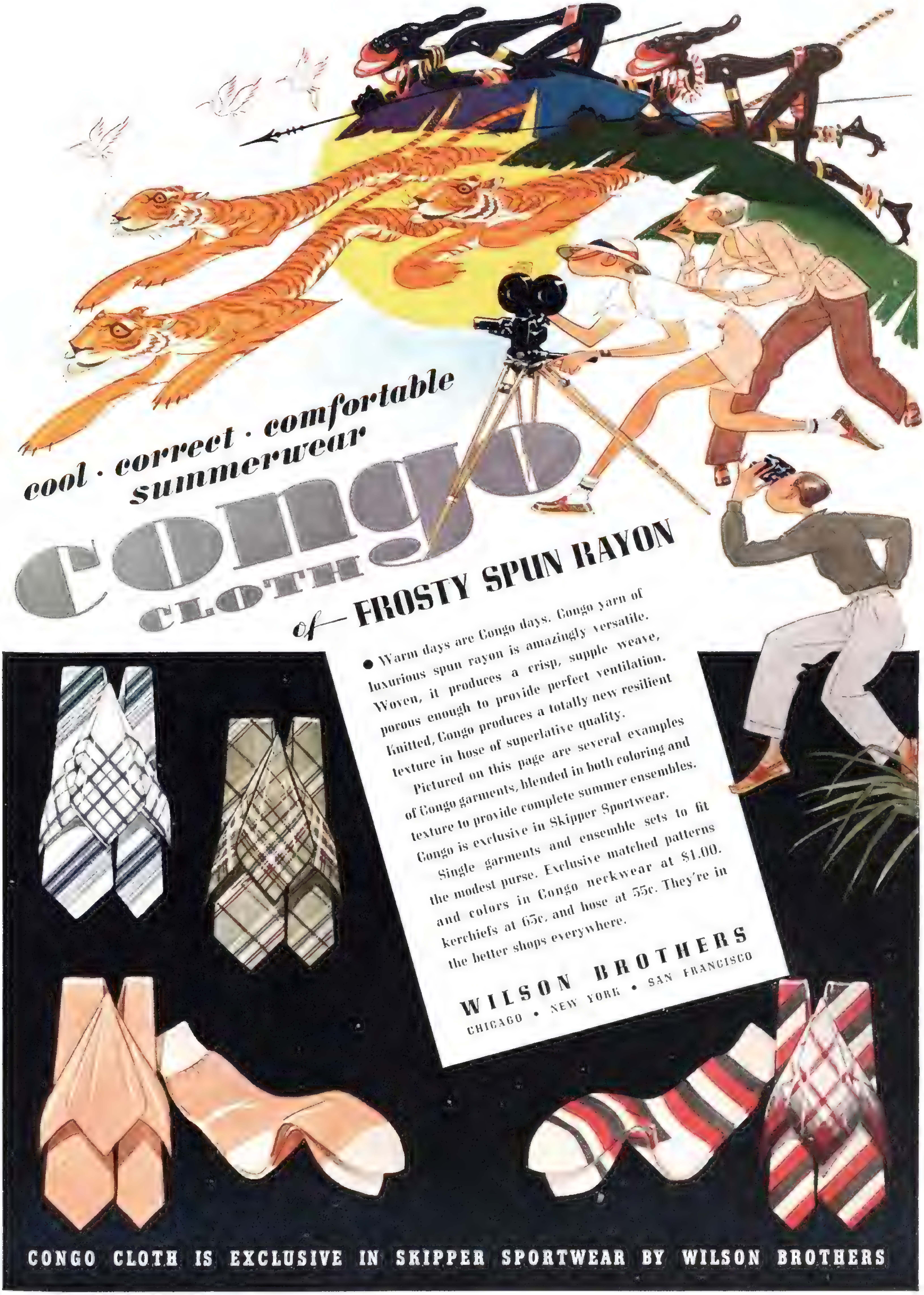
A: False. A moment's thought should convince us that all the light we get on this planet comes from the sun. The sun gives just as much light all the time at night just as much as in the daytime. It is really just as light at night, accordingly, but we just don't see it.

Q: Ducks like the water. How about it?

A: Not a bit of it. This is another example of the common habit of arriving at foolish beliefs through improper observation and faulty inferences. The fact that ducks are frequently seen in water has led to this delusion. Laboratory experiments have disclosed the fact that ducks don't like *anything*, and that they go in the water purely to get away from land which they dislike even more intensely than water. This disclosure has led some scientists to believe the duck's lack of sympathy with his surroundings (*her* surroundings, to be accurate) will lead to her extinction in another century or two. And the drake's also.

Q: Vienna is the capital of Austria. True or false?

A: Oh, let's not go into *that* again. ⌗



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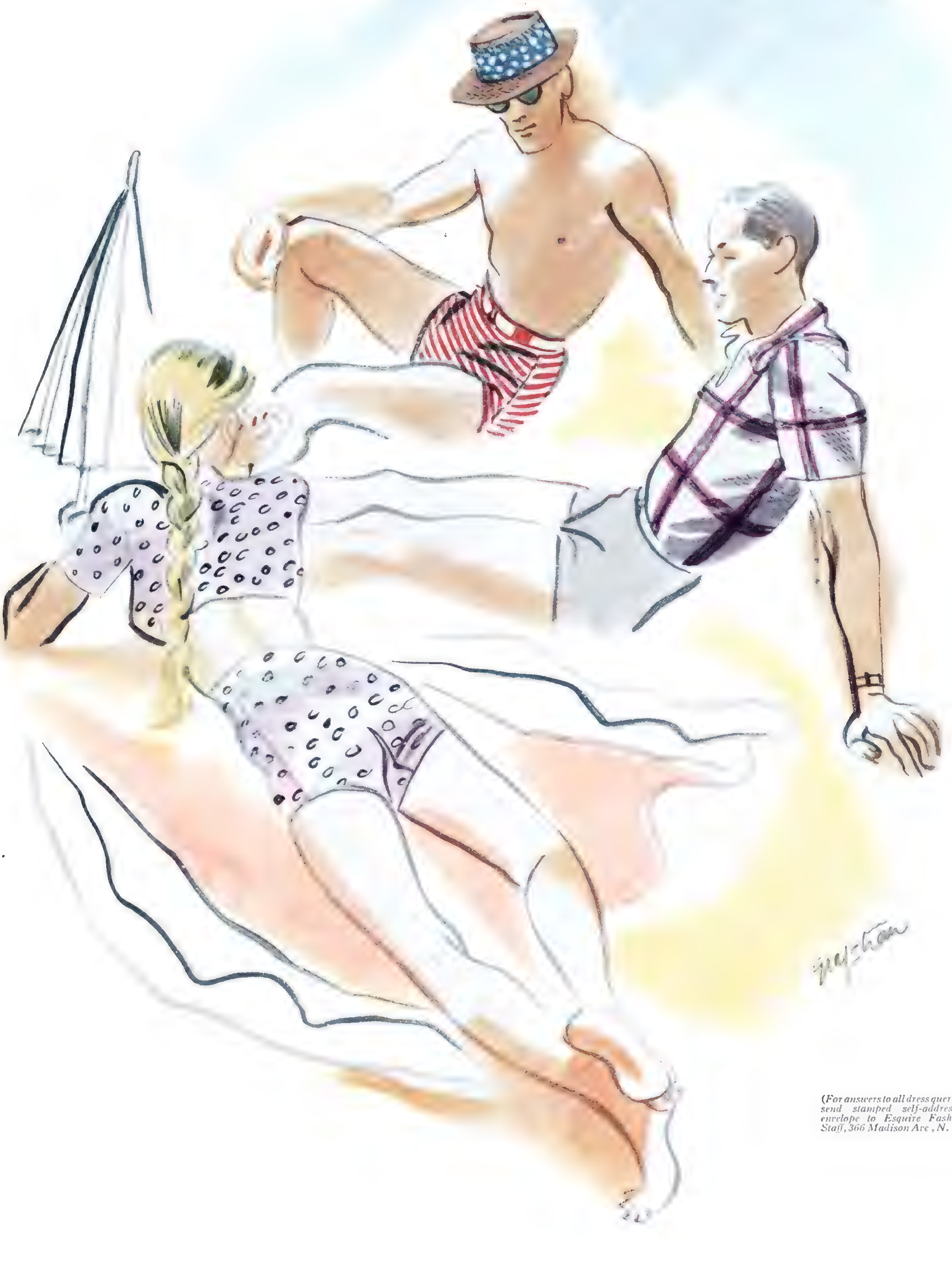
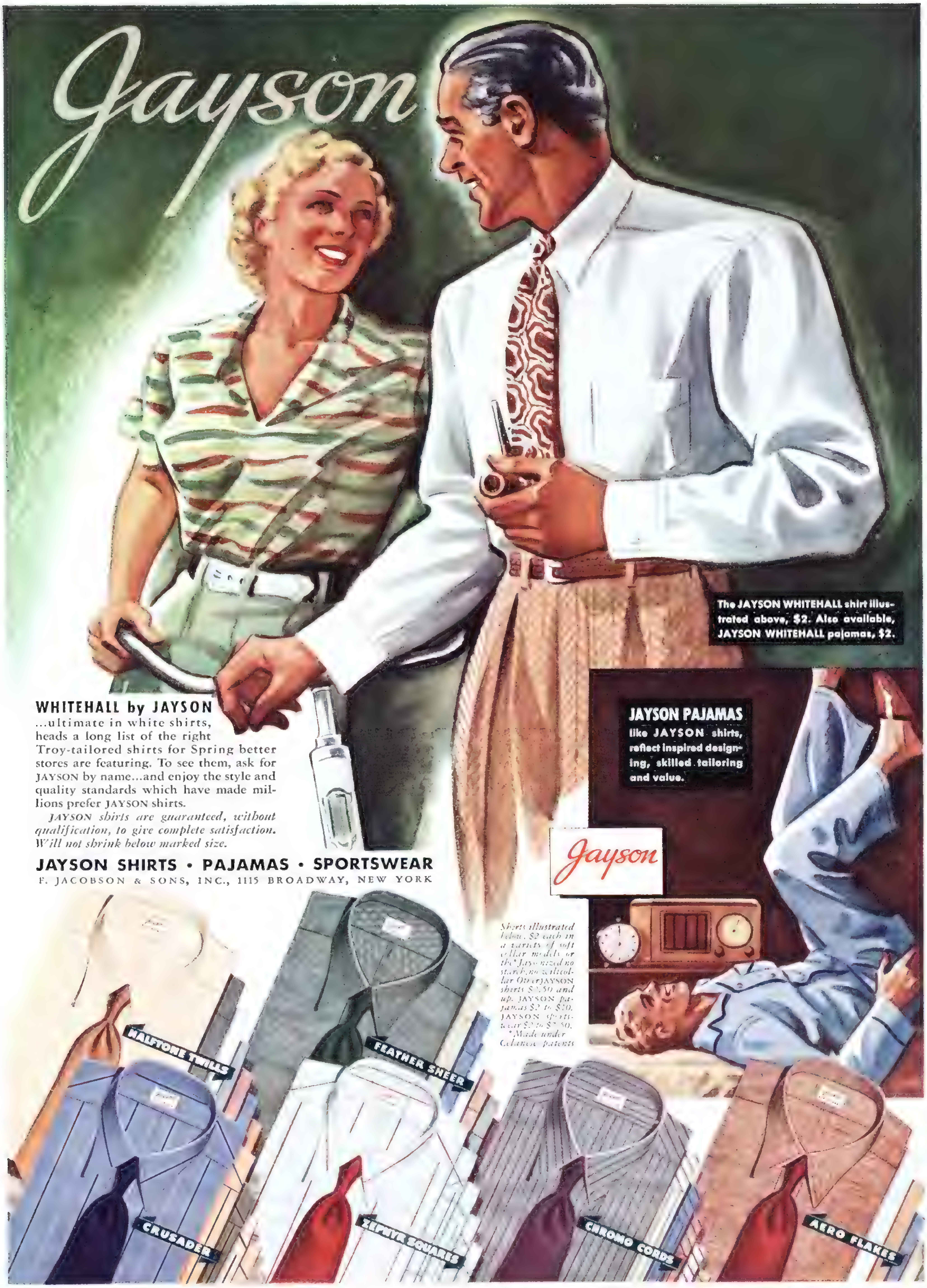
Beachcombers, 1939 version

This blaze of glory comes to you by courtesy of the fashion staff as a representation of Nassau beach fashions. There isn't much to choose from for emulation on your home beach but what there is bears the sanction of undeniable authenticity. The young lady is just a decoration, as far as we are concerned, but any woman who happens to be looking at her regalia over some man's shoulder can make of it what she will. It looks pretty nifty to us. The man in the center is dressed for the beach in typical Bahamian manner, wearing a Nassau coconut hat with wide colorful puggree band and knitted swimming trunks in the smart peppermint stick pattern. The other man wears an open front mesh sport shirt with large plaid design and grey flannel trunks.



(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)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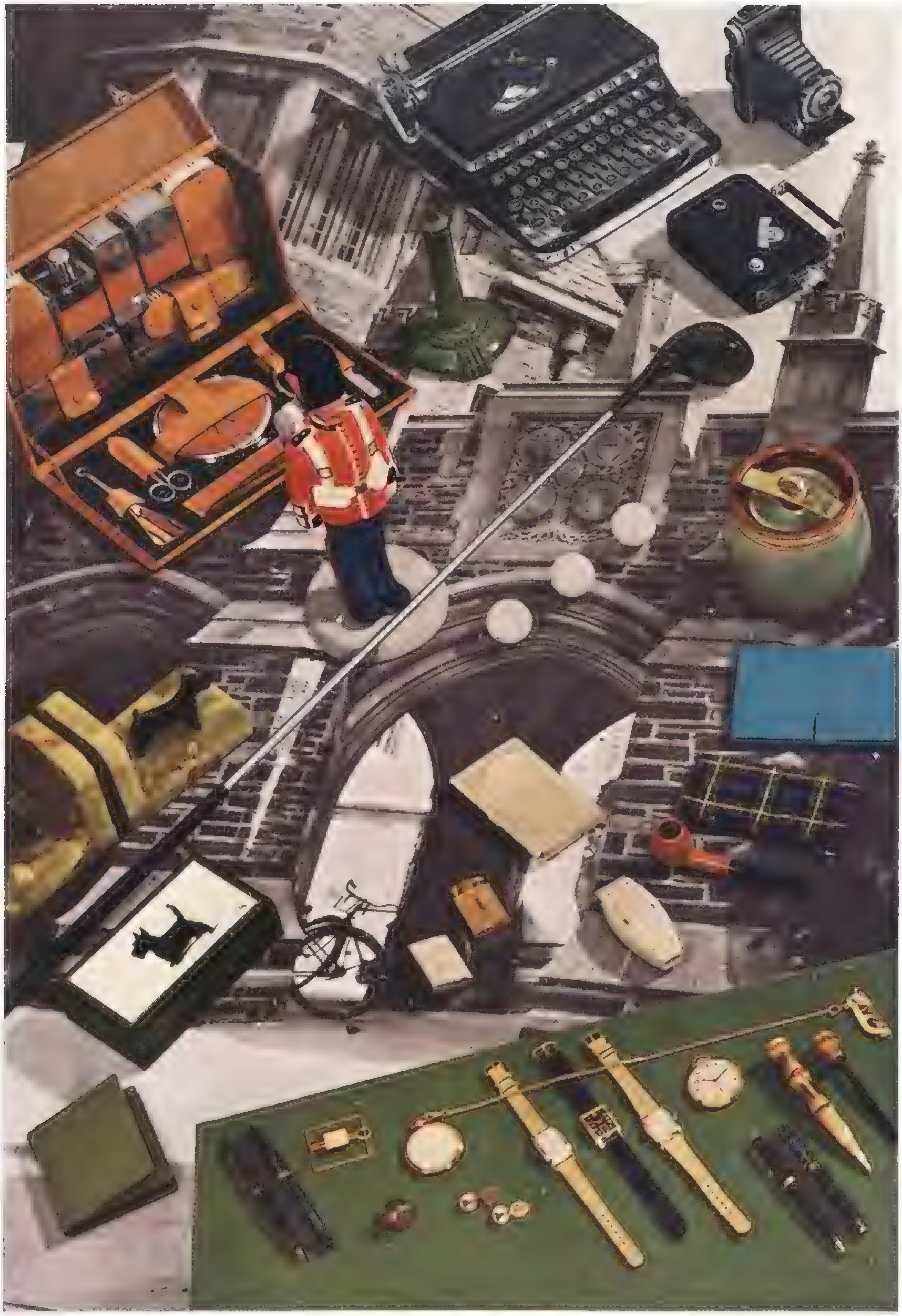
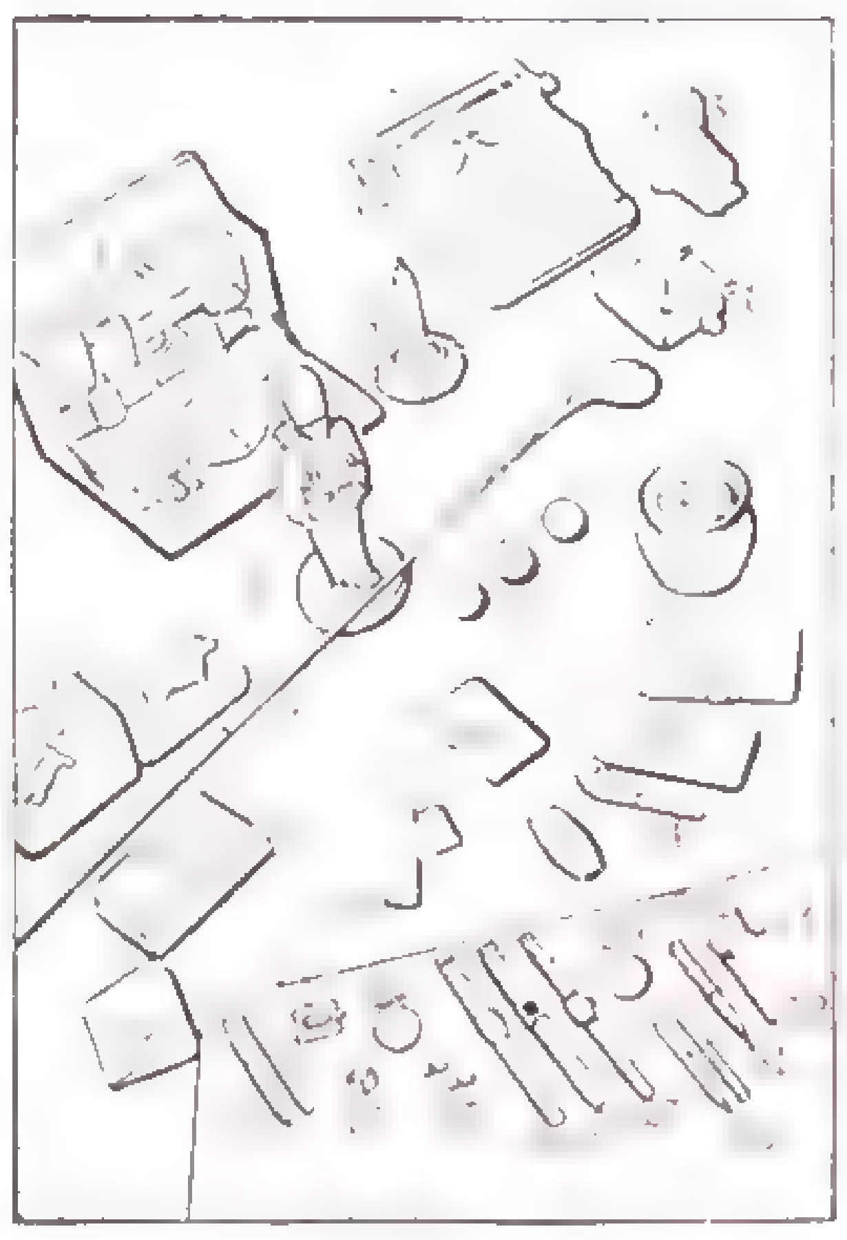


COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS



Now that he's an alumnus

After four years of it, he is entitled to something more tangible than a sheepskin and a pat on the back. Both tangible and practical are these rewards: 1—Pigskin kit fitted with a dozen toiletries . . 2—Typewriter for those letters of application . . 3—For his vacation, if any, a folding camera . . 4—Movie camera . . 5—Candle-lighter, equipped with both battery and fluid . . 6—Carved wooden figure . . 7—Scotty bookends for his volume on *How to Succeed* . . 8—Leather cigarette box with Scotty top . . 9—If he can't get a whole set, he'll take one golf club . . 10—And golf balls . . 11—Air-tight pottery tobacco jar . . 12—Pinseal passport case . . 13—Plaid tobacco pouch, leather and oilsilk lined . . 14—For those reflective moments, a pipe . . 15—Electric razor . . 16—Silver cigarette case bearing map of U.S. . . 17—Always a good bet, pocket lighter . . 18—Monogrammed windproof pocket lighter . . 19—For that first pay check, pinseal wallet . . 20—Pencil and pen with visible ink supply . . 21—Ultra-flattering 14K gold bill clip with locket . . 22—Heavy 14K gold ring . . 23—College pennant design 14K gold links . . 24—For his dress clothes, a thin pocket watch . . 25 to 27—Strap watches curved to fit the wrist . . 28—The British touch, a cable watch chain . . 29—Pocket watch . . 30—Pen and pencil set . . 31—Whangee mechanical pencil . . 32—Whangee cigarette holder . . 33—Available for practically any emergency having to do with potables, 14K gold combination keyholder, bottle opener and corkscrew.

(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., for information)

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 87

back of the stage having been curtained off, pink spotlights were turned on and the soprano came out to sing *Curly Headed Baby*, *Ciribiribin* and similar treasures of her repertory.

"The 'Louise' gathering at the Comique was much more resplendent than the ones which usually patronize this theatre. Mary Garden formed a part of it and she is said to have been enchanted with Miss Moore's performance. After the guest of this momentous occasion had sung *Depuis le jour* (stage whisper: Very badly) the stormy house refused to let the opera go on till she had sung it again (possibly a trifle worse). When the third act ended, the stage groaned under the weight of orchids, roses, lilies and other blooms, seasonal and unseasonal, unloaded on it, while flashlights popped and the soprano, graciously clasping Julien and the Mother, smiled, bowed and genuflected to all points of the compass.

"Two things Miss Moore did not contrive to do—to sing well or to fit herself into the admirably finished 'Louise' ensemble of the Comique. In fact, she most conpicuously stuck out from it."

By the time Miss Moore disclosed her Louise to us at the Metropolitan, she had tamed down her first two acts and conducted herself with more restraint. In her big scene, however, she went completely Hollywood, gesturing wildly in the accepted Garden manner without Garden's conception. The aria she sang badly. The only occasions when she glanced in the direction of her lover were when she was not singing. Without the slightest provocation, she raced right up to the footlights and threw "*Fais moi nouris sous tes baisers*" straight into the faces of the audience.

One thing puzzles me: Why should anyone work so hard on her roles as Miss Moore obviously does and never completely learn one or sing it twice the same?

* * *

Most amusing performance of the season: Delilah in glasses. I never thought I'd live to see it—but, at last, I have. Carmela Ponselle, sister of the errant Rosa, favored Florida with a glimpse of herself and put in an appearance during the University of Miami's concert performance of Saint-Saëns' Biblical drama.

Samson and Delilah, with the part of Delilah read at sight, is perhaps better than *Samson and Delilah* with the part of Delilah left out. Anyway, Miss Ponselle appeared to think so, and did the best she could with her eyes glued steadfastly to the score, even through *My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice*. She failed somehow to mesmerize the book; perhaps because she sang as though her glasses were out of focus. I had the impression that the natural timbre of her voice might be pleasant if only she would earn how to project it and would forget she was a prima donna.

The other soloists, especially Samson, and Reinald Werrenrath, as An Old Hebrew, sang with authority and gave their utmost. But the best part of the show was the chorus and the orchestra. Well prepared by Arnold Volpe and full of enthusiasm, they rose to the occasion as if it were an occasion.

Just why universities should persist in singing *Samson and Delilah* is hard to guess. Who in Miami, or New York, or Albuquerque—for that matter, wants to hear it? In this Year of Our Lord, 1939, I can locate nobody. In France, of course, that is no reason for not producing it. Saint-Saëns was a distinguished French composer, and there the *Opéra* is a national institution which occasionally must produce a French opera for the satisfaction of the taxpayers. In the same way, we give specially composed cantatas at our Spring Festivals. We sit through them, wishing we had never been born, but we do it just the same. And though our native composers do not immediately become world-famous, at least Messrs. Schirmer or Fischer or whoever publishes their output, sells a great many copies of the new work.

In these days of increasing nationalism, each nation ought to bear its own burden in this department of life. The French do not share with us the tedium of *In a Pasha's Garden*, then why should we take on the load of *Samson!* Saint-Saëns, whenever he attempts to be dramatic, only copies Meyerbeer. We hear Abimelech clinking and whistling at the Philistines, Samson calling the Hebrews to arms to a trumpet motive in the best style of *Les Huguenots;* the two factions rush at each other's throats, with every eye flashing on the conductor; and the inevitable love duet, in which, as G. B. S. says, Samson is torn by the conflicting calls of passion and party in a key with several flats. Any moment you expect Samson to attempt to bring down the house by a drinking song before resorting to the pillars.

I have been in Gaza while my plane refueled, long enough to see that I'd not want to adopt it as my postal address, and what I've learned of life there from Saint-Saëns would never induce me to change my mind.

* * *

Most "misunderstood" tenor of the season: Beniamino Gigli. Mr. Gigli, being interviewed on his arrival in New York by the *World-Telegram:*

"I am astonished at the changes —musically speaking, of course— that have taken place here. I have given some twenty recitals throughout the country since my return and I find the love for music greater than ever before.

"The radio has done a tremendous good in the cause of music. The tastes of audiences have im-

Continued at top of page 132

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DRY, brittle hair generally means that your scalp is dry, too. It feels tight, itchy or sheds loose dandruff scales. Your hair is hard to comb—apt to "break off."

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 87-131

proved, too. It is always very encouraging to an artist to find such a wealth of interest in what he is singing. When that interest is nationwide it can be indicative of one thing only—growth. I feel very sincerely that America is not musically young any more. It has attained its majority.

"Of course, the Metropolitan represents one of the world's most influential centers of art. It should be kept going always. Think of its illustrious traditions, its phenomenal effects on the aesthetic consciousness of your people, its remarkable place in the preservation of international amity—and I am extremely serious about that last."

Mr. Gigli, interviewed on his arrival in Rome from New York:

"There are those who foresee something like civil war in the United States because of unions, which are in the hands of the Jews.

"The Metropolitan Opera has been compelled to open its doors to artists chosen with judgment not too rigorous, who cost less and substitute notoriety created by publicity for intrinsic value, *i.e.* Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Crooks.

"The United States is filled with an air of general nervousness and disorientation, and an air of extortion and corruption."

Reasons for the "misunderstanding": Mr. Gigli owed Uncle Sam income taxes from a previous concert tour seven years ago. Uncle Sam collected. When Gigli departed from the Met hastily in 1932, the lease on his apartment had some years to run. New York real estate agents collected back rent out of his present earnings.

Concert fees in the United States are considerably less than they used to be. Though a sensation at the Met, Gigli did not draw so well in San Francisco or in concert. When he got back to Italy, he found he would have earned more if he had stayed there.

* * *

Lousiest radio program to which music-lovers were induced to listen, by the presence of "big-name" singers: Lawrence Tibbett, Marian Anderson, *et al.*: The Circle, on Sunday evenings. Talent cost advertised as thirty thousand dollars a shot or five hundred dollars a minute. Maybe so, but the orchestra sounded like a nickelodeon, and script-writers weren't worth fifty dollars. ⧺

The Monument

Continued from page 40

is published on the subject!"

"True," Thesing said judicially, "The general consensus of opinion is that Americans do not know the difference between red wine and a chocolate malted milk."

"In my bar," McMahon repeated, his face very red, his wide hands spread on the bar, "I serve the best drinks I know how to serve."

"Stubborn!" Mr. Grimmet yelled. "You are a stubborn Irishman! You do this out of malice! You are anxious to see me lose seven dollars on every case of liquor because you dislike me. Let us get down to the bedrock of truth!"

"Keep your voice down," McMahon said, speaking with great control. "I want to remind you of one or two things. I have worked for you since Repeal, Mr. Grimmet. In that time, how many times did we have to enlarge the bar?"

"I am not in the mood for history, McMahon!" Mr. Grimmet shouted. "What good is a bar as long as the *Normandie* if it is not run on a businesslike basis?"

"Answer my question," McMahon said. "How many times?"

"Three," Mr. Grimmet said, "all right, three."

"We are three times as big now as we were six years ago," McMahon said in a professor's tone, explaining proposition one, going on to proposition two. "Why do you think that is?"

"Accident!" Mr. Grimmet looked ironically up to the ceiling. "Fate! Roosevelt! The hand of God! How do I know?"

"I will tell you," McMahon said, continuing in the professorial vein. "People who come into this bar get the best Manhattans, the best Martinis, the best Daiquiris that are made on the face of the earth. They are made out of the finest ingredients, with great care, Mr. Grimmet."

"One cocktail tastes like another," Mr. Grimmet said. "People make a big fuss and they don't know anything."

"Mr. Grimmet," McMahon said with open contempt, "it is easy to see that you're not a drinking man."

Mr. Grimmet's face reflected his desperate search for a new line of defense. His eyebrows went up with pleasure as he found it. He sat down and spoke softly across the bar to McMahon. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that people come into this place because of the food that is served here?"

"I will give you my final opinion of Greta Garbo," the first waiter's voice sounded out defiantly. "There is nobody like her."

For a moment McMahon looked straight into Mr. Grimmet's eyes. A slight bitter smile played at one corner of his mouth. He breathed deeply, like a man who has just decided to bet on a horse that has not won in fourteen races. "Shall I tell you what I think of the food that is served in your restaurant, Mr. Grimmet?" McMahon asked flatly.

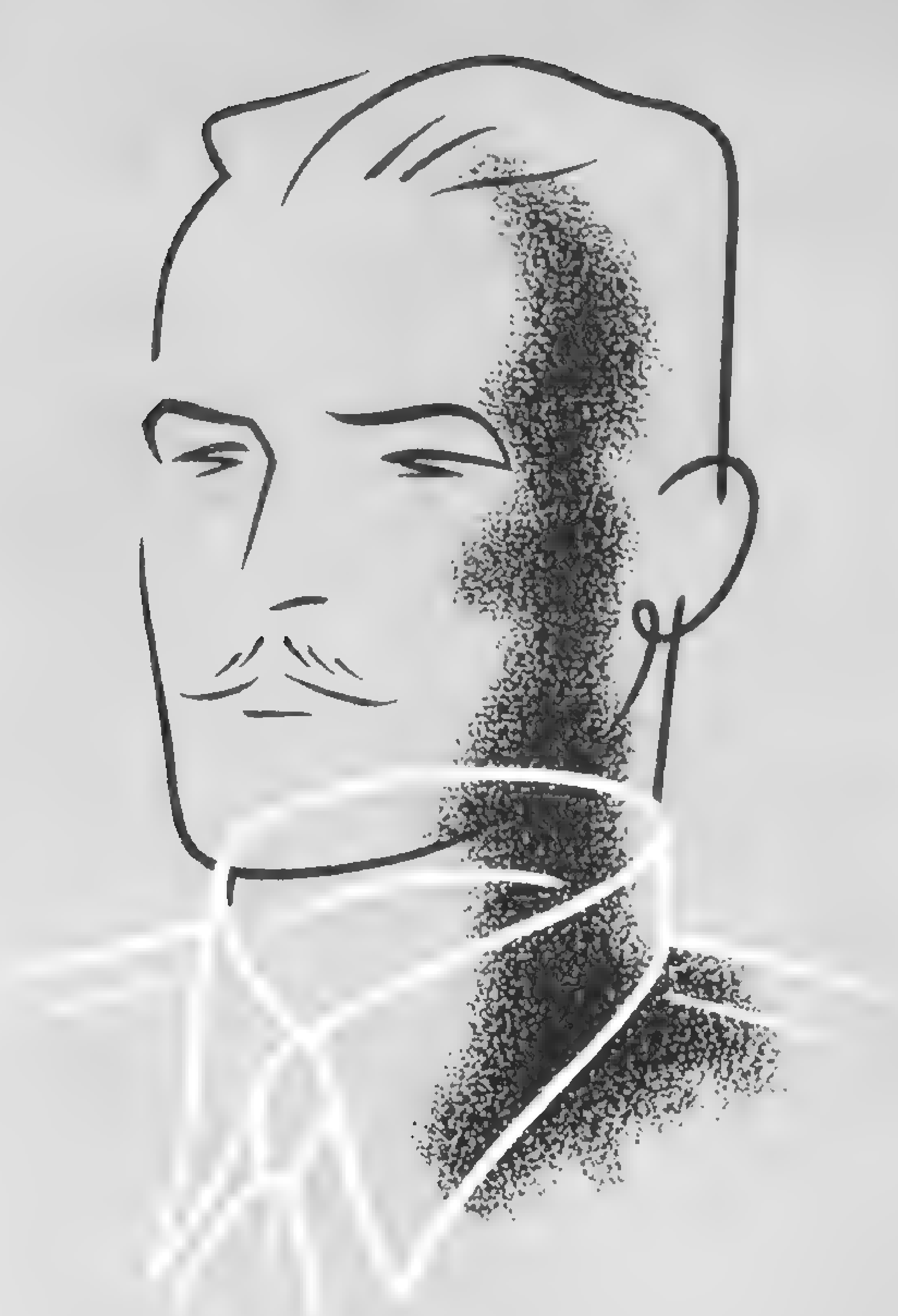
"The best chefs," Mr. Grimmet said quickly, "the best chefs in the city of New York."

McMahon nodded slowly. "The best chefs," he said, "and the worst food."

"Consider," Mr. Grimmet

Continued on page 134

MEMO:
Father's Day
June 18th



NOTE: THE NEW

Everness Collar

OUTWEARS THE SHIRT

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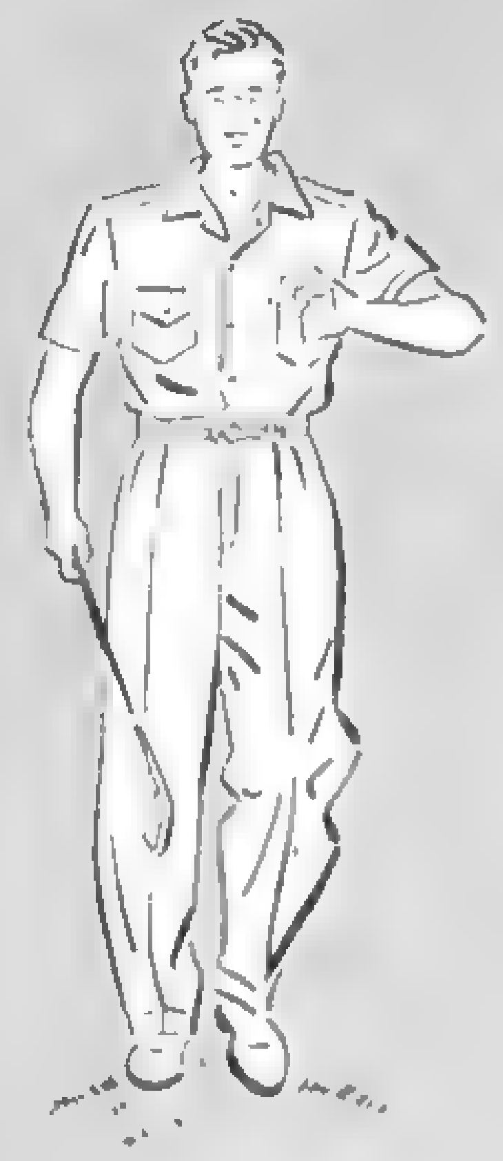
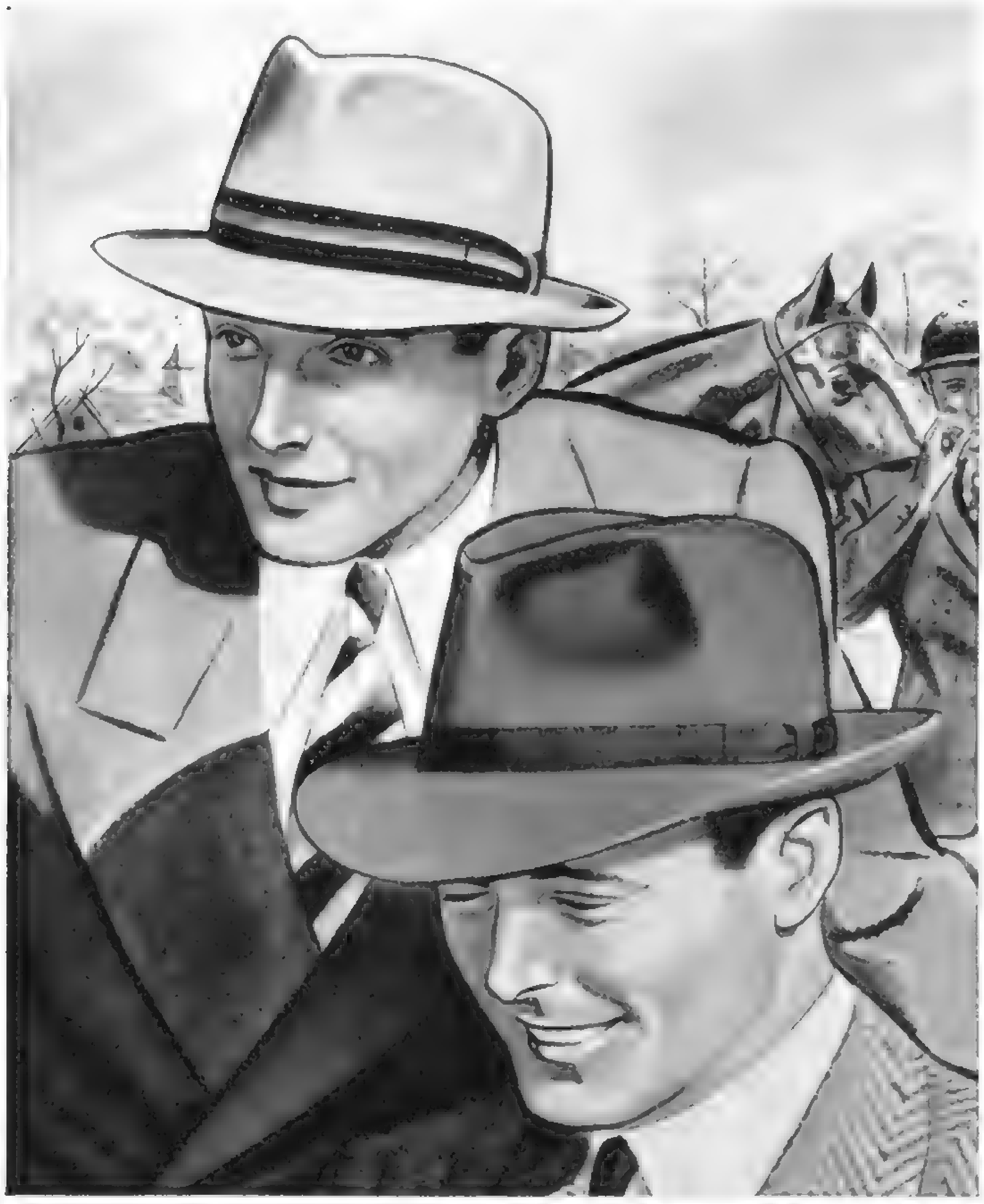


ESSLEY SPORTSWEAR

Essley sports shirts — shirt-and-slack combinations — and collarless jackets are *classic* in their traditionally correct styling as to model and color. They're not a bit *la li da* — because they're built with a rugged masculine concept and priced to make their acquisition painless.

New — Essley's eye-filling $2 Shirt — "HOLDER" *— of a super-woven, extra-lustrous cloth*

FORGET all your old ideas about hats



SAYS EXPERIENCE: Hats must be *heavy* to be dressy... the silk-soft lightweights are strictly "sports models."

SAYS EMERSON: *No longer!* Now you can have lightweights with everything the heavies have—except weight.

Not just during the summer, mind you, but *every* season. Hats of insuperable lightness (*and that means comfort!*) with every new style touch . . . every feature formerly found in heavier felts alone.

You'll know them by their special Emerson *Lite-Tex* stamp. You'll find them today—in all *this* season's models and colors—at your Emerson dealer's.

Emerson Hats are priced from **$3.85** to **$7.50.**

THE COURT (left, above)—a top-flight sportster . . . sideswing-brimmed . . . clubstripe-banded . . . with the costly-looking Emerson concealed-welt edge. In cool color mixtures.

THE STANDARD (right, above)—a superb raw-edge, low-banded cavalier of a hat—matchless for versatility. The Emerson Hat Company, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

EMERSON *Lite-Tex*

AMERICA'S NEWEST HAT HABIT

The Monument

Continued from pages 40-132

called. "Consider what you're saying."

"Anything a cook can disguise," McMahon said, talking now to Thesing, disregarding Mr. Grimmet, "is wonderful here. Anything with a sauce. Once I ate a sirloin steak in this restaurant . . ."

"Careful, McMahon," Mr. Grimmet jumped off his stool and ran around to face McMahon.

"What can be done to disguise a sirloin steak?" McMahon asked reasonably. "Nothing. You broil it. Simply that. If it was good when it was cut off the steer, it's good on your plate. If it was bad . . ."

"I pay good prices!" Mr. Grimmet yelled. "I'll have no allusions . . ."

"I would not bring a dog into this restaurant to eat sirloin steak," McMahon said. "Not a young dog with the teeth of a lion."

"You're fired!" Mr. Grimmet pounded on the bar. "This restaurant will now do without your services."

McMahon bowed. "That is satisfactory to me," he said. "Perfectly satisfactory."

"Well, now, everybody. Boys!" Thesing said pacifically. "Over a little thing like our own rye . . ."

McMahon began taking off his apron. "This bar has a reputation. It is my reputation. I am proud of it. I am not interested in remaining at a place in which my reputation will be damaged."

McMahon threw his apron, neatly folded, over a towel rack and picked up the little wooden wedge on which was printed, in gold letters, "William McMahon, *In Charge*." Mr. Grimmet watched him with trouble in his eyes as McMahon lifted the hinged piece of the bar that permitted the bartenders to get out into the restaurant proper.

"What is the sense," Mr. Grimmet asked as the hinges creaked, "of taking a rash step, Billy?" Once more Mr. Grimmet hated himself for his dulcet tone of voice, but William McMahon was one of the five finest bartenders in the city of New York.

McMahon stood there, pushing the hinged piece of the bar a little, back and forth. "Once and for all," he said. He let the hinged piece fall behind him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Billy," Mr. Grimmet went on swiftly, hating himself more and more, "I'll make a compromise. I will give you five dollars more per week." He sighed to himself and then looked brightly at McMahon.

McMahon knocked his shingle thoughtfully against the bar. "I will try to make you understand something, Mr. Grimmet," he said, gently. "I am not as fundamentally interested in money as I am fundamentally interested in other things."

"You are not so different from the rest of the world," Mr. Grimmet said with dignity.

"I have been working for twenty-five years," McMahon said, knocking the shingle that said, "William McMahon, *In Charge*," "and I have constantly been able to make a living. I do not work only to make a living. I am more interested in making something else. For the last six years I have worked here night and day. A lot of nice people come in here and drink like ladies and gentlemen. They all like this place. They all like me."

"Nobody is saying anything about anybody not liking you," Mr. Grimmet said impatiently. "I am discussing a matter of business principle."

"I like this place." McMahon looked down at the shingle in his hand. "I think this is a very nice bar. I planned it. Right?" He looked up at Mr. Grimmet.

"You planned it. I will sign an affidavit to the effect that you planned it," Mr. Grimmet said ironically. "What has that got to do with Thesing's own brand?"

"If something is right here," McMahon went on, without raising his voice, "people can say it's William McMahon's doing. If something is wrong here they can say it's William McMahon's fault. I like that, Mr. Grimmet. When I die people can say, 'William McMahon left a monument, the bar at Grimmet's Restaurant. He never served a bad drink in his whole life.'" McMahon took his coat out of the closet next to the bar and put it on. "A monument. I will not have a monument made out of Thesing's own brand. Mr. Grimmet, I think you are a dumb bastard."

McMahon bowed a little to the two men and started out. Mr. Grimmet gulped, then called, his words hard and dry in the empty restaurant. "McMahon!" The bartender turned around. "All right," Mr. Grimmet said. "Come back."

McMahon gestured toward Thesing.

"Any liquor you say," Mr. Grimmet said in a choked voice. "Any godamn whiskey you want!"

McMahon smiled and went back to the closet and took his coat off and took the shingle out of his pocket. He went back of the bar and slipped on his apron, as Thesing and Grimmet watched.

"One thing," Mr. Grimmet said, his eyes twitching from the strain, "one thing I want you to know."

"Yes, sir," said McMahon.

"I don't want you to talk to me," Mr. Grimmet said, "and I don't want to talk to you. Ever."

Thesing quietly picked up his hat and stole out the door.

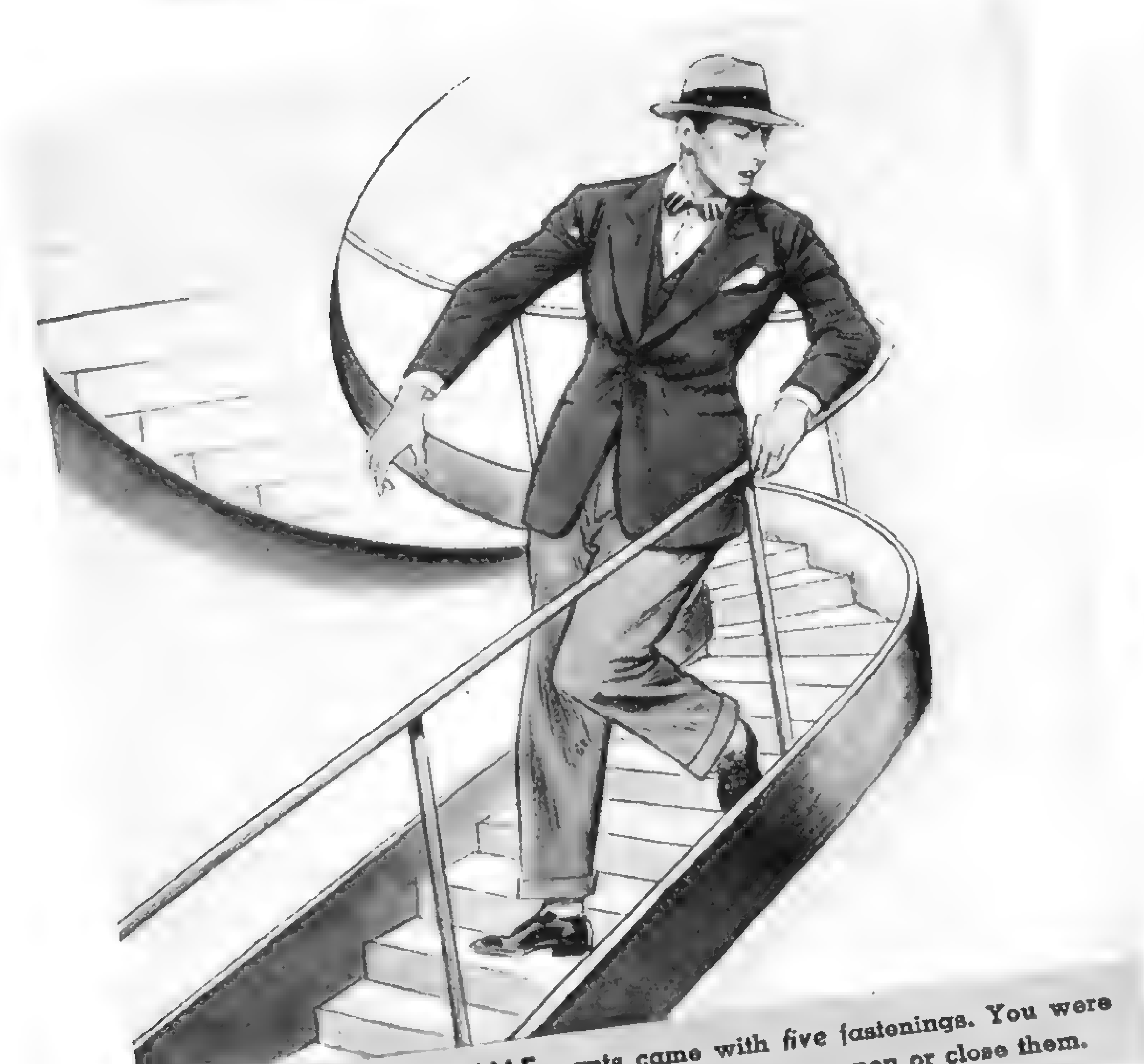
"Yes, sir," said McMahon.

Mr. Grimmet walked swiftly into the kitchen.

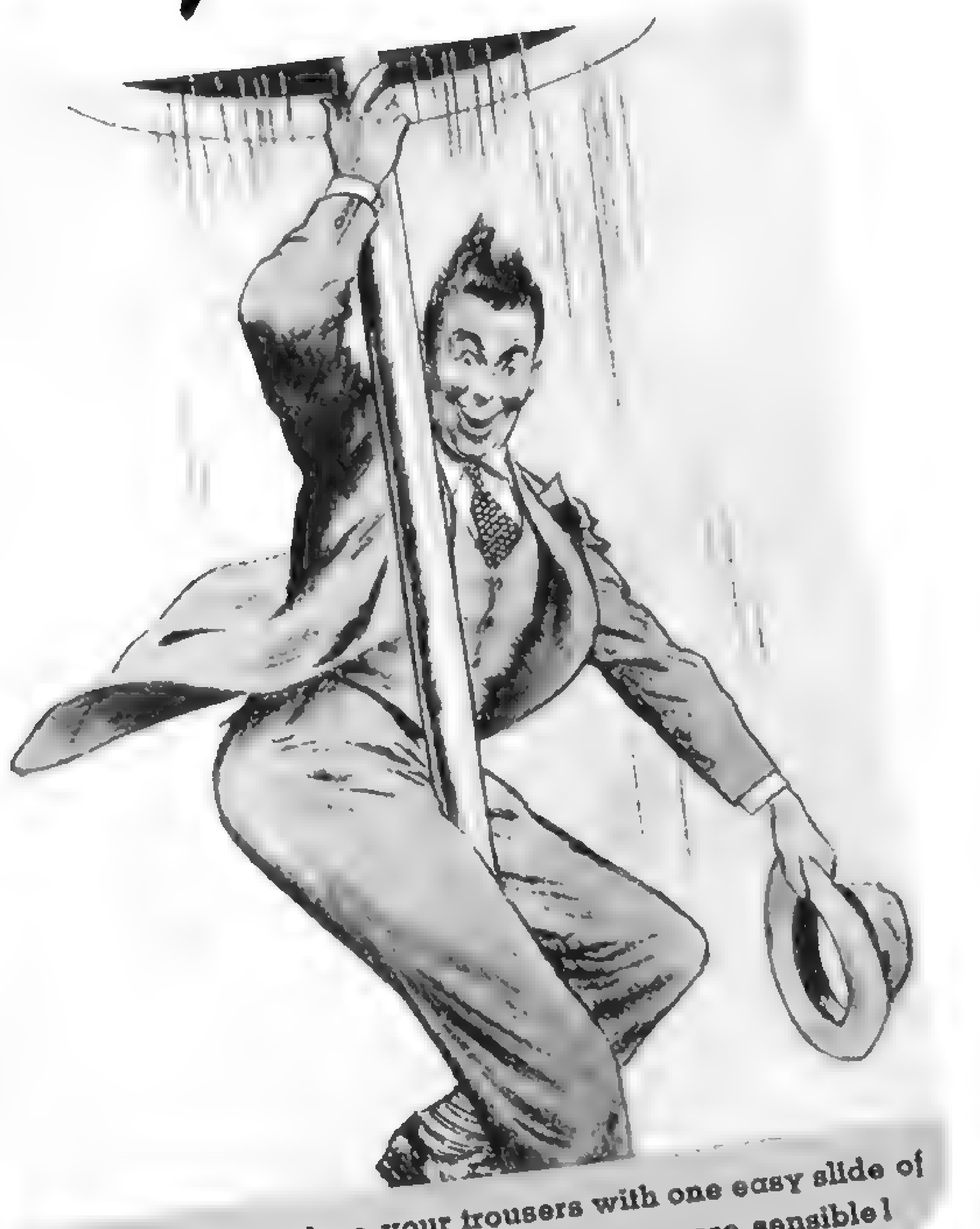
"I will tell you something about debutantes," the first waiter was saying in the rear of the restaurant, "they are overrated."

McMahon tied the bow in his apron strings and, neatly, in the center of the whiskey shelves above the bar, placed the shingle, "William McMahon, *In Charge*." #

"NO THANKS"—"Now you're talking"



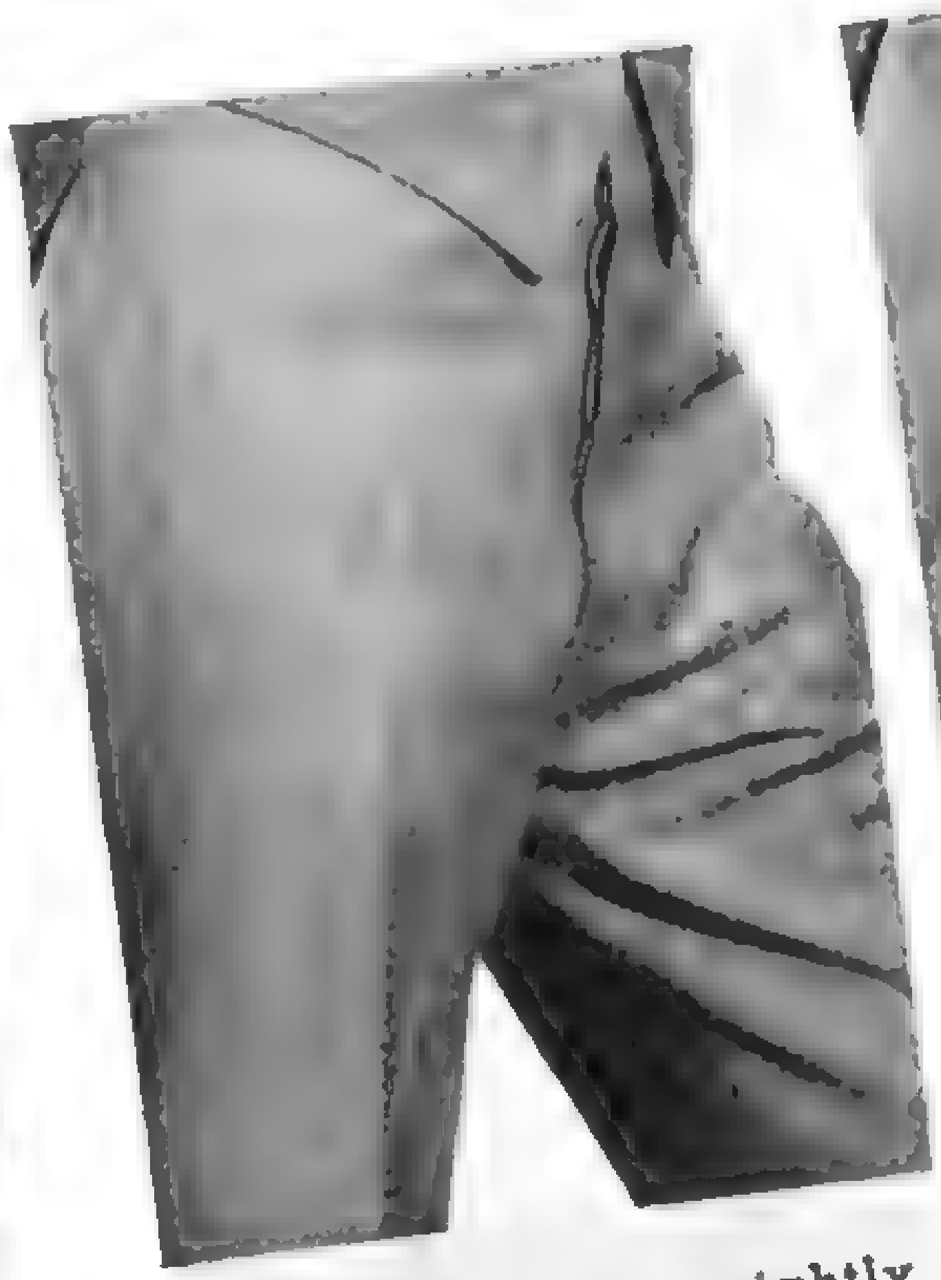
ONCE UPON A TIME pants came with five fastenings. You were annoyed by the many separate steps required to open or close them.



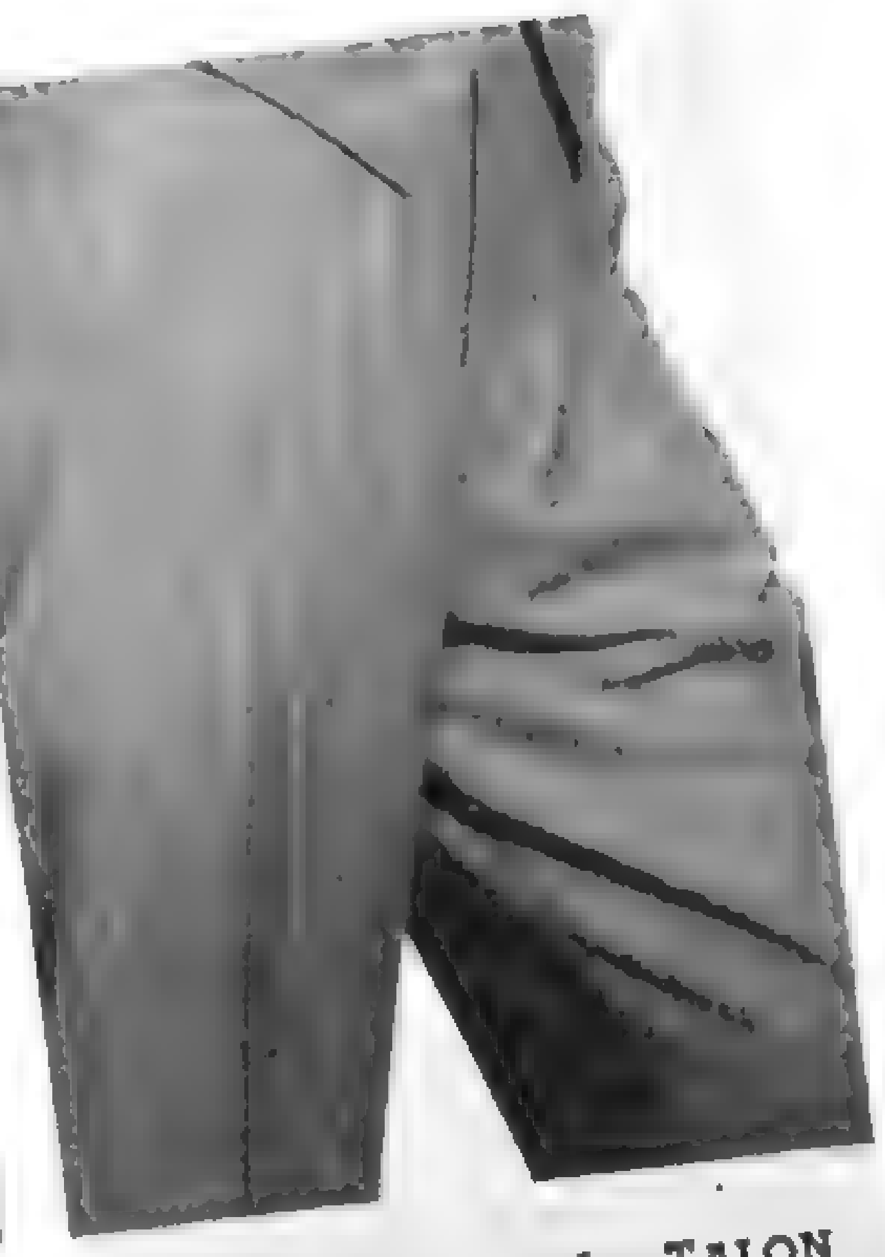
TODAY you close your trousers with one easy slide of the TALON fastener...faster, simpler, more sensible!

GONE FOR GOOD...old-fashioned fastenings that often came open by accident...often broke off your trousers.

HERE TO STAY...the modern TALON slide fastener. Now you are always *sure* that your trousers are properly closed.



REJECTED...unsightly gaps and bulges frequently caused by the old fastenings!



ACCEPTED...the TALON fastener—gives you a well-groomed appearance.

GOOD NEWS FOR MILLIONS! This spring you get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made suits!

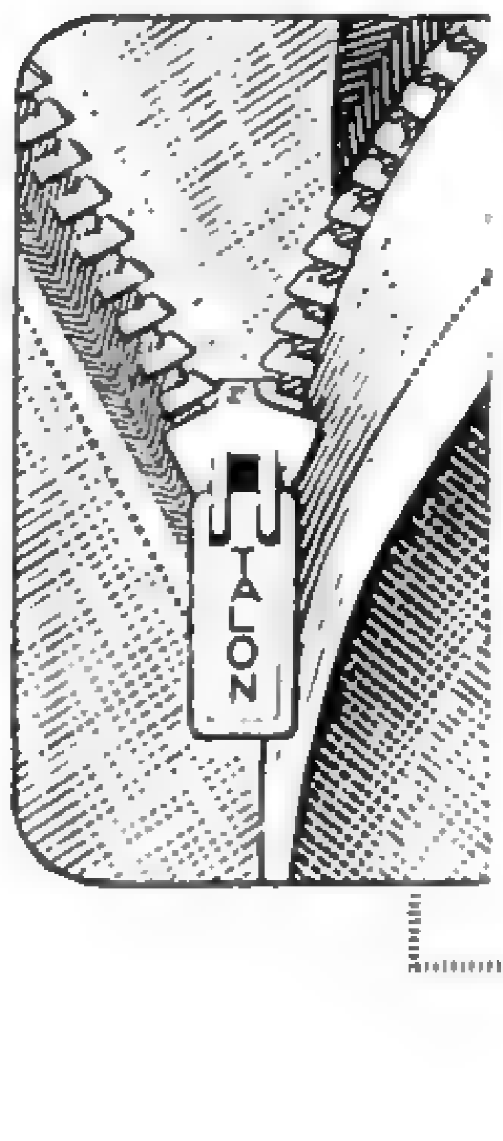
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

NEVER AGAIN need you fumble with five fastenings on your trousers. Never again need you put up with fastenings that come open by accident.

For now most of the better-made new suits have the modern TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

Why not make sure your next new suit is *really new?* No matter how much or how little you pay, see that it has a TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



"TAKE A SECOND LOOK" FOR THE NAME

"TALON"

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ON SLIDE FASTENERS

GIVE IT THE THIRD DEGREE

We urge you to question the dependability of the slide fastener when you buy a suit. For today there are fasteners that you *can't* be sure of. Actually, these unreliable slide fasteners are easy to avoid. Just "take a second look" for the name 'TALON.' Then you know you have the slide fastener that has been proved *practical* by millions of men.

Why I Am Faithful to My Wife

Continued from page 39

ments. Me, I am admittedly vain. Women have flattered me and I've loved it, but though I expanded like a toad in the sun and even croaked for more, no smooth gal has yet succeeded in getting me to set up a local Lothario.

I'll tell you why.

Since I am over forty most of the women I know are somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five. More than a few of them are the semi-idle wives of successful men and are patently in the market for a romantic diversion. With me or with someone else, it doesn't make a tremendous lot of difference which. Point is, the dears are chiefly seeking relief from ennui, hunting a tonic for self-esteem, planning masculine coups as a means of proving that they are not slipping; or maybe they are simply out to get revenge on an errant husband. It would be no great compliment to be taken to the arms of such a one. Especially since they are no longer young; and a man is never so old that he is not sensitive to lack of youth in women.

It *would* inflate my ego, naturally, if I could captivate a considerably younger woman. Say a girl in her twenties, someone vibrant, fresh, lovely in body and stimulating in mind, and very preferably a girl sought after by men younger than myself. That *would* raise the devil with Mr. Over-Forty!

Yet it is unlikely that this could happen. The reason? My capacity for being mortified is greater than my conceit. Any forty-year-old with a lick of sense must realize that most girls in their twenties look upon him as passé, a has-been well on the road to decrepitude and therefore out of their own gay young race. They would be either disgusted or amused if I attempted to make conquest among their ranks, and on that account I refrain. However much I may admire Yon Lovely Young Thing, however much I appreciate her riches of flesh and spirit, I confine myself to harmless persiflage. *No fool like an old fool* is a proverb that makes me shudder.

Out with vanity, then. I am vain but not vain enough to make a monkey of myself—I hope.

But are there no women in my set that I might fall for? Certainly there are. Very attractive women, too. And what's more, I now and then get a covert invitation from one of them to take part in the oldest of intrigues. Thrilling, that is—except that I am held back by the realization that we would probably never get to making love expertly, and anything short of expertness would be a humiliating and an unsatisfying experience. Ponder this for a moment.

Love-making, courtship, the marriage relation, all these things call for practice. Just like a duet, double piano playing, or a set of tennis. The grand passion requires not only two people but two people who are used to each other, who are co-operative in ways bordering upon the artistic. If they are not easily and habitually a team it is impossible to extract the proper satisfaction from what they fondly call their love.

Here, then, is the psychological weakness of the extramarital excursion. No matter how exciting and pleasurable it may be, you cannot escape the fact that the two parties are unused to each other, and—what is even more lamentable—they probably are, or have been, used to someone else. Their habits, methods, technique in general, all are different. They may have danced and played bridge and discussed dahlias for years on end, but when it comes to consummating love they are likely to be maladroit as strangers. Even though they be fundamentally at ease there are subtleties which are off tone, and in so delicate a relationship subtleties can have a most devastating effect. The result can be summed up as interesting—even exciting—but so bungling as to be ruinous to one's self-esteem.

To make matters worse the experience might deprive me of something valuable.

Among my friends is a charming woman whom we shall call Prunella. Prunella is the wife of a rich man; she is witty and vivacious, very good-looking, clever at wearing clothes, and old enough to be sophisticated in the true sense of the word. She is fond of me. Whether this is good taste on her part is beside the point—actually she does like me, very much. By word and gesture I have received this assurance from Prunella. She has got through my skull the information that she would neither swoon, have me arrested, nor shout for her husband if I were to advance our friendship to a warmer phase.

This has been going on for almost a year, and yet except for an occasional kiss—leaving her house or she leaving mine, after dinner—beyond this and a few words of affection, the affair has wilted in the bud. I know Prunella wonders why. With the self-centered yen of her sex she expects me to do something about it. I imagine she has even begun to think me a dud, a stick, a mouse where there ought to be a man. Dreadful image to have rise up in front of me every time I meet her, nevertheless I continue to do nothing. I contem-

Continued on page 138

COOL...
AS THE SHADE IN A GLADE

Every smartly dressed man should have at least one pair of Uptown supersmart all-white genuine buckskin shoes—or genuine buck trimmed with Town Tan or Cordo calf. We will leave it to your good judgment of value—did you ever see their equal at $5 to $6.50? Write for your Uptown dealer's name if you don't know it.

BENTON LAST—Here's the aristocrat of summer smartness in genuine all-white buckskin with wing tip and leather heel.
Widths AAA to D. Sizes to 14.

BENTON LAST—An increasingly popular sport type, with a straight tip, styled in genuine white buck and brown calf with tiny sprays of perforations to keep you cool. It's a Free Mold.
Widths AAA to D. Sizes 6 to 12.

BENTON LAST—Smart dressers approve combinations. This one in genuine white buck and brown calfskin, with leather sole and heel, has excellent fitting qualities.
Widths AAA to D. Sizes to 14.

Uptown SHOES $5.00 to $6.50

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO.
Division of International Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUMMER CUM LAUDE!

The annual exodus from the prep school campus will find suits and sport coats like these taking first honors...because the styling has cribbed a page from University brother's book! Tailored with an easy nonchalance by Julius Schwartz ... in a laboratory tested and approved rayon and cotton fabric which assures its seam strength, washability, and all-round wearing qualities ... to stand up under the strain of extra-mural activities—equally important to both preps and their parents.

Look for the characteristic green and white label on all boys' suits and sportswear. It identifies the cloth and serves as a warranty of quality.

in prep and student suits of KEN-KOOL *Cloth tailored by Julius Schwartz*

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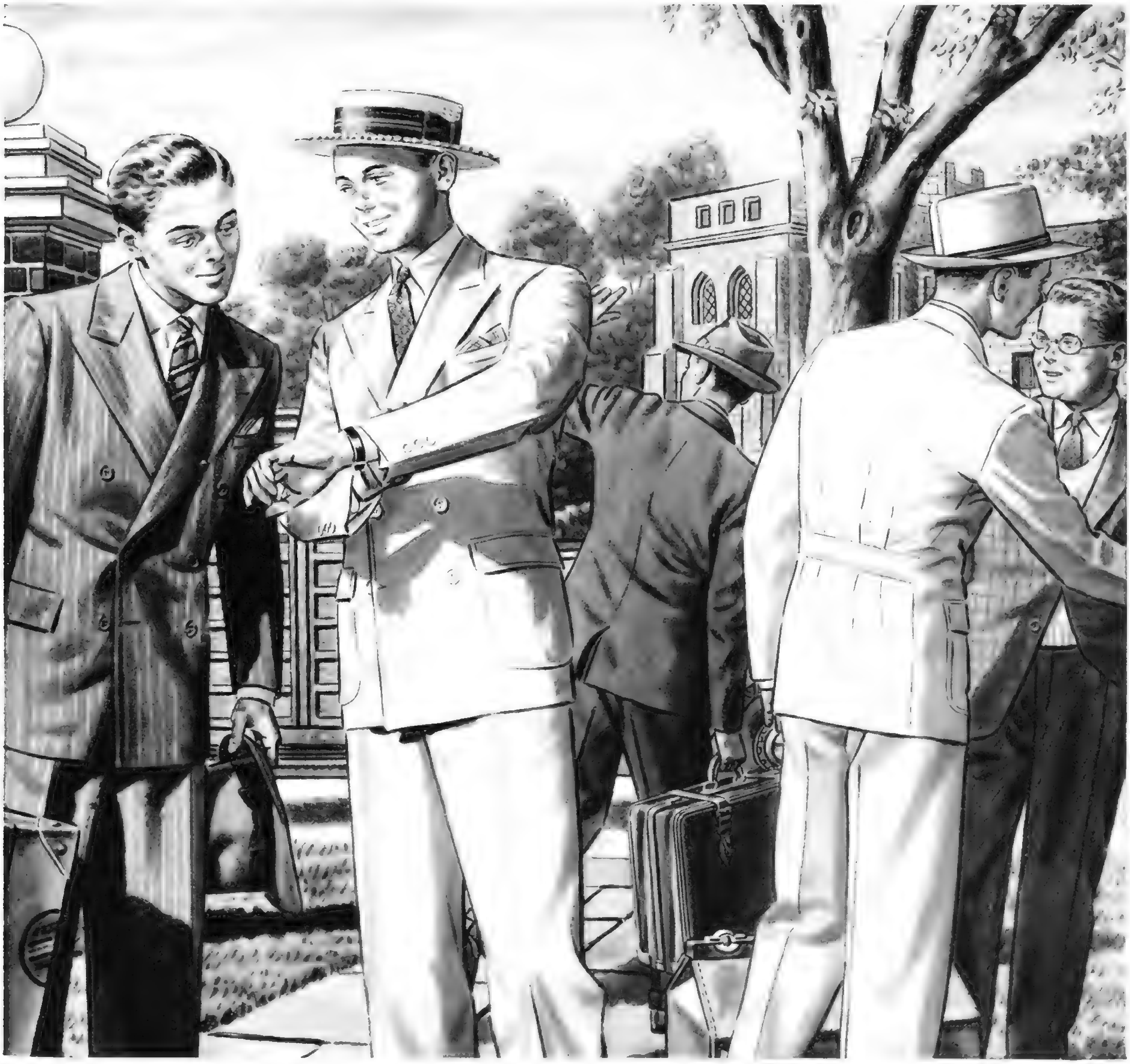
THE COUNTRY OVER



JULIUS SCHWARTZ & SONS, INC., Broadway at 19th Street, New York

Manufacturers of Boys', Preps' and Students' Clothing and Sportswear since 1892

NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, WILL YOU STOP SQUIRMING?
Peter Arno

SQUIRMERS GET THE HORSE LAUGH!

CHANGE TO Jockey UNDERWEAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A revelation in coolness —knitted so your skin can breathe!

▪ **Don't be ridiculous! Switch to Jockey—America's sensational squirm-free underwear. Exclusive, patented Y-front construction does away with sawing, bunching, hiking. Masculinized—fits everywhere, not just around the waist. Jockey offers mild, restful support . . . convenient angled opening that never gaps . . . time-saving, buttonless tailoring. Its special porous knit cools the body by speeding evaporation. Invisible underneath light, summer clothing. Various leg lengths in cotton, in rayon, and in linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. For children, Jockey in sizes down to 6 years. It's not Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.**

VISIT THE JOCKEY EXHIBIT, "MAN" BUILDING, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Y-FRONT PATENT of COOPERS, Inc.
OPENING
Jockey UNDERWEAR
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

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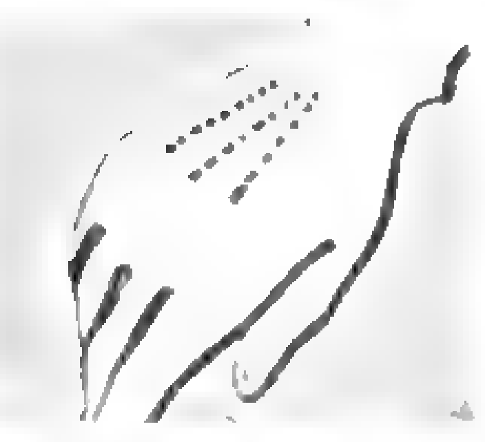
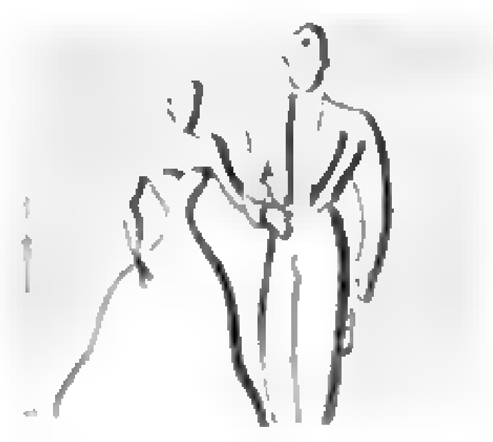
Illustrating Jockey in the Short length. Modern two-piece underwear


▪ MASCULINIZED—*fits like a glove—everywhere*

▪ BUTTONLESS —*dress with fire-house speed*


▪ SMART—*as formal attire— streamlined*

▪ COOL—*even Eskimos will envy you*

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Why I Am Faithful to My Wife

Continued from pages 39-136

plate it now and then, I even talk to her of ways and means and convenient times, but always vaguely, like a beachcomber who keeps promising the old folks that he'll be coming home—some day.

I'll never do anything about Prunella. For one thing I do not want to ruin my dream of her. To me Prunella has glamor, especially on moonlit terraces and in certain frocks and attitudes. I want her to retain that quality, and intimacy would destroy it. I do not mean that having got her I would on that account spurn her; I mean that her present appeal depends upon a certain aloofness, a certain veiling and artful camouflage; and if she became my mistress she would be stripped of this romantic build-up. Robbed of her aura I should thereafter look upon her with what Jack London referred to as his jaundiced eye. She would never be the same.

That would be bad, very bad. I positively insist upon investing Prunella with glamor, even though it be imaginary glamor. Women of her type I want to admire and yet never possess. Let them be an idyll beyond the horizon, an untouched flower, something delectable and yet harmless, kept at arm's length and so insured against all chance of disillusioning me.

But what of my wife's glamor? Most of it has thinned away, destroyed by years of intimacy. My better half is, after ten years, not a goddess but merely a woman. No mystery left. I know her physical self; I am as familiar with her methods of dressing and ornamenting herself as I am with my shaving routine. Mentally, too, I understand her; and though she occasionally exhibits an emotional quirk that confounds me I have got into the way of putting this down, not to mystery but to sheer female cussedness. Glamor, no. Never—that is, hardly ever!

Yet she is not spoiled for me. Far from it. Because in the course of our life together she has developed other attractions. Strong and valuable fruits to take the place of her original halo of dream and glamor. Great, fine enduring virtues that she either did not possess when I asked her to marry me, or which I was indifferent to, but for which nevertheless I now thank God. It is partly because of these assets that I cling to my wife; and I look askance at other women because I do not believe that long years with them would develop similar blessings. Certainly no unrelated series of amours could bring them to flower.

My wife's virtues I appreciate, the monotony of married life I appreciate. It's wonderfully pleasant that married life *is* monotonous. Youngsters may thrive, or think they thrive, on a hurly-burly of love and passion, but as a steady diet this is as untenable as an unvarying menu of cake and gin. By the time a man is forty years of age, sex should have become background music, vital and enjoyable, but retired to its proper place as only one ingredient in the feast of marital felicity. Sex becomes a matter of course without becoming the object of careless taking-for-granted. A dozen other satisfactions grow up between a man and a woman, satisfactions requiring order, stability, and the smooth succession of months and years together. So far as I am concerned, nothing could be more appalling than to be forced to go outside my own home on the trail of erotic delights.

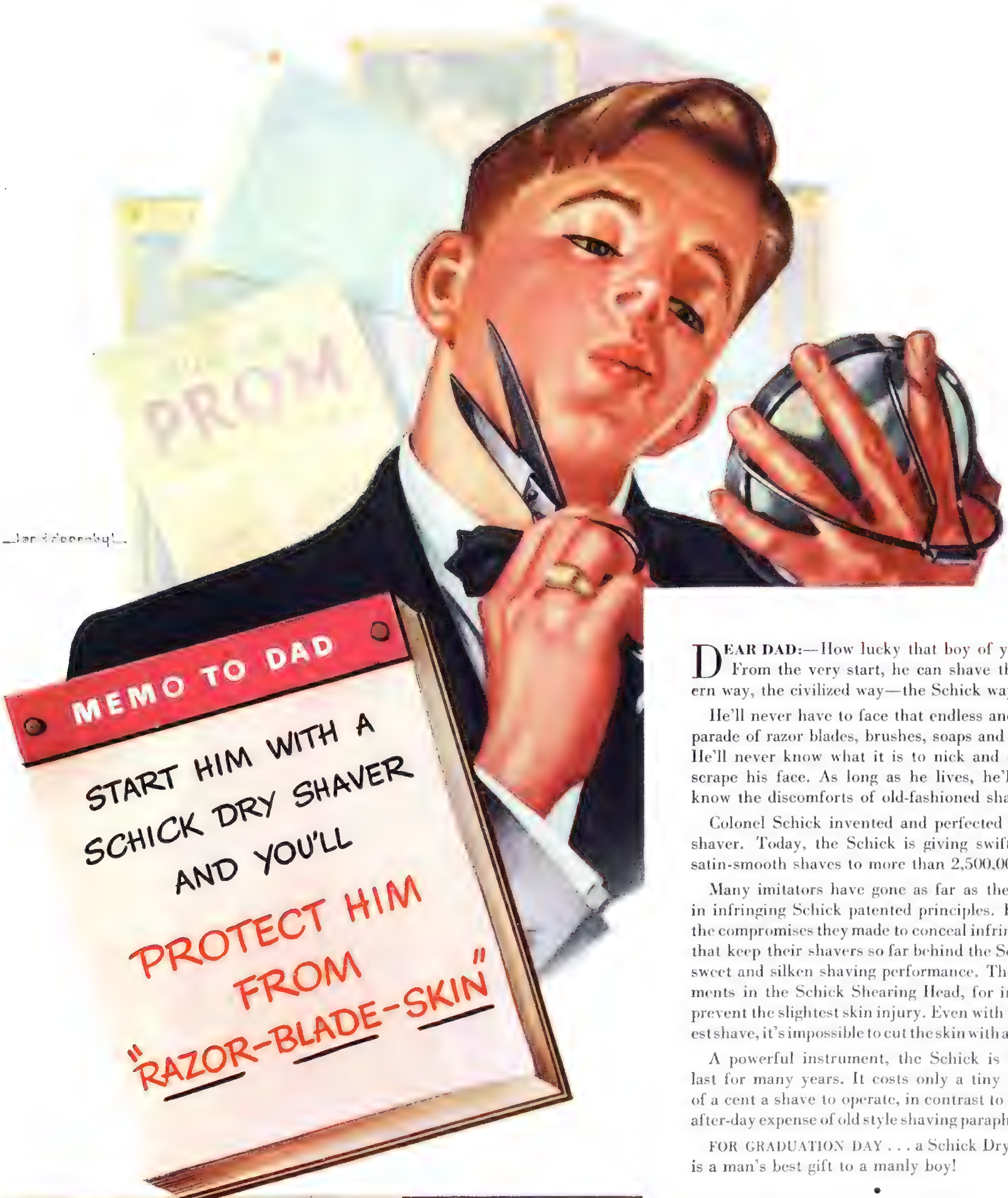
All this helps me stay faithful to my wife, and beyond that I am true to her out of a sense of sportsmanship. I have a nice wife. She has never—that I know of, and I think I know—she has never misbehaved. Faults she has, to be sure, but they are clearly outweighed by her good points. She scraped and scrimped when we were poor, she gambled on my unpredictable profession, she put up with the nonsense I used to call temperament. When the children came she took unfailingly good care of them, when any of us falls sick she nurses us and worries and loses her appetite and ten pounds in weight. In a thousand moments of irritability and resentment and despair I have had honest help from my wife. I'd never let her down by having an affair with another woman. I can't see myself subjecting her to the private shame and public humiliation which clandestine affairs almost always bring in their wake. It wouldn't be sporting; it wouldn't be decent.

Besides, there are the children.

Perhaps it is the children that are, to use a German phrase, the *hauptsache.* My mother and father were divorced when I was in my early teens. I grew up and married, and having discovered that it was all a terrible mistake I got a divorce and ultimately married again and had children. Without bothering with the theories of philosophers, or thumbing through the case findings of social workers, I know perfectly well that the children of divorced parents suffer deeply; and understanding my present wife as I do, I realize that infidelity would end in our divorce.

That is unthinkable. Regardless of whether I might prefer another woman to my wife, I recoil from the possibility of harming my children, putting a blight on their budding young lives, robbing them of what I promised by inference in bringing them into the world. When I think of that, when I look upon my fine intelligent son, my adorable lovely small daughter, the mere thought of a broken home fills me with horror. The emotion and joy which my children arouse in me is mighty as the overture to *Tannhäuser*, a crescendo of glorious music beside which the pleasures of infidelity are no more than the quaverings of a tubercular saxophone, trivial and without power. ⧺

"We're way ahead of you, Son!"


PROM
MEMO TO DAD
START HIM WITH A SCHICK DRY SHAVER AND YOU'LL
PROTECT HIM FROM "RAZOR-BLADE-SKIN"

DEAR DAD:—How lucky that boy of yours is! From the very start, he can shave the modern way, the civilized way—the Schick way!

He'll never have to face that endless and costly parade of razor blades, brushes, soaps and lotions. He'll never know what it is to nick and cut and scrape his face. As long as he lives, he'll never know the discomforts of old-fashioned shaving.

Colonel Schick invented and perfected the dry shaver. Today, the Schick is giving swift, sleek, satin-smooth shaves to more than 2,500,000 men.

Many imitators have gone as far as they dared in infringing Schick patented principles. But it is the compromises they made to conceal infringement that keep their shavers so far behind the Schick in sweet and silken shaving performance. The refinements in the Schick Shearing Head, for instance, prevent the slightest skin injury. Even with the closest shave, it's impossible to cut the skin with a Schick.

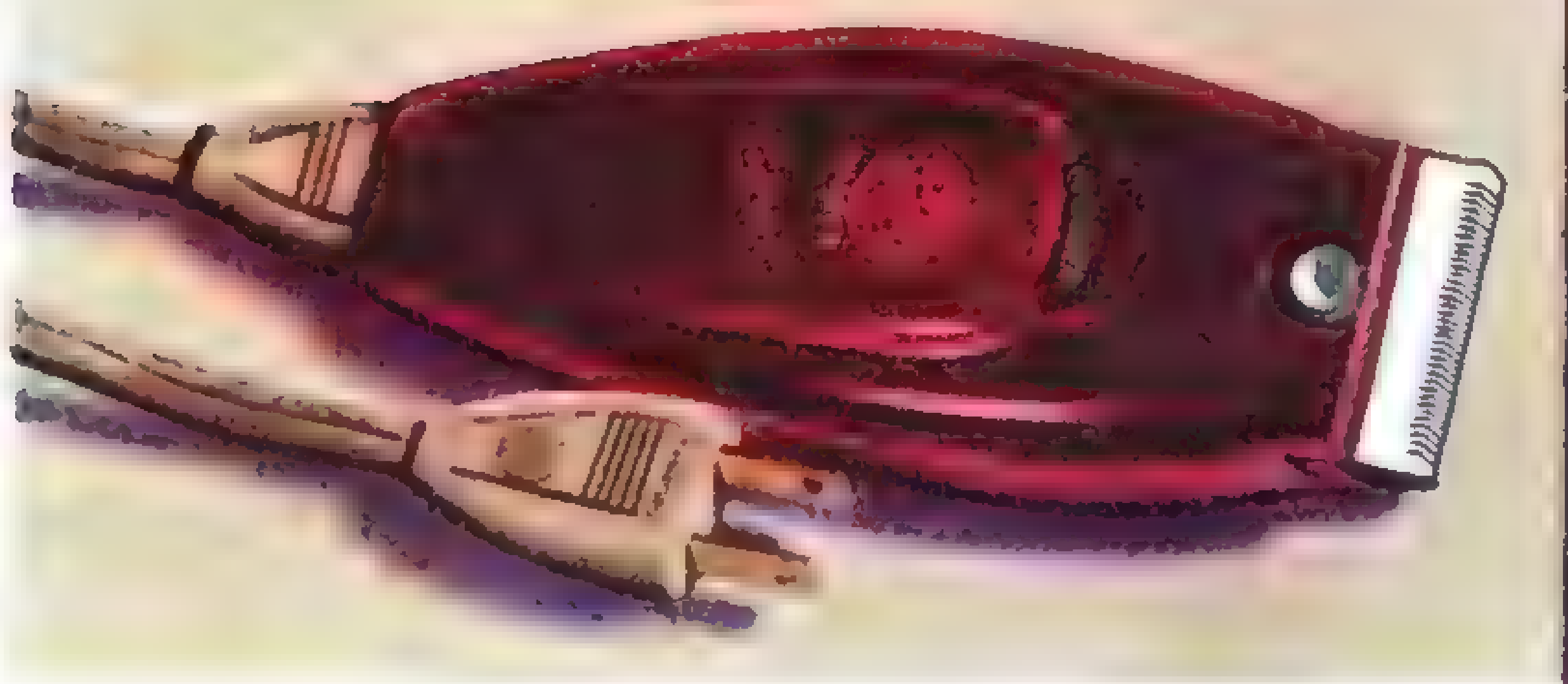
A powerful instrument, the Schick is built to last for many years. It costs only a tiny fraction of a cent a shave to operate, in contrast to the day-after-day expense of old style shaving paraphernalia.

FOR GRADUATION DAY . . . a Schick Dry Shaver is a man's best gift to a manly boy!

•

Schick Dry Shavers come in 3 models—the new super-powered COLONEL SCHICK SHAVER, the new improved STANDARD SCHICK SHAVER and the SCHICK SHAVETTE for women. All operate on AC or DC and men's models are equipped with either No. 7 shearing head for average beards or No. 10 for tough, coarse beards. Prices range from $12.50 for the Standard Schick Shaver to $22.50 for deluxe and gift sets.

•



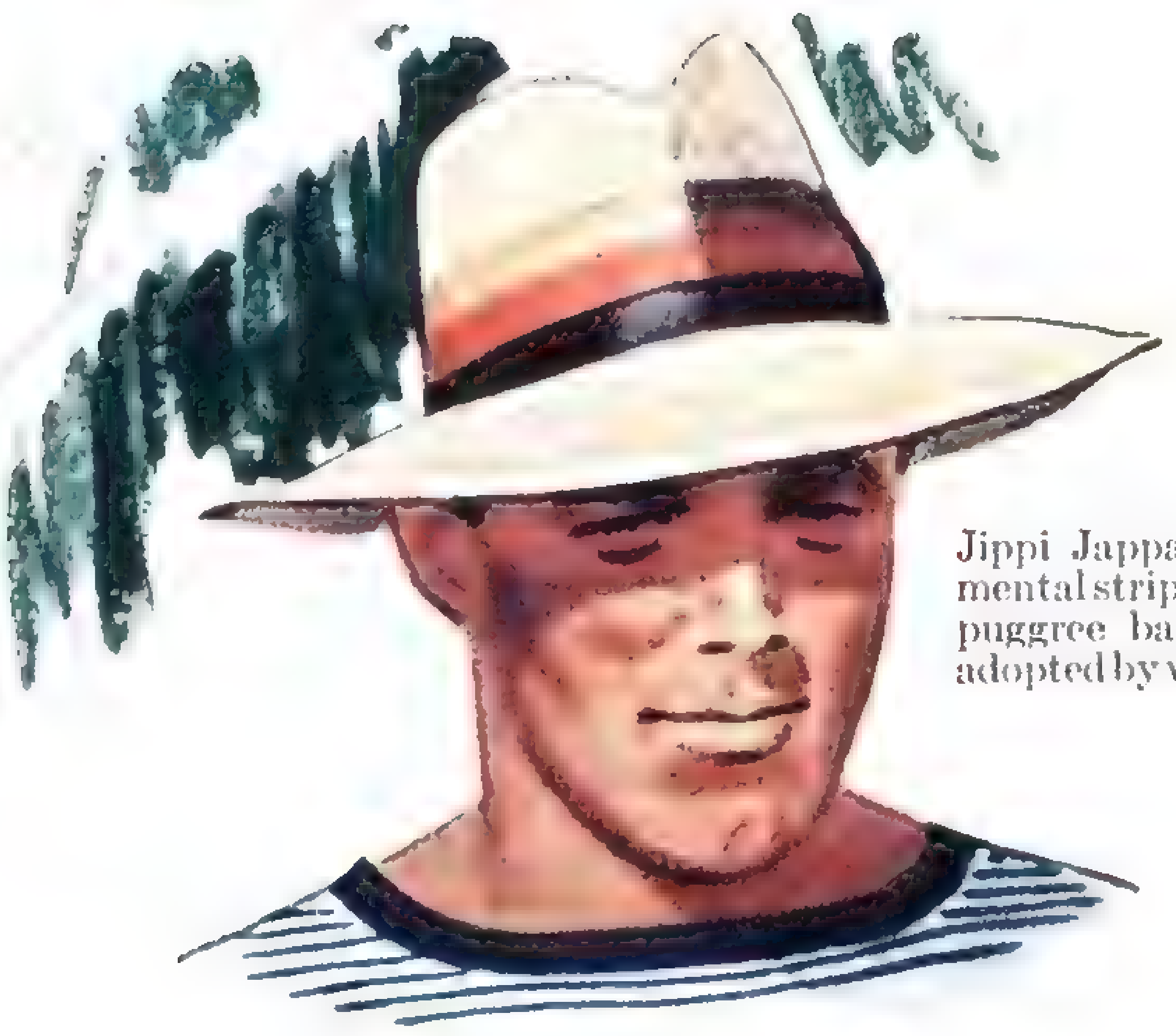
SCHICK DRY SHAVER

THE CIVILIZED WAY OF SHAVING

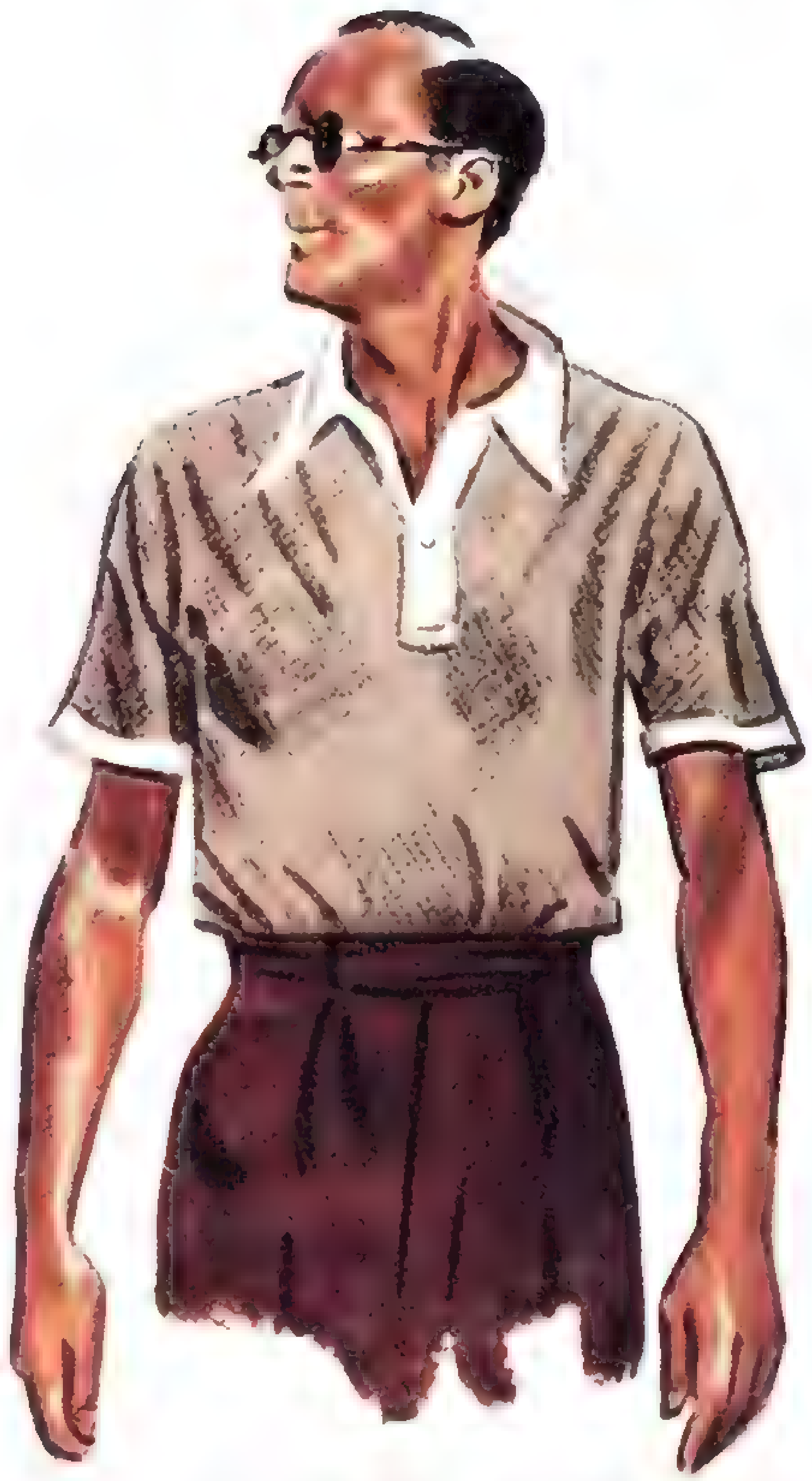
SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC. . . . STAMFORD, CONN.

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor.

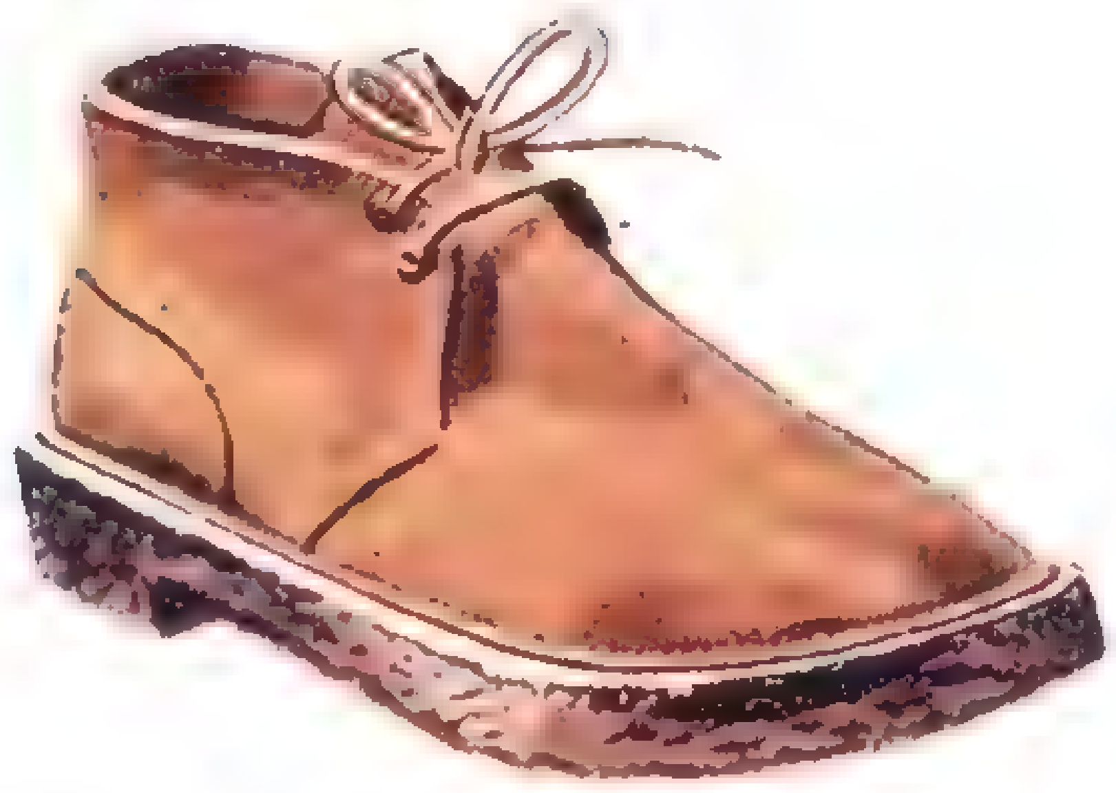
Palm Beach highlights



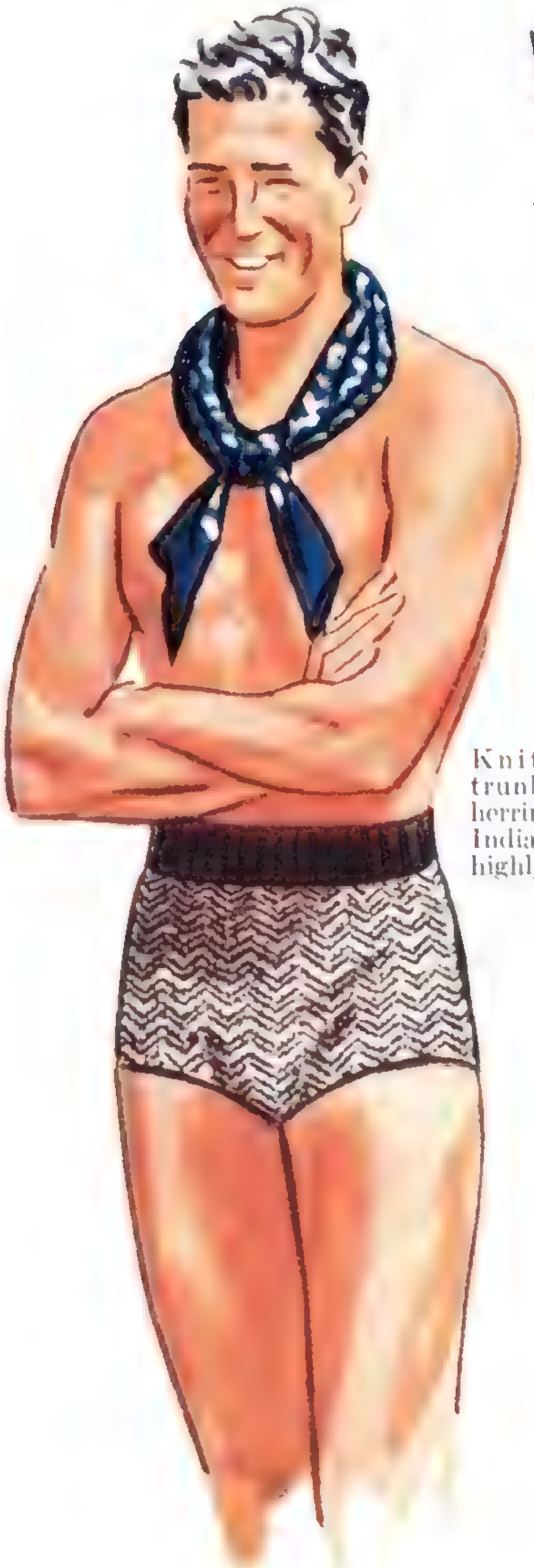
Jippi Jappa hat with regimental stripe band replacing puggree band, a new idea adopted by well-dressed men.



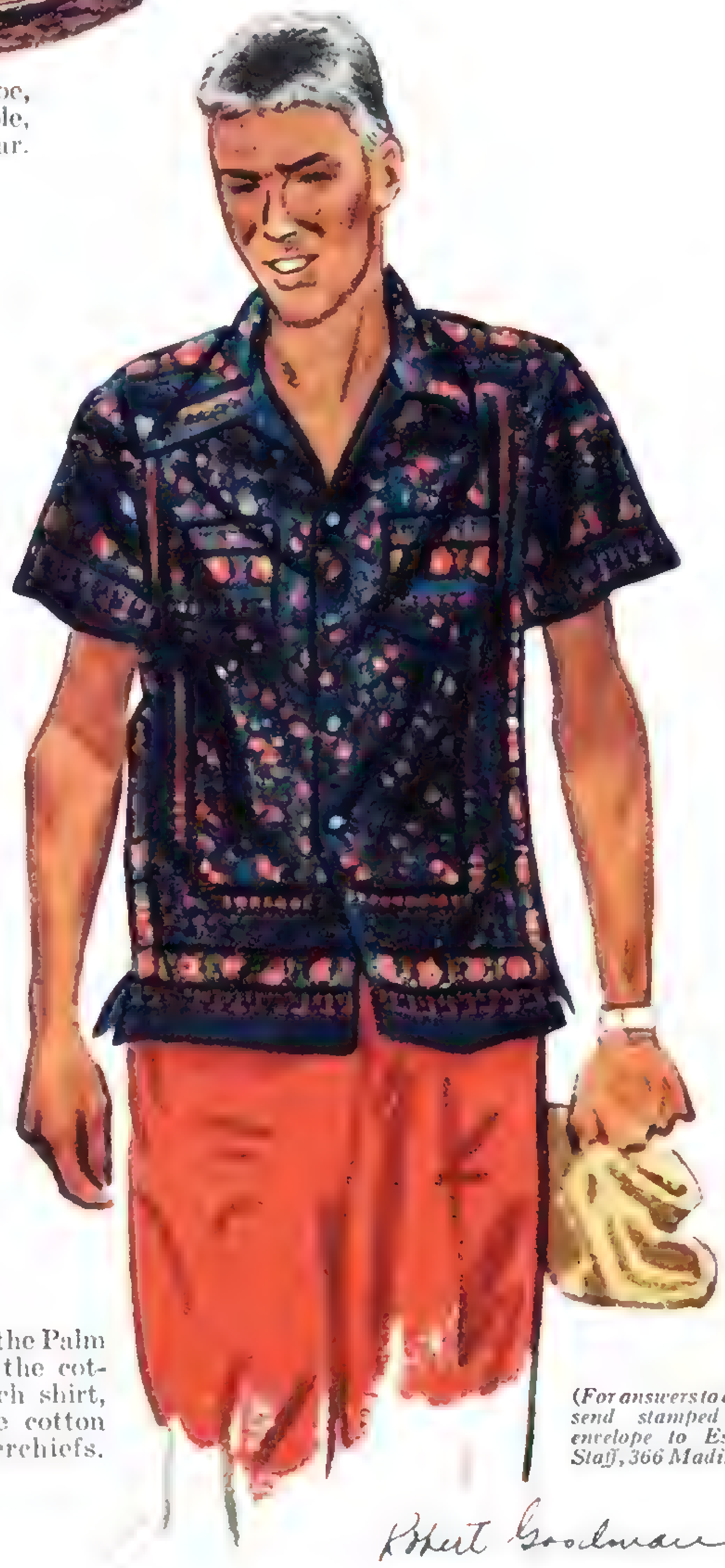
The Earl of Canarvon and many other smartly attired men favor the pastel color mesh shirt with white collar and cuffs for golf and informal wear.



The reverse calf chukka shoe, in nutmeg color with crepe sole, was favored for informal wear.



Knitted swimming trunks in the popular herringbone pattern and India Choppa scarfs were highly favored fashions.



The newest note of the Palm Beach season was the cotton bandanna beach shirt, made of two large cotton bandanna handkerchiefs.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Robert Goodman

Life's Great Moments

Only a movie camera gives you the complete record

THEIR WEDDING DAY . . . A bright confusion of happy faces, waving hands, laughter and smiles and tears . . .

Your memory can't hold it all—but your movie record can. And afterward—it will give you back the whole scene, vivid, alive in every detail.

To hundreds of thousands of people today, movie making has become the most satisfying of all recreations. Because it's exciting fun in itself—a pleasure you can share with all your family and friends. And because it gives you a priceless record of events in your life that mean a great deal to you.

Only Eastman gives you Complete Equipment and Service . . . *Ciné-Kodak*—the home movie camera exactly suited to your needs . . . *Ciné-Kodak Film* . . . *Processing service* that is world-wide and included in the price of the film . . . *Kodascope*—the projector that shows your movies clearly, brilliantly—Eastman all, and all designed to work together.

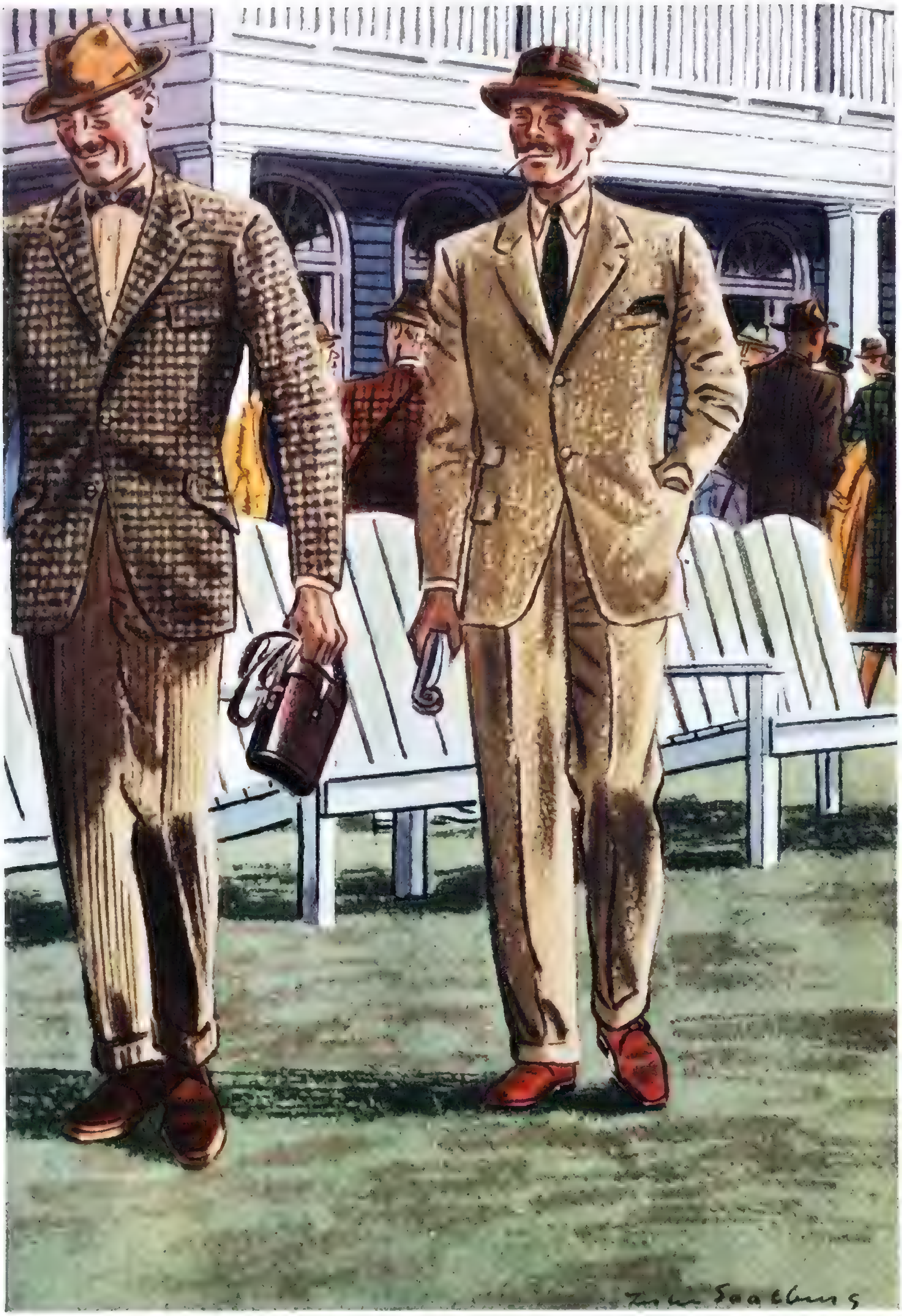
Your dealer will show you the range of Eastman home movie equipment and project sample movies for you.

GOING TO THE NEW YORK FAIR? Be sure to take your Ciné-Kodak. Stop at the Kodak Building, where Eastman experts will advise you what to take and how to take it. And there you'll see the unique and gorgeous Cavalcade of Color—the Greatest Photographic Show on Earth. Nothing like it has ever been seen before. Don't miss it . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

To make 16 mm. Movies . . . Ciné-Kodak "E," the low-priced "sixteen" that has so many high-priced camera features, $39.50. Ciné-Kodak "K," most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera, $80—a new low price. Magazine Ciné-Kodak, 3-second magazine loading, $117.50.

To show 16 mm. Movies . . . Kodascope Model EE, capable, very low priced, from $57.95. Kodascope Model G, Eastman's newest precision-built projector, from $112.95. Both complete with lens and lamp.

Ciné-Kodak *EASTMAN'S FINER HOME MOVIE CAMERAS*



Meadowbrook preview

We can't tell you who will win the International Cup when England meets America in the most important polo game since 1930, but we can give you a preview of what the Long Island polo set will wear when they attend the match. This is a roundabout way of hedging, but it gets us to the lawn of the Meadowbrook Club where you are about to be enlightened as to the finer points in the outfits of two men who are very well up on their sports attire. Appropriate to this or any country occasion is the three-button Shetland jacket of the man at the left. The pattern is a hound's tooth check, and the jacket carries slanting flap pockets as well as a flap on the breast pocket. The narrow velvet cord breeks with wide cuffs and the ankle high reverse calf chukkas add to the informality of the outfit. Other elements are the mustard color semi-Tyrolean hat in rough finish felt, madras shirt and plaid bow tie. The man at the right wears a Paddock model suit in the new stone color linen, with nickel buttons, broadcloth shirt with lounge collar attached, regimental tie and monk front shoes with black enameled soles. His coconut straw hat follows the new idea of substituting a club band for the puggree band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

On the Record

Continued from page 95

Thomas Beecham. Columbia 69410-D. Best movie-house music on the market. The introduction is unbelievable. Only the exaggeration before the *allegro* mars Sir Thomas' well-poised restraint. Recording is tops. And this is a British orchestra at its best: aren't you glad you live in America?

Thirty Minutes with Beatrice Lillie. Five records in Liberty Music Shop Album, including *I've Been at a Marvelous Party, Three White Feathers, I Hate Spring* and *The Geisha Girl* or *It's Better with Your Shoes Off.* Miss Lillie is her own inimitable self. Every inflection, every intonation is perfectly timed. And how she laughs at herself! If you've seen her— and who hasn't? — these records will recall all.

FOR YOUR INCINERATOR

Mendelssohn: Scherzo from A Midsummer Night's Dream. Royal Albert Hall Orchestra conducted by the late Sir Landon Ronald. Victor 9823-B. These fairies have clubfeet. Conceivably, the performance couldn't be more wooden, more of this earth.

Rossini: Overture to The Barber of Seville. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler. Brunswick-Polydor 95057. This is not Herr Furtwängler's kettle of fish. He starts out wildly, is too noisy, flies all over the place. The climaxes come like bursts from a rocket. There is no lyricism, no sense of humor.

Strauss: Octavian and Sophie Duet from Der Rosenkavalier and *The Presentation March,* composed and conducted by Richard Strauss, with the augmented Tivoli Orchestra. Victor 9823. Everyone knows by now that composers are notoriously bad conductors of their own music, but just how bad needs to be heard. This performance sounds like a high-school bandmaster conducting his pupils at class day exercises. Strauss pounds out the duet with the same heavy hand as he does the March. Here, he is only a time-beater and a damned uninteresting one.

ADDENDA

Toscanini conducted for the record "mike" before he sailed for Europe, and the results will shortly be on sale. Also, he is expected this month to add further to his legacy to posterity by recording with the B. B. C. Orchestra in London . . . Plans are to make some new Paderewski discs before the aging pianist leaves our shores.

Circulating libraries of records have been formed in various sections of the country . . . Rosa Pauly is to record portions of *Electra* in England. As far as I know, none of Strauss's greatest and most terrifying music-drama is currently available on wax . . . I am asked to name my favorite needle: it is the Walco Genuine Sapphire, good for 3,000 playings. Not only does it give a round, beautiful tone, but you can forget about it . . .

In case you don't believe it, Brahms and Grieg are on records . . . Collectors and connoisseurs are demanding re-pressings of voices from the "Golden Age": Patti, Sembrich, Eames, Melba, Nordica, Hempel, Schumann-Heink, Plancon, Journet, Tamagno, Bonci, the de Reszkes and others. Some claim the old "acoustical" method of recording gave more accurately the vibrations from the human throat than modern electrical devices. It's a matter of taste . . . ###

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Symphony No. 5 (Sibelius); Opus 82; Boston Symphony conducted by Koussevitzky. Victor M-474	*Deep Purple; A Study in Red.* Larry Clinton. Victor 26141
Concerto in E minor (Mendelssohn); Opus 64; Yehudi Menuhin, violinist. Victor M-531	*Penny Serenade; I Can't Find Anything to Suit My Mood;* Guy Lombardo. Decca 2291
Baldwin Piano Co., Boston, Mass.	
The Swan of Tuonela (Sibelius); Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor 7380	*Deep Purple; A Study in Red* Larry Clinton. Victor 26141
Invitation to the Waltz (von Weber); Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor 15189	*I Get Along Without You Very Well; The Masquerade Is Over;* Larry Clinton. Victor 26151
Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli); Boston "Pops" Concerts. Victor 11833.	*Little Sir Echo; Let's Stop the Clock;* Horace Heidt. Brunswick 8309
The Phonograph & Record Shop, Boston, Mass.	
Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); Opus 27, No. 2; Ignace Paderewski, pianist. Victor 6690	*Deep Purple; A Study in Red;* Larry Clinton. Victor 26141
Concerto in A minor (Schumann); Opus 54; Myra Hess, pianist. Victor M-473	*Begin the Beguine; Indian Love Call;* Artie Shaw. Victor-Bluebird 7746
Tales from the Vienna Woods (Strauss); with Miliza Korjus, soprano. Victor 4410	*I Cried for You; Time on My Hands;* Glen Gray. Decca 1864

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Hell on Wheels

Continued from page 70

it. They'd roar into the headlines in a blaze of glory, and go out feet first. A hundred other young men would be clamoring to take their places. And so it frequently happened that a race car might kill three or four drivers in the space of a single season.

When it cracked up, they'd put it in the shop and weld the frame, fit on new parts, bump out the body and slap on paint. The car, then, would be ready to go out and kill somebody else. But the driver, in a fresh grave or lying propped in splints and weights in some hospital, wasn't so lucky.

You're not so young if you can remember Emil Cedrino, one of the great international speed kings of the early 1900's. A Fiat *Cyclone* killed him; an unknown youngster from Brooklyn named Ralph De Palma climbed into the car. During his first season with it, the *Cyclone* went out of control at Danbury, Connecticut, climbed a tree, threw De Palma thirty-five feet into the air.

That was when De Palma had to make a tough decision. The car didn't kill him; it merely broke his leg in several places and laid him up for six weeks. He had to choose whether to get out while he was still alive, or go back into that fire-breathing red devil and conquer it—tame it, fight it until it would obey him. A normal man would have kissed the *Cyclone* goodbye, but race drivers aren't normal. De Palma made a beeline for that car as soon as he could hobble out of the hospital. Attendants had to lift him into it, with his leg in a cast. And when he had his goggles settled down around his nose, and the great motor was growling and snarling at him underneath its red hood, he went out on the track at New Orleans and swept the whole program clean; took every first place on the card. An exception to all racing rules, Ralph De Palma, strangely enough, is still alive.

Unless a man was provided with some such fund of nerve, he didn't last long. Cars were making such dizzy speeds that not even the drivers knew what to do. Maybe you've forgotten that a Frenchman with the euphonic name of Szisz went szisszing down the Monthlery track at Paris to hang up the first mile-a-minute record. That was back in 1906, believe it or not. At Daytona Beach, some queer-looking things were clocking a hundred miles an hour as far back as 1908. Ordinary gravel roads were being chewed up at better than a hundred miles an hour, on the straightaways, in the historic Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prix road races, held every year. That was in 1910, 1911, 1912—back in the days when the average man didn't own an automobile and never expected to own one; hence whatever happened to the driver was a sporting spectacle that had no connection with him at all. They stopped those things in 1915. By that time so many people had cars that the sight of a Vanderbilt Cup driver rolling over, being burned alive and yelling for help underneath a white-hot mass of wreckage did not seem so very sporting. Highway accidents, even then, were becoming familiar. The public no longer liked to watch them.

Various states had to legislate road-racing out of existence. The last triumphant Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prix grinds were held during the San Francisco exposition of 1915, but one road race did survive in California until the next year. Then they stopped that, too.

That race was the world-famed Corona road race, around the town of Corona through a system of streets and boulevards. Bob Burman, mighty Bob, didn't finish, that year. He was one of the titans of the sport; a wild man on the tracks and a national celebrity. In 1916 he had graduated from the old roaring monsters and was wheeling a new Peugot; one of those imported French beauties that looked and ran like a watch. Bill Pickens was handling publicity, and he solemnly reported that the total value of all the cars entered was $1,200,000. But—you know Bill.

The race was getting pretty hot along about the middle, with the cars streaking along these boulevards while anxious cops held back the citizenry behind guard lines. You can almost hear those cars now, roaring past in a *whish* of wind and dust, slamming broadside into the turns, throwing dust on the astonished bystanders. Standing room was sold at a premium at the more dangerous street corners. Wild Bob Burman was moaning down an ordinary city street in a race car doing 104 m.p.h., sliding up to pass another car, but he struck a damp spot. His car shot across the street sidewise, hit a curb, veered off and took a telephone post amidships. The car wrapped almost double around the pole; Burman was catapulted out and brained on the pole, but his body struck a long guy-wire that anchored the pole in the ground. His body slid up this wire almost to the cross-arms, then fell — the pole on top of him.

They had to get a cutting torch to cut the car out of that mess in sections. There was not much they

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could do for Bob. The undertakers did the best they could, but his body was so badly crushed that they couldn't even inject embalming fluid into it. And that was why they shipped Bob back to Imlay City, Michigan, for burial in a special casket packed with ice.

The road-race slaughter was over; the board-track slaughter just beginning. Board tracks appeared about the time of the war, and lasted eight seasons. Eight seasons of the most spectacular fights against death since the days of the Roman gladiators. At Indianapolis, that old-fashioned rectangular track purposely kept the speeds down. On the boards, there was no limit.

Indianapolis was designed for a theoretical speed of sixty miles an hour. That was the speed at which the architects figured that a car would take the turns without skidding, and without shutting off power and applying brakes. The earliest board tracks had theoretical speeds of a hundred and fifty or better. They were ovals, with no straightaways to speak of; turns banked up fifty feet in the air, so that a car was almost vertical-banked as it swooped around. Sheepshead Bay track was a two-mile oval so constructed that a driver could shoot around the whole distance at a hundred and forty miles an hour without a hand on the wheel. The design of the track did all the steering for him.

The cars were held up in those vertical banks by centrifugal force; they'd come swooping down "off the bank" in a long curved descent only to start climbing again for the next one. Faster . . . faster . . . *faster!*

Naturally, they scrapped the heavy bass rumble of the old-fashioned race car with its high wheels, huge motor, blunt front end. We began to see cars shrinking smaller and smaller; streamlined, supercharged. Their little motors didn't roar. They howled. The day of Peugot, Ballot, Duesenberg, Miller and the precision builders dawned with the advent of board speedways. They brought new possibilities to the automobile.

These beautiful cars were handmade, in machine shops, to specifications laid down by the AAA Contest Board. Henry Ballot, in France, Harry Miller, in Los Angeles, Fred Duesenberg, in Indianapolis; they could build cars that would win any prize offered in the world, if they saw the cash coming up. They didn't offer time-payments; they didn't employ stylists to beautify bodies, because they didn't sell bodies. What the driver got for his fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in spot cash was merely a frame, and part of a transmission, and a motor. What a motor!

These brilliant engineers would take a year or more to build each car. They were the most marvelous things in the history of the automobile. They had crankshaft speeds of 6,000 r.p.m.; high compression, down-draft carburetors, four-wheel brakes, superchargers, most of the innovations which finally appeared on production cars. But these cars appeared in 1920; and what was the production car like then? They were the perfect vehicles for board tracks. They'd go like hell.

But screaming speed was bound to take its toll. Things happened so fast that it was all over and the driver was dead before anyone knew about it. Almost every one of these board tracks saw a driver killed in the opening race, and almost every other race which was held there. Drivers couldn't adapt themselves to extreme speed quickly enough.

The first race at the historic Altoona speedway killed Howdy Wilcox, who was moaning around the track in second place in the 117th lap when a front tire blew on his new Duesenberg, and the only possible result was that the car bounced over and over like a football, took down the fence and landed upside down in the infield with Howdy underneath. When the Beverly Hills speedway opened on Thanksgiving Day, 1920, two more of the older drivers never saw the checkered flag: Gaston Chevrolet and Eddie O'Donnell. They, too, paid the price of too much speed.

For the kids of today who wonder what Gaston's connection might have been with the commonly-known General Motors product, be it known that it was very slight. Gaston was one of the famed Chevrolet brothers racing team. He won the Indianapolis classic in 1916 and had made a career of piloting speed specials. His older brother, Louis, equally as famous as a driver, was the engineer who designed them. The name Chevrolet never appeared on a race-car. Louis organized the Chevrolet Motor Company and designed its first car, which was a production pleasure car. His racing cars were much more famous. They were the Frontenacs, the Monroes, the Marquettes. Gaston Chevrolet was killed in a car his brother built.

He died trying to save O'Donnell's life. O'Donnell was a millionaire who had just taken delivery on a new Duesenberg for this dedication race, but while he was clocking a hundred and eighteen miles an hour in it, he took one of those difficult banked turns too fast. He spun. Gaston Chevrolet was right behind. It was all over in a few seconds. Chevrolet dodged, but the Duesenberg bounced off the upper rail and back on the track in front of him again. Chevrolet's car rammed it with the force of a shell; O'Donnell's car somersaulted forward twice, end over end, and slid down the banked turn with O'Donnell underneath. Chevrolet's wrecked car spun twelve times, down off the bank, through the fence, turned over and over in the infield and broke the driver's

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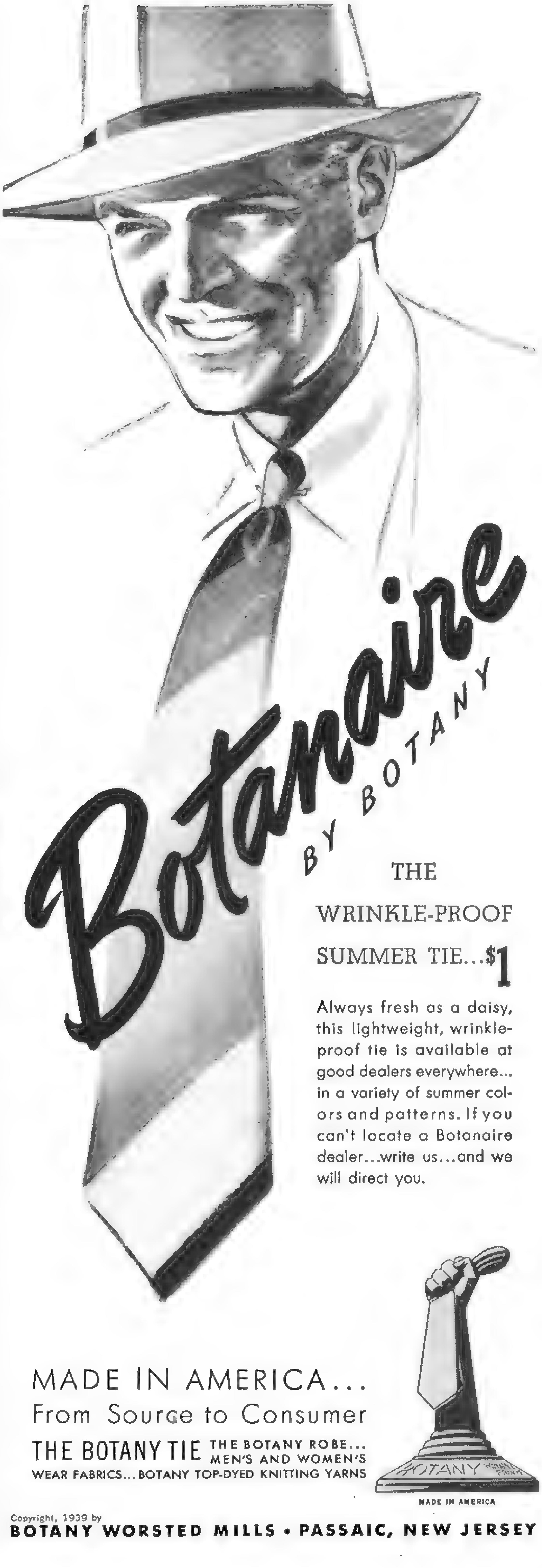

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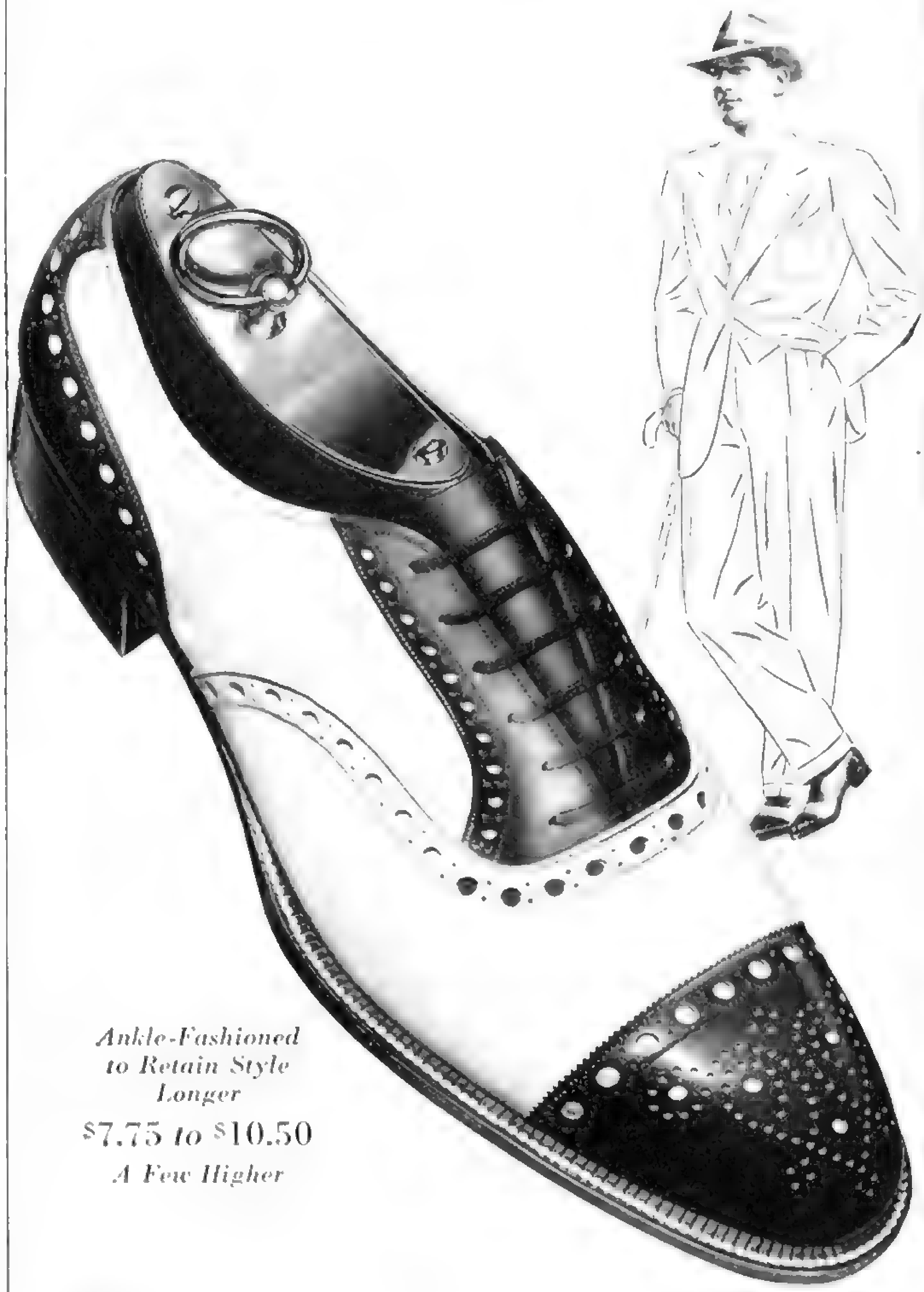

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Hell on Wheels

Continued from pages 70-145

neck. He was dead when the running spectators found him.

You couldn't imagine a thing like that happening today, but it was the thrill of automobile racing in the '20's, and made it the greatest crowd-puller of any organized sport. Death was in the box office, offering murder for money. Faster tracks meant faster cars, and there came a time when human endurance had reached its limit. That was the heyday of the board tracks.

When some of today's dirt-track drivers were toddling around the back porch in three-cornered pants, their betters were turning up twice the speeds that they make today. Where's the progress in that?

Simply in recognizing that high speed is not in itself dramatic. There never was much of a contest on these board speedways. A car would be wide open and doing all it could turn up when it zipped across the starting line. From that point onward, its driver could sit back and wait for somebody ahead of him to blow up, or spin off the bank, or kill himself in some new way. When that happened, the drivers behind would automatically advance one position. If they survived these little interruptions, they might find themselves out in front when the checkered flag came down.

They were all long-distance grinds, two or three hundred miles non-stop, only one race to a program. Today's sprint-race policy of four or five short events is proving more popular because it gives the crowd more close finishes to watch, and that is the sports element returning.

The period introduced some of the most beloved names in racing history, and killed them before they could live to enjoy their fame. Jimmy Murphy, Frank Lockhart, Joe Boyer, Ray Keech where are they now? Ask the undertaker. He knows.

They died in ways that would be almost impossible, today. Those were the roaring '20's, when money was free and the word inhibition was just beginning to be given serious consideration. There is a horrible picture in the memory of 25,000 thrill-hungry fans of a pleasant summer afternoon at the Altoona speedway which often returns to haunt their nightmares. They were watching Ray Keech, out in front and going around the oval like a stray shell. He was a complete lap in the lead at the hundred-mile mark, and his little Miller was sobbing around the track in that lugubrious way a Miller has, when Keech began creeping up on Bob Robinson from the rear. Robinson was driving another of Keech's cars. Suddenly Robinson misjudged his speed and began to spin on the bank.

Keech flew up higher on the banked turn and stuck his neck out to watch Robinson, and he forgot for a moment that he was in danger of doing the same thing. Before anyone could foresee it, he had skidded, rammed into the timbers along the upper rail, bounced off, and rammed them again. The crowd jumped up, yells frozen in their throats. They saw timbers flying. They were big; solid the size of railroad ties.

Cliff Woodbury's car came screaming around the turn, and there was Keech in a spin. Woodbury's car hit him and knocked Keech out. The two cars were crushed together amid the whirling timbers, blocking the track.

Around the turn roared the field Dave Evans, Jimmy Gleason, Louis Meyer, Ernie Triplett, Fred Winnai. People saw this, and some remained sane afterward. Evans, Meyer and Triplett slammed their cars into this whirling mass; Winnai and Gleason skimmed past on the upper side. Ambulance sirens howled, men were running, bodies were sprawled on the grease-soaked track, and somewhere underneath gasoline from Keech's tank was going drip-drip-drip. There was smoke, then licking tongues of flame.

Speed Gardner swooped around the turn in time to dive into this furnace and pile his car into it, but the officials somehow managed to flag in the rest and plunge into the flames to try and find Keech. He was there, underneath. Dead. The fire was roaring; firemen were yelling and swearing at the crowd to stay back, and there was Keech.

He should have stayed out of that race. He told Robinson the night before that he heard the voice of death in his ear. He could feel the icy claws of fate reaching out for him. Why did he enter?

Because he was a driver. He went roaring to his death somewhat proudly, glad to meet death at the wheel; not in a bed. These speed kings had a different philosophy than we of today. Barney Oldfield keynoted it in 1903 when he told Henry Ford, as he was about to climb into the famous *999*, "Well, this thing may crack me up, but if it does they'll have to say that I was going like hell when it hit!"

Joe Boyer died on the same day as Dario Resta, two thousand miles away at another race, veering his car into a suicidal smash into those same timbers at Altoona to save the unimportant lives of some spectators. His last gasp of life was a sigh of thanksgiving that he had saved them. He died, but wasn't that the proper way to write the final entry in his ledger? Yes, he said. It was. He was satisfied.

Two weeks later his great and good friend Jimmy Murphy, perhaps the most popular driver in speed's history, followed him, via the mile track at Syracuse, New York, when he suddenly saw the Recording Angel flying down the track toward him, pen in hand. That pen was a piece of fence rail that shot through the radiator like a bullet, through the fire wall, and it pinned valiant Jimmy Murphy to the back of his seat like a great arrow through his body. It put a bloody period to one of speed's great careers.

That nearly killed the racing game in this country. Murphy's death cast a pall of gloom from coast to coast, and it has not been forgotten. Today there are no board speedways. There are no big-scale races left except Indianapolis, where a driver cannot go too fast. The game has died: a bit of irony as a requiem over the graves of the men it killed.

No, we will never see names like those again. Perhaps it is well. ##

Uncle Randolph's Buried Treasure

Continued from page 47

completely, and they hauled it up.

It was quite small but Charles hardly noticed that. He banged away at a padlock thick with rust and was glad that Uncle Randolph was now so exhausted by his labors that he could only stand, leaning on his shovel and watching through the glittering spectacles. Charles wanted all the final glory for himself.

The padlock broke off and the curved cover of the chest lifted easily. When he saw what was inside he could not speak for a moment. He turned around; he stared at his uncle.

"There's nothing in it!" he said. "It's just full of a lot of old sand." His voice shook; he discovered how hot he was, and how his arms and shoulders ached.

"Are you sure?" Uncle Randolph bent forward. "Dig down, Charles, dig down. That probably just drifted in through those cracks."

Charles thrust his hands into the sand and weariness was lifted from him; for they encountered several smaller boxes of copper or brass, and when he got them out into the sun they were as bright as they must have looked when Roderick the Ruthless stowed them away.

They were filled with jewels: ropes of pearls, rubies, diamonds, emeralds cascaded flashing into the sunlight, and in one box were ancient coins, black with the years. And down at the bottom of the chest he found two daggers and a small scimitar, also black, but covered with delicately-chased designs.

He sat back, feeling quite numb. And then his joy grew too large and he began to cry.

That was almost the end of the episode; the rest was a little confused in his memory.

He was lying in his bedroom, many hours later, listening to the sound of angry voices: his grandmother and his uncle were quarreling about something, but his head ached so much he could not feel worried.

Then he wondered if the whole thing had not been a dream; perhaps Uncle Randolph himself had been only a dream. But when he sat up he saw the scimitar and the daggers, lying at the foot of his bed. He reached out and touched them: they felt cold and hard, as nothing in a dream could feel. Perched on the edge of the bed he laid these ancient weapons across his knees and tried to hear what the angry voices were saying. His head did not ache quite so much any more, and presently he became really curious.

But he had to go all the way downstairs into the lower hall, carrying the scimitar with him, before he could understand a word.

"What *harm* has been done, what *harm* has been done?" Uncle Randolph was squeaking. "A little sunburn, a little headache; he'll be all over that in the morning."

Charles could hear his grandmother sniff, in the way she did when he made too much noise. "Filling the boy's head with a lot of nonsense about pirates and villains," she said. "No wonder he's been looking pale lately. If you'd ever had any children of your own, you'd have known how bad it was for him."

"Not as bad," cried Uncle Randolph, "as letting him die of boredom."

"And all this trash," said Charles' grandmother, "this ten-cent-store jewelry. What are we going to do with it, I'd like to know, how are we going to explain to him—"

Here Charles became enraged and burst into the room, clutching the scimitar against his chest. "It is *not* trash!" he shouted. "It's our treasure and we found it and it is *not* trash!" He glared at his grandmother, who tapped with her hand on the chair arm, and then stood up.

"Now, Charles," she said severely, "you must understand—"

"Don't listen to her!" Uncle Randolph piped, and waved his glasses in a frenzy. "You know just as well as I do that it was a real treasure, buried hundreds of years ago by Roderick the Ruthless. You believe that, don't you, Charles?"

Charles blinked; as he closed his eyes he had a vision of Emmanuel Ginsberg, who was certainly real.

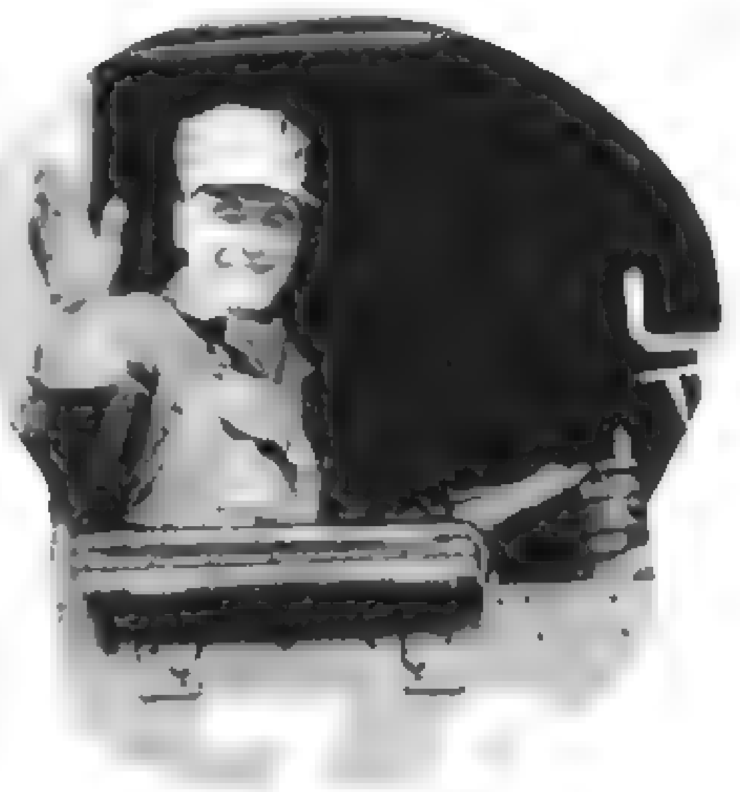
"Yes," he said.

Uncle Randolph almost danced in his triumph.

"There!" he cried. "Look at that scimitar. There's nothing fake about that, I can tell you, *or* about those coins. He believes it was a real treasure, and so do I!" cried Uncle Randolph. "And so of course it was!"

In a trunk in the attic Charles found the scimitar; and among the papers in his grandmother's desk was a receipted bill, yellow with age, from Emmanuel Ginsberg, dealer in antiques. He smiled and put it away in his wallet, for it occurred to him that all those years ago Uncle Randolph, in his own curious way, had been telling the truth. ##

"To say I'm enthused is putting it mild"



This advertisement is taken from a letter received from Mr. C. A. Zimmerman of Topeka, Kansas, a locomotive engineer. Mr. Zimmerman had no reason for writing it other than to express his enthusiasm for Shavemaster. It is typical of many others.

"I am a locomotive engineer and my face is exposed to extreme heat, cold, wind, rain, sleet and snow. My beard is very tough and wiry, and grows in whirls so bad it has been impossible for me to shave myself since I was 20 years of age.

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"Before using the Shavemaster, two and, at the most, three shaves per week was all that my face and neck could stand. With the Shavemaster I have shaved every day and occasionally twice a day and my face and neck have no terror of any kind of weather.

"To say that I am enthusiastic over Shavemaster is putting it very mild, and I wish to thank you for making available this wonderful little machine. Please excuse me for taking up so much of your time."

There must be a reason why men like Mr. Zimmerman write letters like this, and why America's three greatest air lines, American Airlines, Inc., United Air Lines and TWA have all SELECTED Shavemaster as standard equipment on all their planes. It's "tops" in quick, close, comfort-shaves. Get yours today.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 90

the movement, is the least successful. Beset by too many books demanding scrutiny, I must confess that I intended to farm out *Night Rider* to a friend of mine who knows both Kentucky and the tobacco industry. But on the way to his house I stopped for a cup of coffee, and read four pages of the book. Thereupon I got a telephone slug and called off the deal. I say it's a recommendation and no mean one, when a novelist can sell his yarn within four pages to a harassed reviewer.

The most telling part of *Night Rider* is that which shows the slow growth of vigilantism, the development out of friendly and peaceful beginnings, of vandalism, arson, and murder, with vengeance and martial law to follow. It's more significant to my mind, and more readable, than the temptation and fall of Perse Munn's private soul—which by comparison seems almost trumped up, as if the author was afraid to risk a story that left out sex.

It is extremely gratifying to see Boy Meets Girl sink into second place in so many good novels, because a few other problems ought to get a hearing. England Meets Air Bombers is the theme of *Ordeal*, new novel by Nevil Shute, author of the best-selling yarn *Kindling* of a year or two ago.

The Corbett family, Peter, Joan, and three children, wake up one night to hear the bombs bursting. The war has come without warning. The first air raid leaves behind it a thousand casualties, rips open water and gas mains, and douses the electricity. Peter digs a trench in his lawn, and parks his car over it for a roof. The next night there's another raid, and the Corbetts, for all their trench, are almost wiped out. Supplies run short, cholera breaks out.

Happens the Corbett family is fairly well to do. Papa and Mama grab the kiddies and flee to their old yacht, and sail away to a coast town less likely to be bombed.

Nevil Shute has managed a miracle of understatement. The full horror of the thing is hinted at, never flaunted. He might have chosen, for his typical family, one of the thousands that did not, could not get away, that went through disease, thirst, famine, wounds, death.

Maybe it was good judgment. Mr. Shute's implied criticism of British defense measures, particularly the A.R.P., or Air Raid Precautions, is mild. Even so his novel is bound to raise a row in England.

The excellent bit of make-believe is marred by an odd pollyannism at the close. As Mr. Shute sees it the Enemy—obviously Germany but never mentioned by name—has overplayed his hand psychologically by bombing open towns and slaughtering helpless civilians. The world turns against this *Schrecklichkeit;* the Dominions, France, and the U. S. are aroused to help Britain. One would imagine that the author had never heard of Franco or Japan, never heard of the Non-Intervention Committee hatched in a public building he must have passed many times.

* * *

A satisfying first-novel is Charles Kaufman's *Fiesta in Manhattan* (Morrow, $2.50). American spinster with crush on Mexico lures two simple Indian peasants of Jalisco to New York. She wants to show them off, like a super-serape, but Juan's singing and his performance on the guitar go sour in the strange environment, and he's soon jobless, living with his wife Elena in a Mexican tenement colony in a New York slum.

The Mexicans have found a warmly sympathetic interpreter in Mr. Kaufman, who is at his best in showing how the slum colony throbs with one desire to get back home. Juan, the simple soul who can express himself only through his guitar, is unable to put words to his griefs, joys, and expectations. Others try. The best expression comes from Leonardo: "Some day there will be room for the simple people, the gentle ones of the world; the Juans and Juanitas who don't even understand the cause of their own sickness."

Don Marquis' unfinished symphony, *Sons of the Puritans* (Doubleday Doran, $2.50) is the tale of a sensitive boy reared by a bigoted aunt in a bigoted small town. The novel is nostalgic, the theme one that was commoner ten years ago. The struggle of the individual soul with God and God-systems has been edged over into the background by more urgent themes.

Marquis' story, certainly largely autobiographical, is painstakingly, keenly, mercilessly a scientific analysis of the emotional content of a whole village. The affairs of Cherry, the village bad girl, and of the sexy woman evangelist, strip the people down to their naked souls. But it's definitely dated. It belongs in the 1920's—the era of Mencken, the *Mercury*, Herbert Asbury's *Hatrack*, and Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*.

Negley Farson's *The Story of a Lake* (Harcourt Brace, $2.50) sounds in an awful lot of spots like a fictionized repaint job of *The Way of a Transgressor*. It is the same old transgressor; there's an insane amount of sleeping with

How Sportsmen have Set a New Style in Men's Inner Wear for all occasions

ZEPHYR-LIGHT Knit Suit Gives Freedom for Action ...as unyielding cloth can never do

No More Binding and Bunching
No More Damp Clinging Cloth
—*Weigh only 3 to 4 oz.*

Shaped at the thigh so it can't pull up in the crotch

● Now comes a new type Knit Suit—Zephyr-light—that "gives" with every movement of the body. Yet returns to shape without bunching.

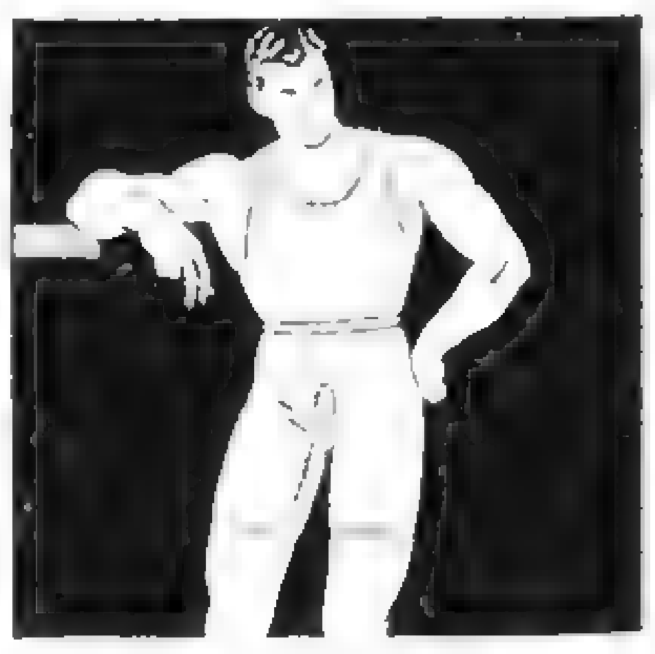
Golfers spread the news of the comfort this gives. And started thousands of active men wearing it daily. This new type garment, called the Lewis Golf Inner-Suit, is ousting cloth garments that can't stretch as the body moves. It's taking the place of "panty" types that bind because there's no fabric to fit at the thigh.

These suits are knit a new way. Of Zephyr-light mercerized lisle. They weigh only 4 to 5 ounces. They're designed without an inch of excess fabric. So there's no loose ends or ruffles.

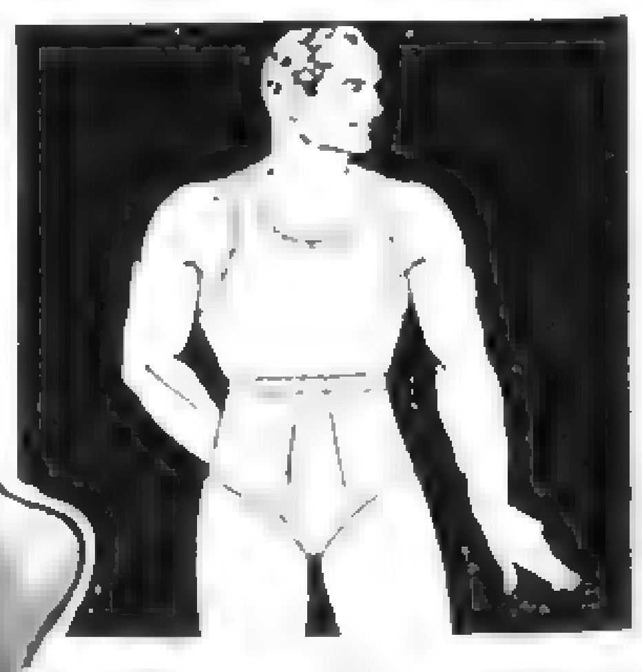
Moreover, they stretch four ways. And spring back to where they were without creeping or crawling.

This porous knit gives you an air-conditioned inner suit which evaporates perspiration. So it's cooler in summer, warmer in winter. Hence thousands wear them the year around. Women hail them for they need no ironing. And they give full protection from skin contact with outer garments.

This new comfort is now available at leading retailers. Ask for the Lewis Golf Inner-Suit. We make every style of underwear. But this is the one we recommend. If your retailer can't supply you, send $2.50 and your size to Lewis Knitting Co., Janesville, Wisc. Three-quarter length leg 50c extra.



Lewis Golf Shirts and Shorts per set $2.00. Same knit, same fabric as the famed Lewis Golf Inner-Suit.



Lewis French Type Shirts and Shorts, per set $2.00. Same knit, same fabric as the famed Lewis Golf Inner-Suit.

The LEWIS Golf inner-Suit

Air-conditioned knit—*hence far cooler in summer and warmer in winter*

Kyra and Flick, and of Kyra's and Flick's sleeping with other men, and the anguish or lack of same caused in the hearts of one or another; and considerable not sleeping with Christina, the wife, a sort of transgression in reverse.

The book is at its best in the foreign correspondence sections, and in the beginning and end parts having to do with life on the British Columbia lake. There the author sounds most sincere. But the whoring and the drinking (two classes of the latter, the sodden and the maudlin) get in the way of whatever Mr. Farson was going to prove. After all the Casanova stuff and the *sturm und drang*, Flick, or Felicity, leaves the hero flat with a busted limb, and no one seems to give much of a damn. A Lost Generation hangover, this.

A man who will bear watching is William Harlan Hale, the former bad boy of the Yale campus whose *Harkness Hoot* won him national publicity as an undergraduate. Mr. Hale's first novel, *Hannibal Hooker, His Death and Adventures* (Random House, $2.50), is an uneven job, but find fault with it in whatever respects you will, the tale and the vigorous manner in which it is told are better than merely competent.

The central figure is an oversized lad from Indiana, launched by his hard, fanatical, intense mother into the Episcopalian priesthood. His intellectual adventures begin in the theological seminary in Boston, where he watches the brilliant verbal fencing of his fellow students, Limbach and Saulspaugh characters evidently invented to carry on a debate involving faith versus reason, or realism versus idealism (or something)—another vain gabby quest for (remember?) the Sun at Noon. The Rev. Hooker gets a church somewhere in New England, carries on an informal postgraduate education at the hands of the divekeeper Johnny Papadakis and of the Mr. Mister of the town. An unbelievable woman of the world, Diana Robb, loves him and fusses about his career. He marries Mr. Mister's daughter, runs away from her and from his-and-her God, goes through a Haitian revolution from the inside, propagandizes for the Heinies in the World War, and dies quite unsatisfactorily at the end.

Hannibal Hooker is a novel with an air, a feel, a freshness; for a fledgling the author throws off his first long fiction with dash and confidence. As to the faults: The Limbach vs. Saulspaugh passages, for all their flash, sound as if they had been built up from college philosophy course notes and reports. Anyway, they are out of all proportion to the rest of the story, too-big dumplings in the soup, loved by the author for themselves. The dialogue is frequently elliptical, leaving you with that uncomfortable feeling that the characters are sharing something they express by overtones to which you are deaf. Hale's danger is maybe a fear of being dull. And after all the testimony about the life of Hannibal is in, what does it mean? What was the author trying to prove?

If, in your bookstore, you happen to see a volume called *The Pity of the World* by Elinor Mordaunt (Greystone, $2), do not be repelled by a melodramatic jacket of a blonde woman fondling a white baby while miscellaneous African blacks look on threateningly. So far as the Rutherford household is concerned, Mrs. Mordaunt is a find. It turns out that she has written several novels and travel books. This one concerns an English family living in primitive East Africa, behaving comically in the way the English have, and managing to get their personal relations into a tragic tangle. The aristocratic Charles Fleming has married a common chorus girl, who turns out to be the better human being of the two. What happens to their daughter, Sally, in remote Kenya, and to their feelings for each other, is the story—simply and compellingly told, by an extraordinary woman who juggles sympathy and irony while she keeps the drama at a boil.

Mrs. Mordaunt has been everywhere under the most unusual circumstances; but it isn't really the incidents that make her autobiography *Sinabada* published last year, what it is, but her mind—a tough, original, masculine, direct mind which knows what it wants and goes for it. She says somewhere that the things she always valued most were intelligence and sunshine, and she made her life the pursuit of these things, tracking them down in the most out-of-the-way spots of the globe. If you enjoyed *With Malice Toward Some*, give *Sinabada* a workout—the Halsey book is a flimsy wisecrack in comparison with it.

While we're on the autobiographical lay, I see that Gene Fowler has taken the trouble to write all the way from the Fiji Islands in that *baroquoco* style of his in praise of Russell Birdwell's recollections of a newspaper reporter's life, *I Ring Doorbells* (Messner, $2.50). Like the book as a whole the title misses fire, sounding like a Fuller Brush man's memoirs. The story is quiet, and that is in its favor—it doesn't try to knock your eye out. But I think a *subpoena duces tecum* or something should be sent around to newspapermen and ex-newspapermen with uncompleted MSS in their desks, informing them that the public is by now pretty well posted on the trials and tribulations of the leg-men. The picturesque stuff is definitely passé.

Yet there hasn't been any book by and on the domestic reporter—with the exception of Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography* (and what an exception that is)—which will rank with the books by the foreign correspondents. We need a reporter or editor who will spill the beans about how newspapers are made and by whom and why and what of it—someone with Steffens' intelligence and social grasp and integrity. Is there anyone like that

Continued on page 150

The Oldest Name in Scotch

It was 1775
when Paul Revere made his famous midnight ride to waken the colonists against the approach of the British troops.

148 years *before* the midnight ride of Paul Revere . . . **The Haigs were making Scotch!**

FIVE STAR
8
Years Old
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
PINCH BOTTLE
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Years Old

An exclusive distinction is held by Haig & Haig. It is the only Scotch with a record of 312 years of continuous satisfaction behind it! For the Haigs started in 1627—and have withstood competition with thousands of other brands! And yet—despite its distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 90-149

in the Newspaper Guild, Heywood Broun?

An autobiography I have to notice is Edna Ferber's *A Peculiar Treasure* (Doubleday Doran, $3), although by the time this comes out you will have heard of it from other sources. A sane level-headed girl, Edna; one writer, at least, with no brooding, cosmic heebeejeebees. She wrote a story when she was getting over a physical breakdown (not a mental), and Bang! it went over, and she has been going over ever since. She's likable, she's average-American in the best sense, and she has the faults inherent in these virtues.

When I decided to make the month's main splash on the storywriters, I relegated the heavy-thinkers to the basement or the outhouse. For there has been some heavy thinking, chiefly about what we shall do with our country—which, as you may remember, is still very much at the crossroads, in the doldrums, and on the horns of a dilemma, and in spite of all the efforts that have been bent, and all the cudgels taken up, things are still in the offing.

Lewis Mumford issues an eloquent defense of "democracy" and "civilization" and announces a program which has the merit of being specific (*Men Must Act*, Harcourt Brace, $1.50). He wants the U. S. to break off immediately with Japan, Germany, and Italy, politically and economically; liquidate all long and short term investments involved, embargo trade, curtail passport privileges deport all Nazis and fascists not American citizens, etc. Certainly, as the starting point for discussion and planned united action this book deserves wide reading. It won't get it. Our civilized democratic people are not as much interested in Democracy and Civilization as they are in who won the fifth race or the double-header, and Mumford is too intelligent a man to be acceptable to as big a crowd as Dale Carnegie draws, or whoever is going to succeed *Gone with the Wind* as required reading for the garden-variety I. Q.'s.

Another good think-piece is Stuart Chase's *The New Western Front* (Harcourt Brace, $1.50), which proves that the U. S. is not Europe, that it can live within itself, and that there is no reason for it to go into a war. I wish I had the space to argue this and the Mumford book. It seems to me that the answer to the New Isolationists could be put this way: When it is possible for every American who wants an Esquire to buy one, then we can go isolationist or make obscene noises at the dictators, as we please. But not before. With thirteen million unemployed, with a house divided against itself so that any reform is against somebody's interest and the domestic scene a bedlam of plot and counterplot, we can do nothing but muddle. The doctrine of "Everyone who wants an Esquire gets an Esquire" is either Socialism or Expanding Capitalism. One of those is maybe beyond the horizon ahead, the other is certainly beyond the horizon back of us.

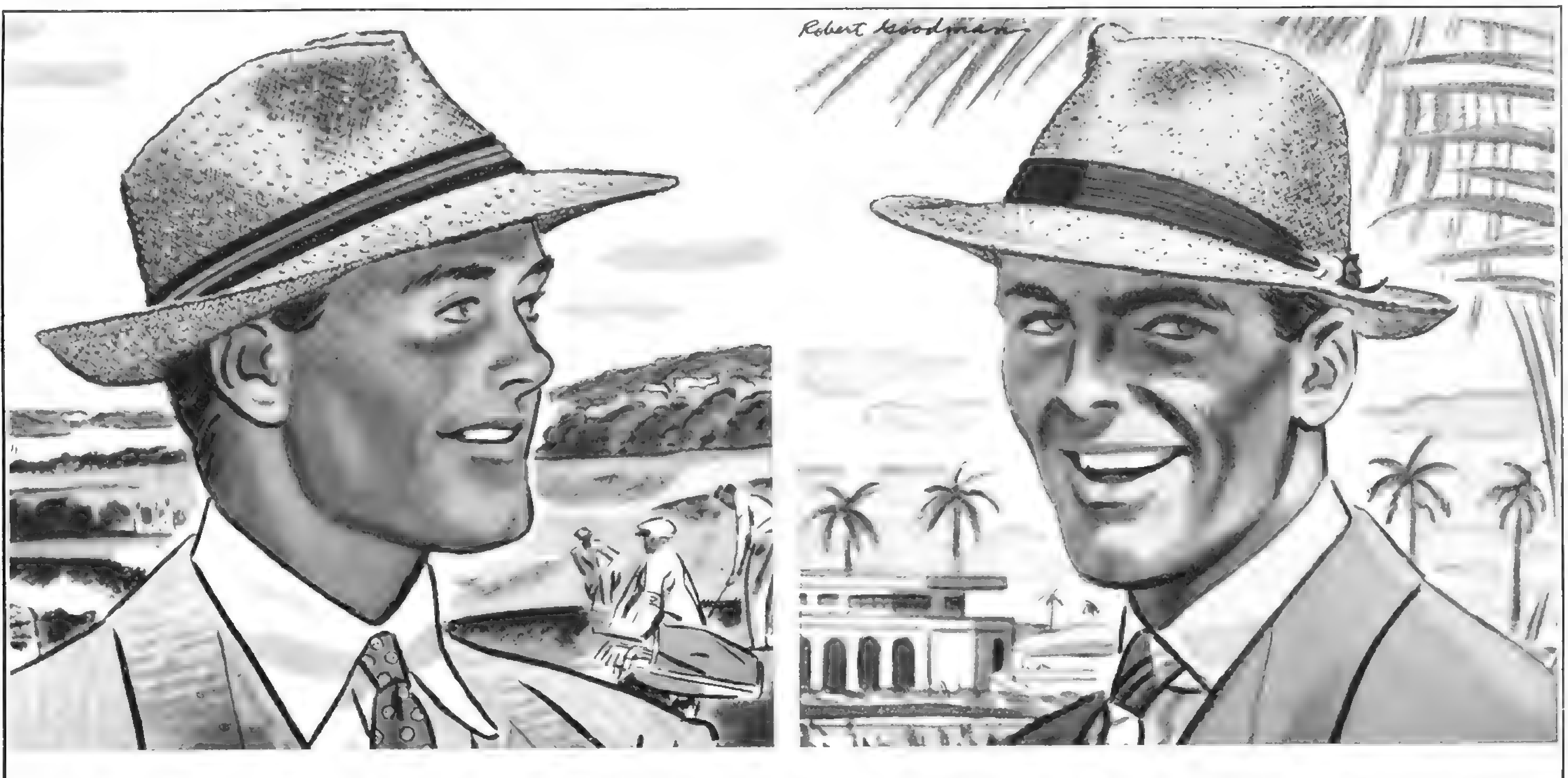
BRIEFER MENTION

I Ran Away to Sea at Fifty, by Mary Sheridan Fahnestock (Harcourt Brace, $2.50). A Mordauntish woman who wandered the South Seas with her two boys and their schooner, and did the rest of the world on her own. *The Saga of Cimba*, by Richard Maury (Harcourt Brace, $2.50): Two 23-year-olds going half round the world in a tiny schooner. How those boys battled wind and wave!

Gamblers Don't Gamble, by Michael MacDougall and J. C. Furnas (Greystone, $2). A card detective's revelations of gamblers' secrets, and more fascinating than a good detective yarn. Look out for women crooks in bridge. Be wary of the lodge or social club gambling night. After reading this I say to hell with poker. Better stay home nights with a good book.

Yearbook of Swing, by Paul Eduard Miller (Down Beat Publishing Co., $2) invaluable for musicians, fans, record collectors; contains biographies of swing-men, representative record library, vocabulary of terms, history of jazz music, etc.

CRIME: Blow Down, by Lawrence Blochman (Harcourt Brace, $2). First-rate thriller involving Central American republic, banana company, struggle between Germany and U. S., colorful jungle background and extra-good hero and heroine. . . . *Death Checks In*, by Stephen Ransome (Crime Club, $2), remarkable chiefly for its inability to draw character. Good plot wasted on dummies. . . . *Murder Masks Miami*, by Rufus King (Crime Club, $2), is a honey. Murder of elderly spinster with lots of dough and ditto beneficiaries starts wheels of justice and suspense. Has humor, living characters, plot, atmosphere, speed, and surprise clincher. . . . *Death Elects a Mayor* (Crime Club, $2), by James G. Edwards. Crooked mayor up for re-election is murdered, leaving everyone happy about it, but law has to find murderer anyway. Routine sleuthing job, hospital background, almost anyone could be guilty; the writing crude, and red herrings all over the trails alongside author's footprints. ⌗

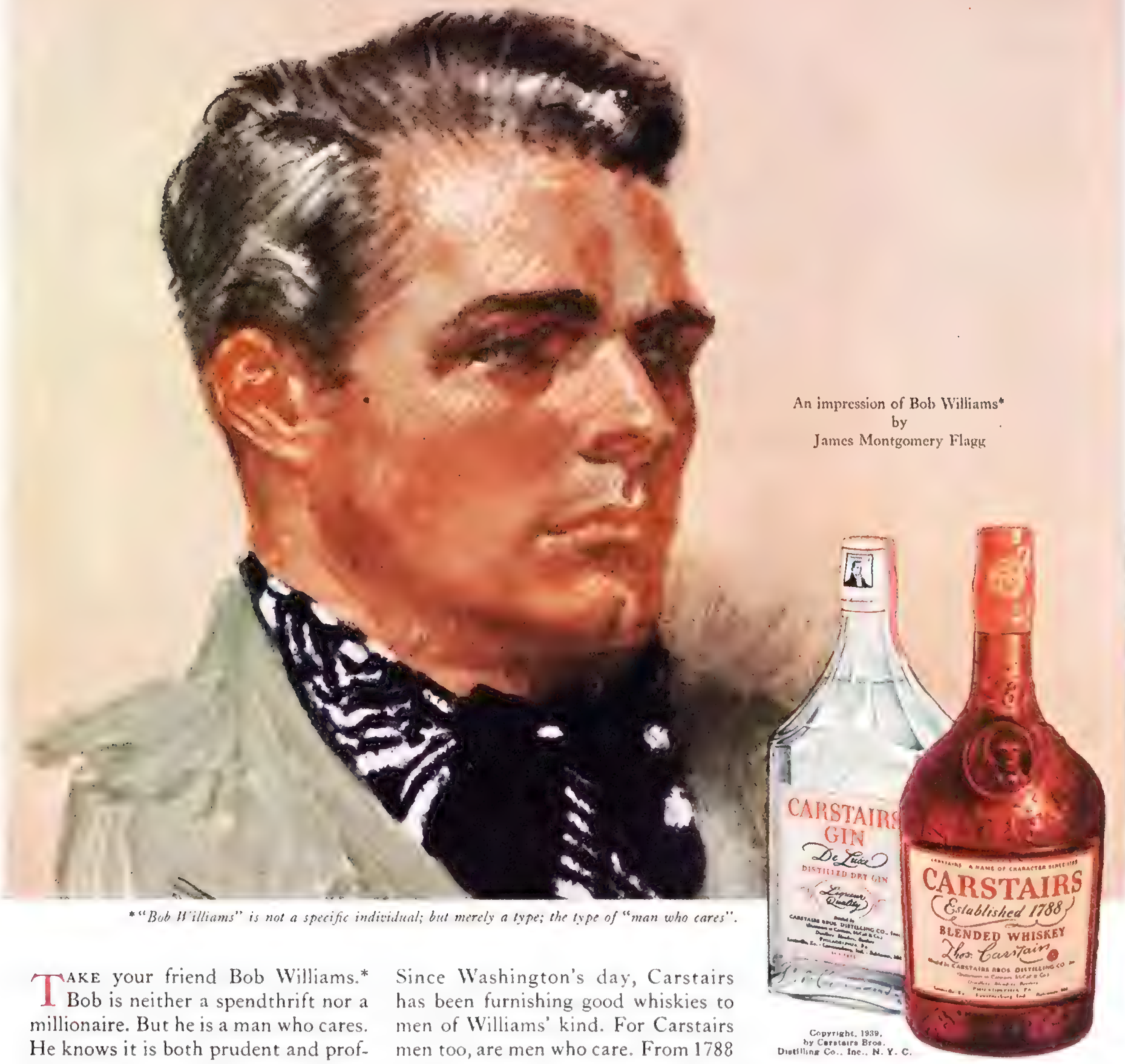


TWO VERSIONS OF THE NEW STYLE HIT: "SIROCCO"

Because Florida's sunny winter season foreshadows fashion events for the rest of the United States, it can be definitely predicted that this new SIROCCO will be seen atop many a well-groomed head this summer! It is a new type of woven hat; the bodies are fashioned by hand of native fibres by Chinese craftsmen, then transported to the good old U. S. A.; styled and finished by M. S. LEVY AND SONS of BALTIMORE. In addition to its amazing lightness, SIROCCO is both flexible and weather proof. Its open mesh weave invites the breeze. It sells for $2.50 to $3.50, depending on trim and finish. There are enough variations of shape, proportion and color for you to choose a SIROCCO that suits your face and mood.

Ask your Hatter to show you "SIROCCO"

The Man who Cares says:– CARSTAIRS



An impression of Bob Williams*
by
James Montgomery Flagg

*"*Bob Williams*" *is not a specific individual; but merely a type; the type of* "*man who cares*".

TAKE your friend Bob Williams.* Bob is neither a spendthrift nor a millionaire. But he is a man who cares. He knows it is both prudent and profitable to choose carefully and well . . . in selecting the things he eats, drinks or wears.

Bob considers, too, the well-being of his friends. You're always sure of good food and refreshment when you drop in at Bob's. He takes pride in being a good host, in having a host of good friends, and in serving good whiskey.

Since Washington's day, Carstairs has been furnishing good whiskies to men of Williams' kind. For Carstairs men too, are men who care. From 1788 to this day, they have safeguarded the trustworthiness of the Carstairs name.

Like choice Scotch, Carstairs today is an 86.8 proof *all-whiskey* blend; superbly balanced to give you full, rich flavor with exceptional *lightness of body*. Every drop is 4 or more years old. America's most distinctive whiskey—made by, and for, "men who care".

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The Highball of Character
"CARSTAIRS *and* SODA"

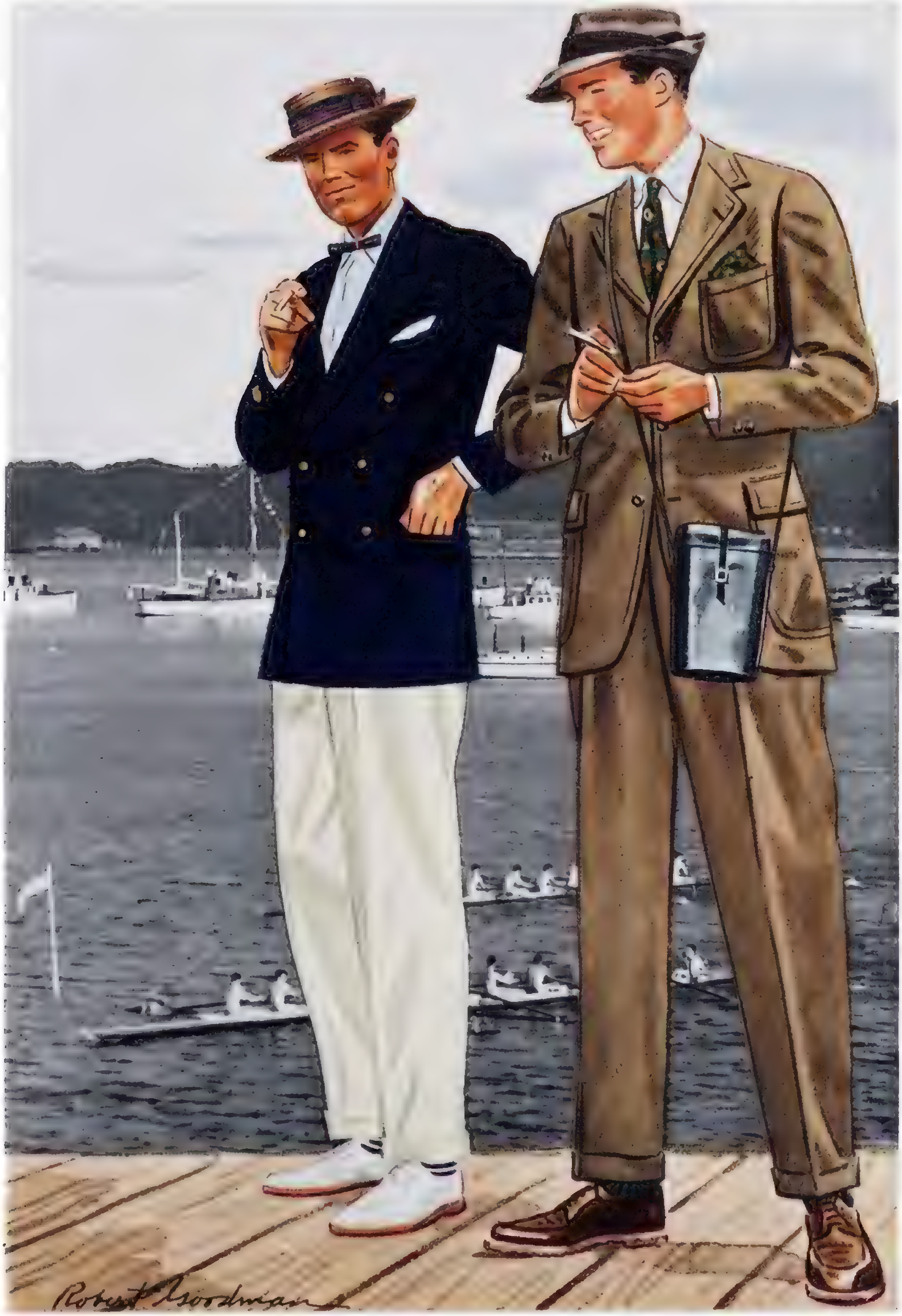
CARSTAIRS
Est 1788
Thos. Carstairs

CARSTAIRS BLENDED WHISKEY. An 86.8 proof blend of whiskies. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 57½% straight whiskey and 42½% other whiskey four years or more old.

CARSTAIRS GIN DE LUXE. Distilled Dry Gin. A gin of liqueur quality, 94.4 proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

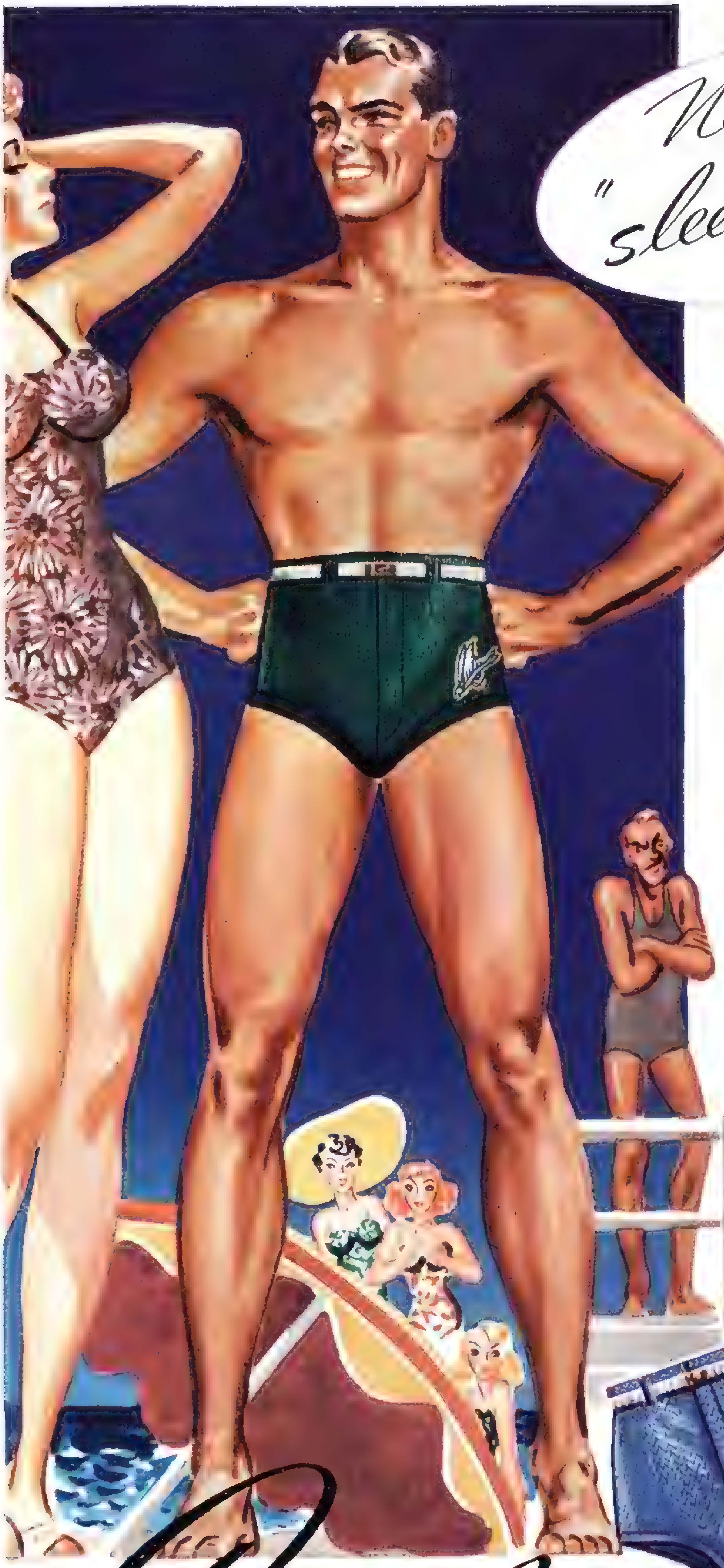
CARSTAIRS . . . *WHISKIES AND GINS OF CHARACTER*

When it's regatta time . . .



THE neutrality of our fashion artists is notable, if not downright notorious. In this glimpse of the Yale-Harvard Regatta you can see that one crew is ahead of the other but we challenge you to decipher which is which. Or maybe we're getting het up for nothing, and the crews are only warming up, and the indifference of the two undergraduates is explainable on that account rather than because they have to give you, as one of the paying customers, a front view of what they are wearing. Incidentally, what they are wearing offers several good suggestions for week-end and general vacation wear. The man at the left wears a double breasted marine blue flannel blazer with brass buttons, white cricket cloth slacks, blue oxford shirt, ribbon shape bow tie, Nassau coconut straw hat with club band, and white buckskin unlined shoes with red rubber soles and heels. The undergraduate at the right wears a three-button single breasted gabardine suit, worn with the two top buttons closed, white oxford shirt with button-down collar, green foulard tie with tied and dyed red and yellow figures, Norwegian model lightweight calf shoes with crepe soles, and native straw hat with puggree band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



New "sleek-as-a-seal" fit

in 1939 Catalina Swim Trunks of amazing Firestone "CONTROLASTIC*"

You're free and easy in the water . . . athletically trim on the beach . . . in new 1939 Catalinas. Hand-cut and form-tailored. Supporter of matching wool, for a smooth front. We have overlooked no detail that makes for good grooming.

New multi-ply elastic yarn assures right fit, wet or dry

Your Catalinas won't chafe or bind, won't creep up or sag down.

They owe their 1939 trigness to the use of Firestone "CONTROLastic." This new elastic yarn is ingeniously made of *wrapped layers* of latex, instead of just a single spun strand. The multiple plies add strength to the elastic . . . protect it against the weakening effect of sun, salt water, suntan oils.

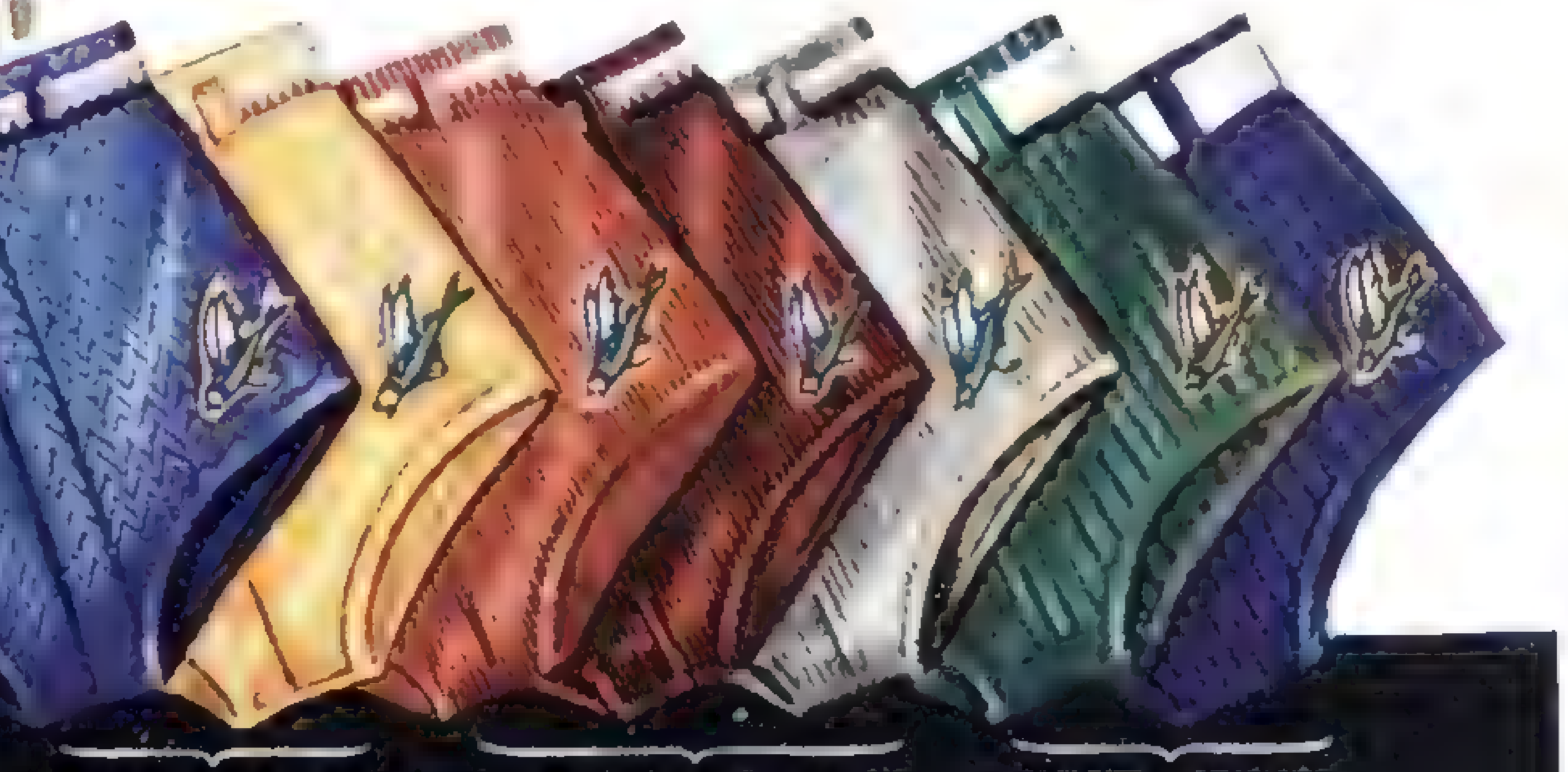
Our hero, at left, wears Model 5540, in a new knitted two-way stretch "CONTROLastic" fabric (you've never known such comfort in the water—or such smart appearance on the shore). $5

Model 5445, of "Controlastic" ripple-weave sateen and DuPont Acele Rayon at $4.00, and Model 5320, of zephyr-wool and "Controlastic" at $3.00 are pictured below. Junior, too, can have Catalina-"Controlastic" trunks just like Dad's.

FOR WOMEN: New figure flattery in Catalina's Copyrighted Curves. The girl in the picture wears Model 4694—California Sunflower of "Controlastic" and Celanese. In blue combination, gold combination, dubonnet combination: $6.00.

PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS · INC. · LOS ANGELES · CAL.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MODEL 5445 $4 MODEL 5540 $5 MODEL 5320 $3

Catalina

SWIM TRUNKS

Controlastic THE ELASTIC THAT LASTS

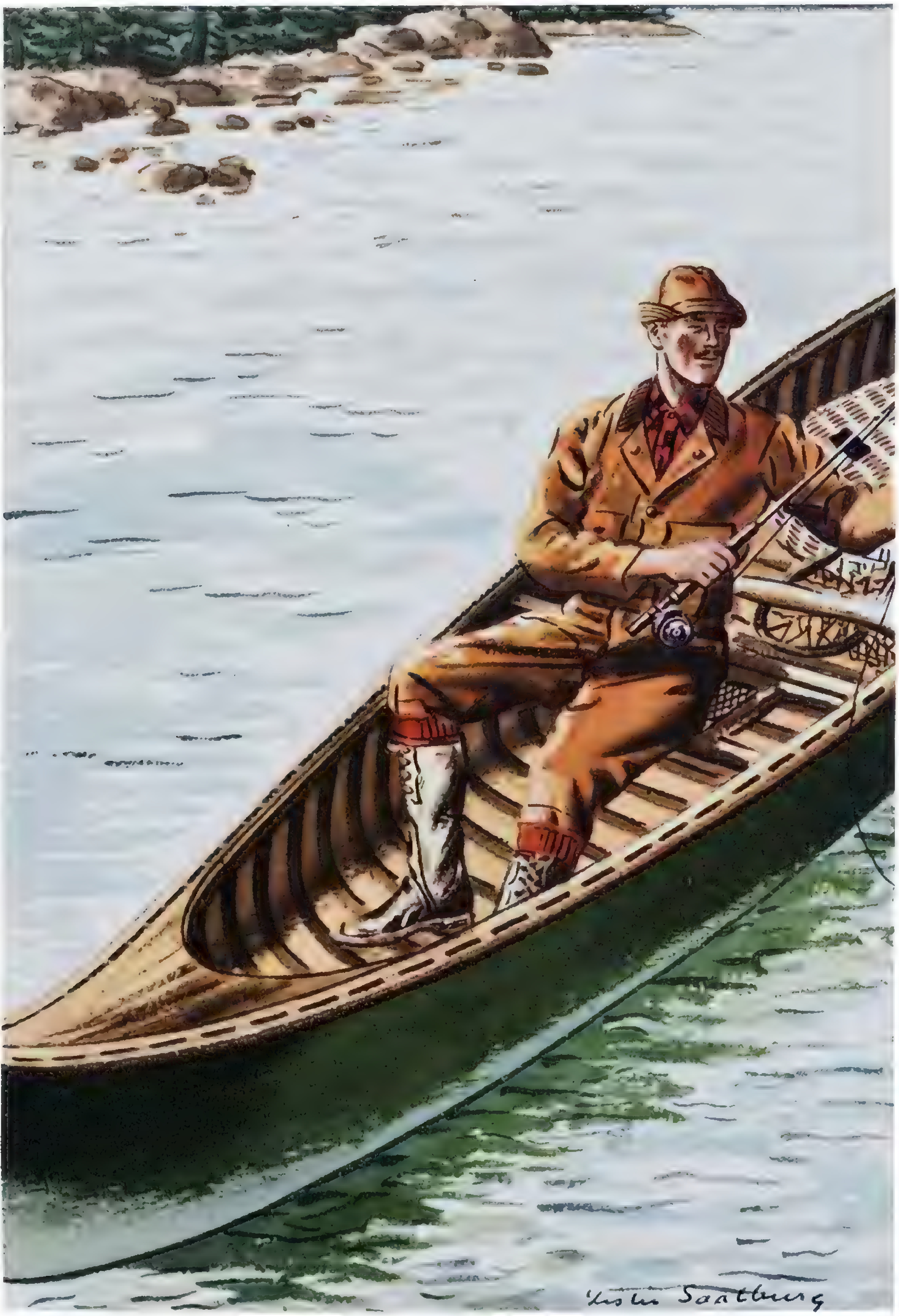
with "CONTROLASTIC" fit

This label identifies "Controlastic," the multi-ply elastic yarn that assures trim athletic fit.

AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES AND MEN'S SHOPS, INCLUDING:

Lord & Taylor *New York*	*Schwab's* *Hollywood*	*The May Company* *Los Angeles*	*Kaufmann's* *Pittsburgh*	*Famous-Barr Co.* *St. Louis*
Blackburn Bros. *Amarillo*	*L. Strauss & Co.* *Indianapolis*	*Charles M. Floyd Co.* *Manchester, N. H.*	*Joske Bros. Co.* *San Antonio*	*The Hecht Company* *Washington, D. C.*

The reasonably compleat angler



Experts tell us that fly fishing in a canoe is a bit more difficult than wading right into the stream and going after them, but we can see for ourselves that it is a lot easier on the feet. And furthermore, there's probably a guide back there in the bow of the canoe who is doing all the work. So there are at least two points in favor of seeking your trout via canoe, and when it comes to dressing the part we recommend this workmanlike outfit. It is not exactly modeled along strip-tease lines, but it does adapt itself well to the North Woods climate with its cool mornings and warmer forenoon and afternoon. The jacket is quite cozy and makes a readily detachable article of apparel when the sun starts operating at peak efficiency. Both jacket and breeches are in a lightweight windproof cotton. The rubber boots, in natural color, are a favorite with sportsmen for hiking and general outdoor wear, as well as fishing, and are worn with grey wool lumberman's socks with red tops. A light wool colorful plaid shirt completes the kit, except for the cap. The type shown here is a rather natty model, made in a fabric similar to that of the jacket, but if you prefer an old slouch hat, that will do too.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Nippon Covers the War

Continued from page 48

diplomatic people in Japan; formerly it was more or less independent but since the "China Incident" began it has cautiously refrained from printing anything that an orthodox Japanese newspaper would not publish. The *Chronicle* has shown an inclination toward frankness, and as a result it has had considerable trouble with the police. Its British editor went home on leave shortly after the fighting in China started, and did not return, at the suggestion of his Japanese friends.

Japanese newspapermen themselves admit that since the Press was "mobilized" it has become necessary to "modify our tone." This modification has been evident since the Manchurian Incident of 1931, which was the spark setting off the fireworks in the Far East during the past eight years. These have led to the present imbroglio and Japan's declared "Asia for the Asiatics" policy—or "Asia for the Japanese." Mobilization has been effected through the creation of the Information Committee in 1937, the Cabinet's Information Bureau, and the invocation of an article of the Press Law dealing with control of military information relating to army secrets. The thousands of Japanese editorial workers have themselves been organized for the China Emergency. There is now a Japanese Newspaper Association embracing all dailies, news agencies and advertising agencies; a "social club" of editors, writers and correspondents called the Shunjukai; other organizations for higher editorial members such as directors, managers and editors; and a powerful Federation of Newspapermen and News Agency Reporters.

While the government has ostensibly kept its hands out of journalism, it has entered the field recently as the publisher of three influential magazines. One of these, the *Shuho*, a weekly magazine of "opinion," already has a circulation of 350,000. Several large dailies are tacitly understood to be semi-official mouthpieces of the government—or the army, which is the same thing now—and these papers have frequently taken the lead in hurling invective at potential enemies whenever their and Japan's paths crossed. The *Yomiuri* in particular has been inflammatory in its denunciation of American and British policy—or lack of policy—in the Far East.

Before 1936 there were two major competing news agencies in Japan: the *Shimbun Rengo Tsushin Sha* and the *Nippon Dempo Tsushin Sha*. They have now merged as the vast *Domei Tsushin Sha* organization, which is officially inspired. This agency rules the field today and numbers two hundred large daily papers as members. Its directorate consists of representatives of these dailies and of the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan (whose well-named leading station is the powerful JOAK in Tokyo). *Domei* has bureaus in Washington, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu, as well as in all the major capitals of Europe. Today its horde of correspondents has offices in all the leading Chinese cities now under Japanese control. It is associated with the big news agencies abroad to the extent that there is an interchange of news, so that it can call upon America's A.P., U.P. and I.N.S., Britain's Reuters, France's Havas, Germany's Transocean, Italy's Stefani and USSR's Tass.

Just what is news to the Japanese reader is difficult to say. Likewise it is sometimes hard to understand what a Japanese correspondent in China considers news. Nipponese war correspondents got their training in the Russo-Japanese conflict early in this century. Since then they have developed all the facilities at their disposal and are an energetic, smart, compact crew, so far as those correspondents are concerned who are covering the war in China for the edification of the folks back home. Many of their topnotchers have had periods of training in American universities and on American newspapers, where they learned that "news is the immediate record of the most interesting, important and accurate information obtainable about the things man thinks and says, sees and describes, plans and does."

When they return to the Island fold, however, they learn something else: that speed is more desirable than accuracy, and that news and propaganda must be mixed. Their ability is subsequently measured by their speed in getting the news back into the home office in Osaka or Tokyo, and by their adroitness in making Japanese army and navy propaganda sound like news. They abide by their Western teaching to the extent that their news is interesting—sometimes so interesting as to be incredible to the American reader, though not to the serious Japanese—and important, or made to seem so. Accuracy is a secondary consideration. What their army commanders think is never revealed, but what they say is quoted at length.

The Chinese say that one picture is worth ten thousand words. Japanese journalism has adapted this ancient Oriental law to fit the candid camera. Japanese news photographers are masters of their craft and they flood their papers with action cuts fresh from the front. They have not yet adopted television, but they probably will soon, and meanwhile carrier pigeons can transport exposed film from the trenches to the bureau offices on the China Coast, and army planes can rush it the rest of the way across the Yellow Sea. The Japanese declare their own pictures don't lie, but that the Chinese pictures do. Photographs published abroad of Japanese mili-

Continued on page 156

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Nippon Covers the War

Continued from pages 48-155

tary atrocities are branded as fakes in Nippon. The Japanese Man-in-the-Street never sees or hears of them anyway, but the journalists rage when they see these pictures in American magazines. The average Japanese at home would not believe them if he saw them; the army is noble and civilized, and *bushido* must prevail. The Japanese correspondent in the field may be right: Chinese propagandists in the interior are known to have faked occasional photographs for foreign consumption. But the Nipponese scribe also knows that many pictures are authentic, and he is furious because such "art" has managed to get out of China.

Japanese movie men are also busy behind the lines, and Tokyo theatres are packed daily with crowds to see the latest newsreels. The photographers do not lack courage, by any means: they are, on the contrary, daring to a point of foolhardiness. They travel with the troops, penetrate to the front lines, and snap extraordinary battle scenes. But when an army unit runs amok in a Chinese village, burning, looting, raping and killing, the cameras are sheathed. There are no pictures of mutilated bodies, or of peasants hung in rows by the neck from blasted trees. There are "humanizing" pictures of the soldiers marching, resting, on guard, fraternizing with the Chinese country people.

The Japanese newspapers are probably doing a more thorough job of war coverage than has ever been attempted anywhere before. They have been extravagant in their lavish employment of correspondents and cameramen for China duty. The *Osaka Mainichi*, for instance, alone has a staff of over one hundred men covering the Central China front, strung along the Yangtze from Shanghai to the battle lines beyond Hankow. This does not include their "specials" in North or South China. *Domei*, as befitting its position as key agency, has several hundred men in China. Some of these—the Old Hands—are posted in strategic cities behind the lines as organizers, but the majority are part and parcel of the army and navy. They wear the uniform of the service to which they are attached. They draw service rations and pay. They are armed. They are distinguished only by special insignias and by the equipment of their profession. With the army, they travel in small units, usually composed of a pair of photographers and a pair of correspondents. These men often hold special non-commissioned ranks as reservists, and some are even commissioned. Each unit is ordinarily equipped with a portable field radio, by which it can keep in constant touch with the bureaus at the rear. They have access to the regular army telegraph and telephone lines. They have all-lines passes and may go anywhere, without restriction.

During the drive on Hankow up the Yangtze, there were corps of newsmen attached to each warship. In the landing at Bias Bay before the capture of Canton, *Domei* and the larger papers had many men on that assignment, yet in deference to naval wishes, no news of the big drive leaked out until the actual landing was made in the south.

It has been difficult, usually impossible, for American and European correspondents (excepting Italian and German newsmen) to gain access to the Japanese lines in China. Permission to go about behind the lines in the occupied areas is rarely granted. Very infrequently a hand-picked group of Western newspapermen has been flown in army planes out of Shanghai or Tientsin over the battle fronts. The foreigners have had no such troubles with the Chinese authorities, and may wander around in the rear of the Chinese positions as much as they want. Thus the American special correspondents and news agency people get first-hand accounts of the war from the Chinese side, but on the Japanese side they must be content with army communiqués issued from headquarters, second-hand *Domei* reports, and hearsay.

This has resulted in considerable resentment against the privileged Japanese newsmen among the corps of correspondents idling in Shanghai and other coastal centers. Since the fall of Canton and Hankow it has been very difficult for them to get up into the interior behind Chinese lines; they are virtually cut off from that news source. They sense discrimination, and conclude that it is the result of Japanese journalistic jealousies.

It must be said, however, that the Japanese newsmen do not usually need such advantages to hold their place. They may be frequently engaged in publicizing the military in the interests of home-side morale, but their common cause does not interfere with hot competition among themselves and they show much ingenuity in getting novel angles and situations. This is by no means all publicity and propaganda in the guise of news. They are influencing Japanese public opinion in the struggle and trying to break down Chinese morale. In many ways, without change, it is a plain publicity proposition, a vast enterprise in salesmanship and a great adventure in advertising.

Yet to get their stories they take soldiers' risks and occasionally soldiers' rewards. There has been an extraordinarily high percentage of casualties among Japanese newspapermen in this Oriental war. Many have been killed, many more have been wounded. In the interests of journalism the Chinese scribes and cameramen have also an impressive honor list, though it has not been publicized. In comparison, the foreigners covering the hostilities seem to have been very cautious. Thus far only one—

an English correspondent—has been killed, and one or two others slightly wounded.

Japanese newspapers are full of "personal experience" stories from their specials, and some of these are thrillers. Most of them are more or less authentic. Some of them are the direct result of the bitter competition.

During the attack on Nanking at the end of 1937, a *Domei* cameraman managed to scale the eastern city wall at the side of a gate over which Japanese and Chinese troops were fiercely contending. The Nipponese forces were attempting to smash a way through. The photographer from his vantage point got a series of fine pictures of the struggle and of the Chinese resistance inside the city.

While engaged in snapping shots and dodging lead he was quietly followed to the wall by a rival photographer for the *Yomiuri* agency. The *Yomiuri* man had unfortunately lost his own camera in the shuffle, but seeing that the *Domei* man was scooping him, he waited his chance. *Domei* set his camera down for a moment, and *Yomiuri* grabbed it and leaped down from the wall. *Domei* yelled at him and followed. *Yomiuri* jumped into an open press car waiting below and started hell-bent for the rear with the stolen camera. *Domei*, infuriated, boarded a motorcycle, abandoned by a wounded despatch rider, and followed. The subsequent chase was a wild one as car and motorcycle roared madly eastward along the highway. This was complicated by the fact that the road was jammed with advancing troops, trucks, tanks and artillery. The cameramen rushed through the astonished tide of war for over a mile. Finally *Domei* drew out his service revolver and neatly punctured *Yomiuri's* rear tires, while soldiers scattered before the fusillade. *Yomiuri's* speeding car wabbled and crashed into a ditch. *Yomiuri* went to a hospital. *Domei* found his camera battered in the wreckage, the films ruined.

There is another side to Japanese war coverage, however, that is perhaps not so picturesque. All correspondents are unofficial Japanese spokesmen, but to *Domei* falls the liaison duty between the army and the foreign correspondents. Since the foreigners cannot go to the front, *Domei* must supply them with news. *Domei* supplies what the army and navy release; the result is hardly satisfactory so far as the foreigners are concerned. The latter become highly suspicious of the authenticity of these releases. In the midst of a crucial period *Domei* may suddenly become silent, due perhaps to official military bans. Occasionally fact and fancy are so intermingled in *Domei* despatches that the correspondent in Shanghai is fearful that he will lose his reason. In desperation he may then plead to be allowed to proceed up-country to see for himself. This results in a personally-conducted tour of the lines, and he sees what the *Domei* guides want him to see.

During the fighting at Shanghai, one *Domei* correspondent with a peculiar Japanese sense of humor sometimes relieved his tedium by taking parties of foreign newsmen up to the Japanese lines before Chapei. By prearrangement with an officer on duty, he would stage a sudden "Chinese attack" at the moment when the scribes were approaching the outposts. This would be marked by confusion, yells and the furious firing of machine guns—all by the Japanese. The bullets would kick up the dust uncomfortably close to the visitors, and they in turn would dive for the nearest shelter, which was frequently a convenient muddy ditch with the decaying remains of a bombed water buffalo in it. It was hard on white linen suits, and rather unnecessary, since the Chinese troops were half a mile away and sound asleep in the afternoon heat.

One writer, a correspondent for a Paris paper and a veteran machine gunner of the World War, smelled a rat the third time this happened. Next day he made his way behind the Chinese lines instead, and found a point just opposite the Japanese jokesters. With the cheerful permission of a Chinese officer, this expert French scribe and marksman settled behind a Chinese machine gun and proceeded with care to traverse the Nipponese sandbag barricades, meticulously opening a long line of seams, spilling out the sand, settling the barricades and thus jamming a row of Japanese rifles and machine guns in their slots. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in Chapei; both Japanese and Chinese soldiers rose up in full view, ignoring each other in their astonished inspection of this feat of arms. The scribe got up and slowly walked away . . .

Because of *Domei* "supervision," the foreign newsmen have been collecting a lot of new wrinkles in their faces and grey patches in their hair. With experience the Japanese spokesmen and propagandists have learned that it does not pay to lie too blatantly, and both Japanese and Chinese have begun to tell the truth sometimes, though never to their own detriment. But out-and-out fabrications have begun to disappear. The correspondents still regard military reports with a jaundiced eye, however, and sometimes are convinced that the spokesmen and generals on both sides are talking about two different battles in two different places, or else everyone is clearly nuts.

Eventually, tired of the nonsense and unable to get the news, the scribes may start fabricating themselves some really good stories to send to their home offices. At any rate, such fabrications would be more intelligent and plausible than a general's. Generals in general, the correspondents believe, are often far more moronic than the civilians they think they are attacking or defending. ###

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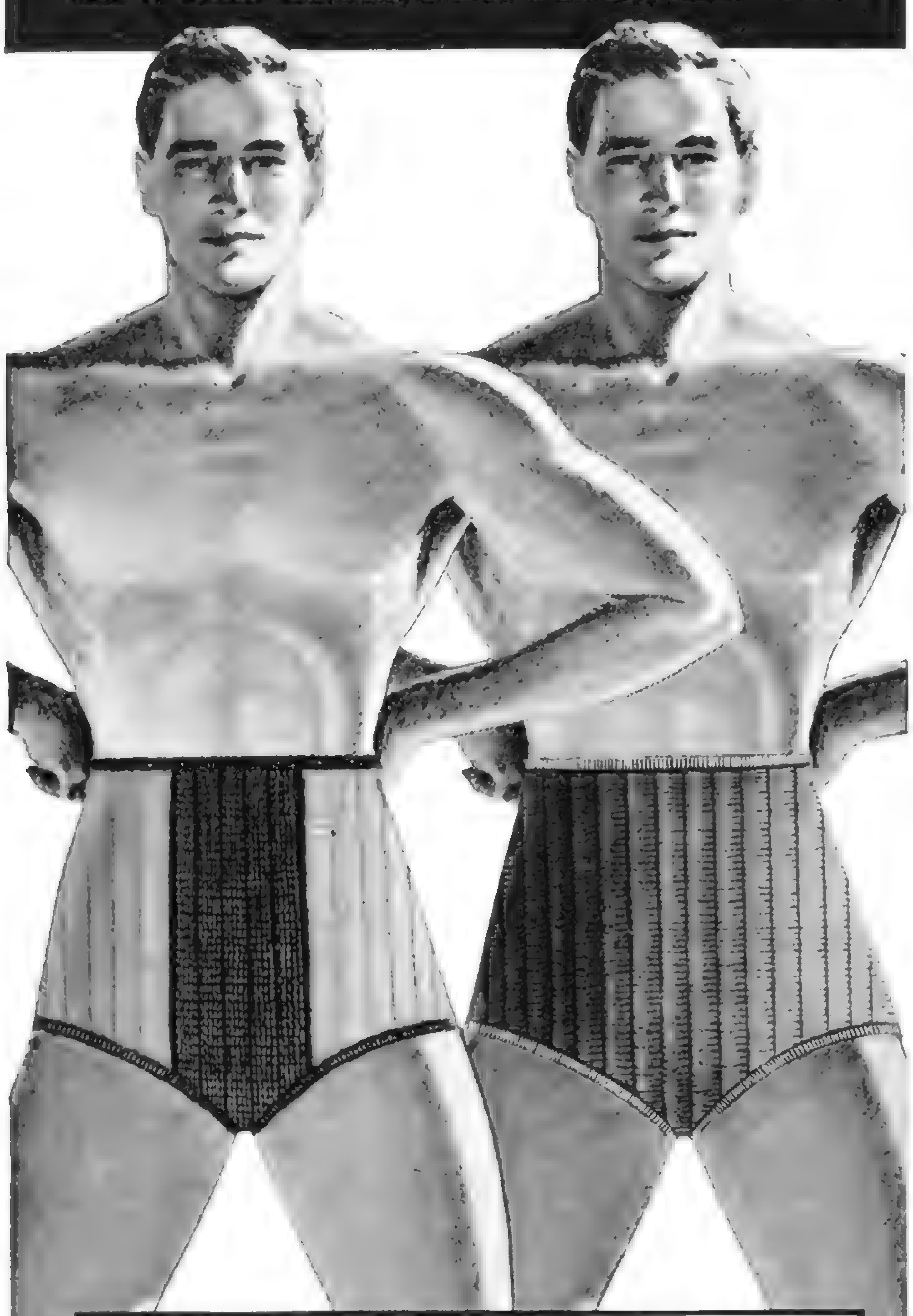

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No Peace with the Sea

Continued from page 53

folds. Sparks nodded to him. He turned back to the bulk of the oncoming destroyer.

"Torpedo room—get ready to fire the two upper torpedo tubes at two thousand yards!"

Four men in the stifling chill of the torpedo room attached the crimson warheads to the long, shiny, shark-shaped bombs. The snub-nosed warheads flamed in the dun chamber among the leather-covered paddings. Deadly fulminate of mercury charges. The long silver torpedoes were things of cold glistening death now, with their tapered tails an intricate assembly of rudder and propellers. They were hoisted on their bulky chainfalls and over the curved iron loading rails into the gaping tubes. The starting triggers in the aft air chambers stood ready. Man had prepared a deadly toy.

Four bells rang out—full speed ahead. Torpedoer signaled, "Fire!"

The two upper tubes gave a dull simper and shot their charges with a mighty march of air bubbles; air at 3,000 pounds pressure to every square inch, air and water heated to steam by flaming alcohol, steam and air that drove the turbines that whirled the two screws. The men in the torpedo room panted, numb in the freezing wet cold, and thanked whoever took care of submarines for getting off two charges without blowing themselves to ribbons. They got two more tubes ready. They had eight torpedos left and the permeated smell of baked oil was everywhere. They wanted to be sick in some corner.

Torpedoer watched the destroyer—watched the air bubbles of the loose torpedoes kick up a wake as they ran automatic at the proper depth; their motors driving them level as the spun gyroscope, the hydrostatic water pressure piston kept them headed for the throats of the destroyers. Torpedoer kept his eye on the cross wires.

Then the foremost destroyer saw the wake of bubbles, the drive and surge of grim death coming calling. She turned to flee, like a balking horse pulled up too suddenly. Too late. The torpedo on the lee hit. A huge, foul mushroom of poison-green, black, and sprouting orange fire went up against a cobalt sky speckled like mountain trout. The destroyer shook like a bull stabbed by an expert thrust just below the left shoulder, then turned and wallowed with feeble gestures; and began to rain crimson eroded fire, sooty smoke, and fragments of steel and crew. She began sinking by the punched-in bow.

The other destroyers of the flotilla turned like hounds called back from the hunt and hurried to rescue, or to hold the head of their sister ship. Torpedoer grinned and told the crew of their luck. He had expected the destroyers to go back to aid the hit ship. They would have no time to hunt him.

"They are too busy and have no time to be polite to us," he said.

"Poor dogs," said Whitehair, "sailors like us. Cat's meat now."

"And no cat."

Torpedoer turned the steering lever and watched the lubber mark on the compass card as he headed E.N.E. The quartermaster, Redkerchief, watched him and depressed the Kingston valves and the submarine sank with a drop that drove their stomachs up. Something was wrong—she was dropping too fast, too deep. The depth needle raced.

Two hundred feet already!

Two fifty-five!

She had been built to stand a pressure of two fifty—on paper. Torpedoer tried to level her off—but she fell on. The machinist-mate came in through his hole, his face wet with oil and black sweat.

"Water coming in from the storage-tank room. Big leak."

Torpedoer looked at the depth needle. Two sixty-five. The press would hold them soon and tear them inside out. The water was a foot deep already under foot. Funny he hadn't noticed. His first full command of a pigboat and sinking! Poor wretches, all of them. No friendly shore off the port this trip. The crew, big-eyed, stood in water, waiting. Sparks chewed his cud and sniffed the rancid air. It was strong. Salt water had dripped into the batteries. Sulphuric acid and chlorine gas threatened a choking death. Damn!—they had been fools to think of getting past the fates and furies.

The air grew denser.

"Everybody into the central operating compartment," said Torpedoer. "Stop the engines. Stand by ready to close all bulkhead doors!"

The men came in steaming fog. The water was higher and sending out little rings that crossed and recrossed other bitter, black, cold rings. The torpedo crew came last, wet to the skin and wrapped in coats and blankets. The rivets had sprung badly and tiny needle sprays were coming in with tremendous pressure. The mere touch of a finger to them jabbed through the skin till blood came. The crew's bare or soggy feet were puckered icy white and teeth chattered—some in fear.

The submarine was still falling.

The depth gauge stood at three hundred feet and ten.

"Close all bulkhead doors!"

"Lord, the sea is full of mighty waters."

"Stow the chatter," yelled Torpedoer.

The doors, heavily ribbed, groaned as the men threw themselves upon them. The anglebars, the thick rubber gaskets around their edges, were meant to keep out great pressures. The men puffed and shut the heavy rotating dogs. The water-tight joints held but dripped. The massive grey surfaces of the rigid doors were screwed tighter. They held—water-tight.

The men turned to watch Torpedoer, as he was reading his gauges.

The boat had never been built for such pressure. Three hundred twenty feet deep. The air was heavy and sour, full of oil fumes and gas and staleness. They could only breathe with grinding effort. Their mouths were stuffed with sour cotton—their ears and noses began to bleed black blood.

The pressure clamped in; there was a series of blinding gore-red sparks as the lights went out—went on. Sparks threw some switches and the lights danced but held. Suddenly there were three great shocks, following each other like cars on a wrecked train, and depth charges came close, to hover over them. The destroyers were still trying in anger and hate. The green water dripped down in pinging steady beads from the jammed pipe valve, and shot thin and knife-edged from the rivet holes.

They began to feel a great spinning wheel whirl them.

The boat was still falling. The men eyed each other. This was the end. No port, no hope . . . no . . . no . . . air . . . no . . . no . . .

Three hundred forty, and then they hit with a teeth-jarring thud. The men rolled into the black wetness and panted like fish on ice. Bottom hit. The lights went out—stayed out. The submarine rolled—bounced and smeared along the sea bottoms. The pressure was so great that the hull screamed. Steel protested out loud. Redkerchief gagged. Air . . . air . . . there wasn't any air . . . only this hot reeking mud flying about.

Three hundred and forty feet in a boat built to stand much less pressure. Pressure held them tight. They leaked. Depth bombs still fell near and stirred them into jumping gestures. The sea floor hugged them. The lights had blown. The air was almost too hot to hold in the lungs—and it wasn't air. It was acid . . . fire . . . death coming fast on a thin bony horse. The water was as cold as the air was hot and the men lay down to die—to freeze, to cough out their lungs, if the sea didn't crush them like a wine skin. It was colder now—as cold as the deep electric-blue of the sea bottom outside . . . they froze and sweated in turn. Some could no longer feel their numb limbs—and some could no longer feel at all—lucky stiffs—and some just lay and regretted their lives, their small silly hopes, their gods and their being. Lights came back—but very dim.

A man began to scream.

The screaming stopped when the Herring hit someone and a body fell splashing into the water . . . water rising.

Torpedoer did not look at the crew—but watched the now still gauges, needles, and valves with unblinking dilated pupils. The Reaumur degree panel showed almost below freezing marks. For the first time the giant felt that hope was but an inexplicable shimmering bit of fluff, and that he and his men would never catch even the hem of the wench's garment on these killing, heaving seas. Not for them the blue empyrean foothills, the fallow land, the bittersweet bite of woodsmoke, the lush, winy mellowness of home and wives.

Someone pulled on his arm. It was Redkerchief. Banked around him were the bleeding, panting, coughing, predatory faces of those that he had led on this mad adventure. Clumsily he stood, with an intricately throbbing pulse on his huge chest. He felt a drowsy inexplicable surge—a desire to sit down in freezing water, to die here quickly in dull sailor fashion—to dream, perhaps of old wild ribald scenes, of half forgotten events and dim remembered faces.

Then he heard as from a far place the knock of pressure as it choked, twisted, strangled the boat. He heard the quietly modulated voices of the crew—now calm almost to unhumanness—as they talked of fate. . . . Enormous azure shadows blurred his shaking vision and the dilapidated poison that was the air sang in his lungs, sang him to sleep like a lullaby . . . this is the end of torpedo-mate Torpedoer, he thought . . . all of him . . . the fine machine of bones and brains and emotions . . . causes . . . caprices and the little files of stored-up passions, pleasures, events . . . the damn crew how they chattered . . .

"Better here than among the troops."

"I hear I'm a father—a boy . . ."

"What I'd give for a good slug of English rye."

"And it rained for forty days and the deep covered the earth . . ."

The giant tore his eyes open and saw Sparks getting into his coat with the five hash marks, and buckling his kapok life jacket.

Torpedoer roared like a bull and it hurt his chest. "You fool—at this pressure you'll be a pulp of bone and red jelly when you hit the surface—you'll be turned inside out like a rabbit pelt!"

"What of it? Anything is better than this slow way."

The Herring nodded. "Get it over with—*poof!*—like that."

"All right," said Torpedoer, thinking and facing the coughing, panting men, "Anything?"

"Anything."

"All right. We'll try and make the surface and fight the destroyers. We'll end fighting. We haven't a chance against those three destroyers, their six-inch guns, their ash cans . . . but, Sparks, start the pumps. What air pressure have we on tap?"

"2200—not enough to blow the tanks."

"Start it. Battle stations every one!"

Those who could still crawl took their posts. Redkerchief held the Kingston valves, levers waiting. Torpedoer watched the air needles as the tanks blew. The air supply he needed was dropping fast and he needed a lot of blast to empty those tanks and get the water off the floor boards. The pumps sucked, blew and grew hot. They were fighting a great pressure outside—the whole seas of the world. Torpedoer cracked his knuckles

Continued on page 160

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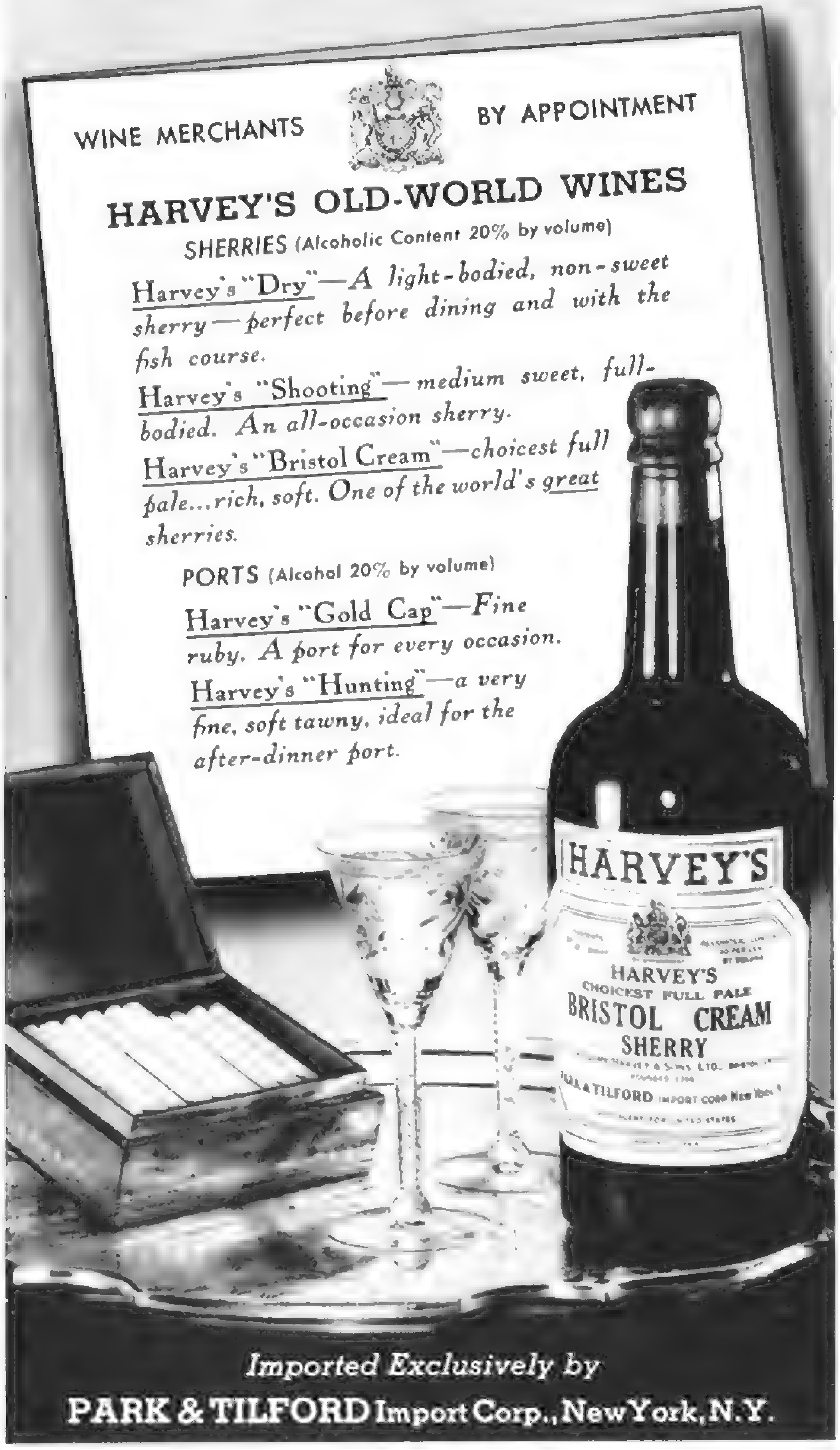

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No Peace with the Sea

Continued from pages 53-159

against the bronze rudder wheels.

"Who will step forward to get the big air flasks from the torpedos? There is plenty of air there, under great pressure, to blow us over the Alps."

Three men under the Herring hammered off the heavy dogs on the bulkhead doors. They threw the door open and thick yellow-green gas the color of poisoned fruit—the deadly killer, chlorine, seeped in. The men with wet rags to their faces dashed into the fog and the doors were slammed after them. The air was thicker by a gift of poison now. The dead men, the dying, the choking, the black water, the pressure, the needle leaks . . . everything whirled like a bad film before the mind of Torpedoer, and he refused to let them enter. Air still hissed into the ballast tanks, the pumps drained and sucked at the flooded chamber—but the submarine still stayed on sea bottom.

There was a weak iron clang on the bulkhead door leading to the torpedo room. The door was opened and the Herring and his men, sputtering, coughing bile, came staggering through bearing the huge air flasks of the stripped torpedos. They fell into the oily water and when they were lifted up there was the permeated smell of chlorine about them. They were dead, or in that plane of deep stupor that is same as death—or better.

Sparks lay them down and made a fast sign of the cross over them, then he began to connect the air flasks among his conduits. The pressure needle rose and Torpedoer began to blow the variable tanks while the crew gasped and choked in the foul mixture their lungs could not admit was air. The men stood or lay, wet, haggard, eyes bloodshot, wet black mouths open, and wondered why their neighbors did not look like men.

There was a rattle of pebbles against the hull, there was a sucking sound, there was a lurch and they tore loose from the murky mud and blue clay of the sea bottom.

Up!

The pressure banged in their ears, the dials spun and needles jerked knitting the rising feet together. The men felt the air beat down their hope of freedom, their eyes were protruding plums of pain. Most of them knew little except the tearing fire in their chests, the bitter bite of oil and gas in their nose tissues. But the direction was up. Up!

Torpedoer, bleeding from ears and nose rasped a husky order, "Gun crew—get—ready to take deck—battle stations . . . machinist-mate—start—pumps in engine room—start Diesels as—soon as we get water down . . . prepare for surface!"

The tin fish hit sea level and came into the air and bobbed like a mad cork in the clashing combers. The ship spun, clay still on her nose, seaweed on her bridge. Torpedoer knew he had to be first up. Only he could get fresh air. He staggered up the hatch rungs and with a last almost lost effort tripped the hatch cover. A cold blast of air and brine came down over him and he heard Sparks start the blowers as the motors of the ventilation mains were thrown in. The pumps began to suck dry the engine bed platen. Torpedoer felt the deck gun crew under Redkerchief step roughly over him and make for the pitching deck, pitching with danger as the boat rolled sluggishly in the U of a wave.

Torpedoer rolled pain-stabbed eyes over the lilting seascape. Hull down to the W.N.W. was the damaged destroyer in tow of a sister ship. The odds were less than he had figured on! There was only one destroyer on his lee, the last of the trio, pattering away, still hunting the submarine and dropping depth charges every hundred yards. The destroyer lookout saw them. She turned like a full-toothed cat on a mouse . . . steam screaming . . . smoke black and thick.

The engine room signaled; the Diesels were turning and clutched in. He jerked the engine room bell viciously—four bells—full speed ahead. He eyed the dimly lighted binnacle and threw the deck steering lever over for E.N.E., where fog was growing like a snowball.

A shell screamed across the waters and bounced from wave to wave like a stone across a mill pond. Two more came over high and two huge mushrooms grew into tall and stately umbrellas—bottle-green in color and spreading wide just before they fell on the chariot bridge and poured tons of water over the submarine.

Torpedoer signaled to the wet, cursing, struggling gun crew forward. They slammed out the breech plug, shoved in a brass cartridge case, slammed the breech locked. Redkerchief, the gun trainer and pointer, moved wheels, his eyes glued to the telescope sights as he tried to hold the oncoming destroyer on the cross wires. The four-inch gun roared, the breech recoiled, shot back to battery and the gun crew danced on the tossing deck and threw in another shell, fired again. They were coming close.

The destroyer turned and gave them three huge shells across the bow and havoc piled in with the seas. When the waters retired hissing in anger and spume, the gun crew was gone and the gun hung twisted with the breech flapping ajar and the three brass shells fell, rolling into the sea like divers.

Torpedoer wiped his eyes and threw a foul, turgid flow of mad imagery at the destroyer. He pulled on the steering lever, numb with sorrow for the gun crew's fate, and headed for the destroyer head on. Better to ram and let the deadly torpedoes in his tubes go off and take the destroyer with them, than to die here alone in the banshee screaming seas. The submarine went ahead fast—going full speed. Torpedoer watched and screamed with a joy and sadness that untied his taut nerves.

One hundred yards more!

Suddenly he pulled over the lever and hunted for the destroyer. He had lost her! One moment he was headed for her bow on, then she was scrubbed off his vision, blotted out, and he was steering in an infinitesimal ball of fog. The fog ball had grown and covered miles of sea. He climbed the periscope shears, and perched there. Still he saw nothing—not his sea-pounded gun crew, not the destroyers, not the sea. Only a hope.

Again he changed the course; the lever turned for home at last. Home direct. After a brief tussle with the oncoming waves, the submarine slid deeper into the smoking fog that came in lumps across the net-cutter. The tin fish faded from purple to tobacco-brown, to rock-grey, to pale amber, to lime and then was nothing.

Nothing.

The sea was mist, ghost-haunted again. #

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 96

it is a gurrrreat work of Art, but it's a little too much work for the audience. And the labor is in appreciating Bette, and that, in this higher level of criticism, is not wanted among the effects of true art.

To be frank with you, Mr. W., it is our private opinion that Miss Davis's high art of acting is nothing but a high rate of metabolism, and those big hyperthyroid eyes win neither our love nor admiration. You may reply that Miss Davis gave such a convincing characterization of a girl with the jitters as to transfer the jitters to the audience, and that if we sit there nervously twining our fingers, that is but a tribute to the lady's art. But, Mr. W., we saw Miss Davis win the Oscar for the jitter-girl in *Jezebel*, and though it is some more years since she won the Oscar for the girl in *Of Human Bondage*, and we don't exactly remember her mannerisms in same, we would be inclined to bet that there too Bette got by with force rather than form. We have a feeling that Bette's performance in *Bondage*, if resurrected, would not stand up so good against Wendy Hiller's in *Pygmalion*.

But let the old Oscars lie. We have seen Bette even in such trifles as that one where she played a reporter-gal, and even in such trifles, the screen shook when she bit off her speeches. Her performance in *Dark Victory* is, like just about all of her performances we can remember, the kind of thing called *tour de force* and it kind of reminds us that a gallon of gasoline if properly exploded can lift the great pyramid of Egypt a couple of inches. But maybe some day somebody will whisper a word to Miss Davis: shading.

* * *

—Oh it was one of those new western shows, I'm crazy about them, especially where the Indians waylay the stagecoach and Jimmy Cagney—

—But darling, that wasn't Jimmy Cagney, he was in *Oklahoma Kid*, we saw that one last week, there were no Indians in that one, remember?

—There were too. They had covered wagons crossing the plains and then the Indians stampeded the cattle and—

—No dear, that was in *Dodge City* the cattle stampeded. And it wasn't the Indians that stampeded them it was that bad boy, you know, Olivia De Havilland's brother who was drunk and kept shooting off his gun.

—I know it was the Jimmy Cagney show because that was the one where they all lined up their covered wagons and then somebody blew a whistle and they all raced across the prairie to found a town but the bad man got there first and insisted on having the best corner for a saloon and gambling joint. Then Jimmy became the sheriff and this saloon keeper—

—But of course it's *Dodge City* you're thinking of. That was the one where the saloon keeper ran the sheriff out of town and the hero was a bandit who took over the job of sheriff—

—You're crazy. There weren't any covered wagons in *Dodge City*. It was all about the coming of the railroad so how could there be covered wagons?

—So I'm crazy? What do you look at when you go to pictures anyhow, the screen or the ushers? The one they built the railroad in was, what was that called, it was the one where the villain was the railroad owner and they killed the newspaper editor.

—There! Just what I said! *Dodge City!* They killed the newspaper editor and he was such a nice little man—

—*Let Freedom Ring!* that's it! They didn't kill him, they kidnaped him and his printing press. After that scene where the hero walks into the gambling house—

—That was Cagney, like I said, he walked in all by himself and held up that whole gang.

—You've got it mixed up with the *Lone Ranger*. I'm talking about the one where they had the big free-for-all and tore the saloon to pieces, boy, that was a wonderful scene, all through it this little man is playing the accordion—

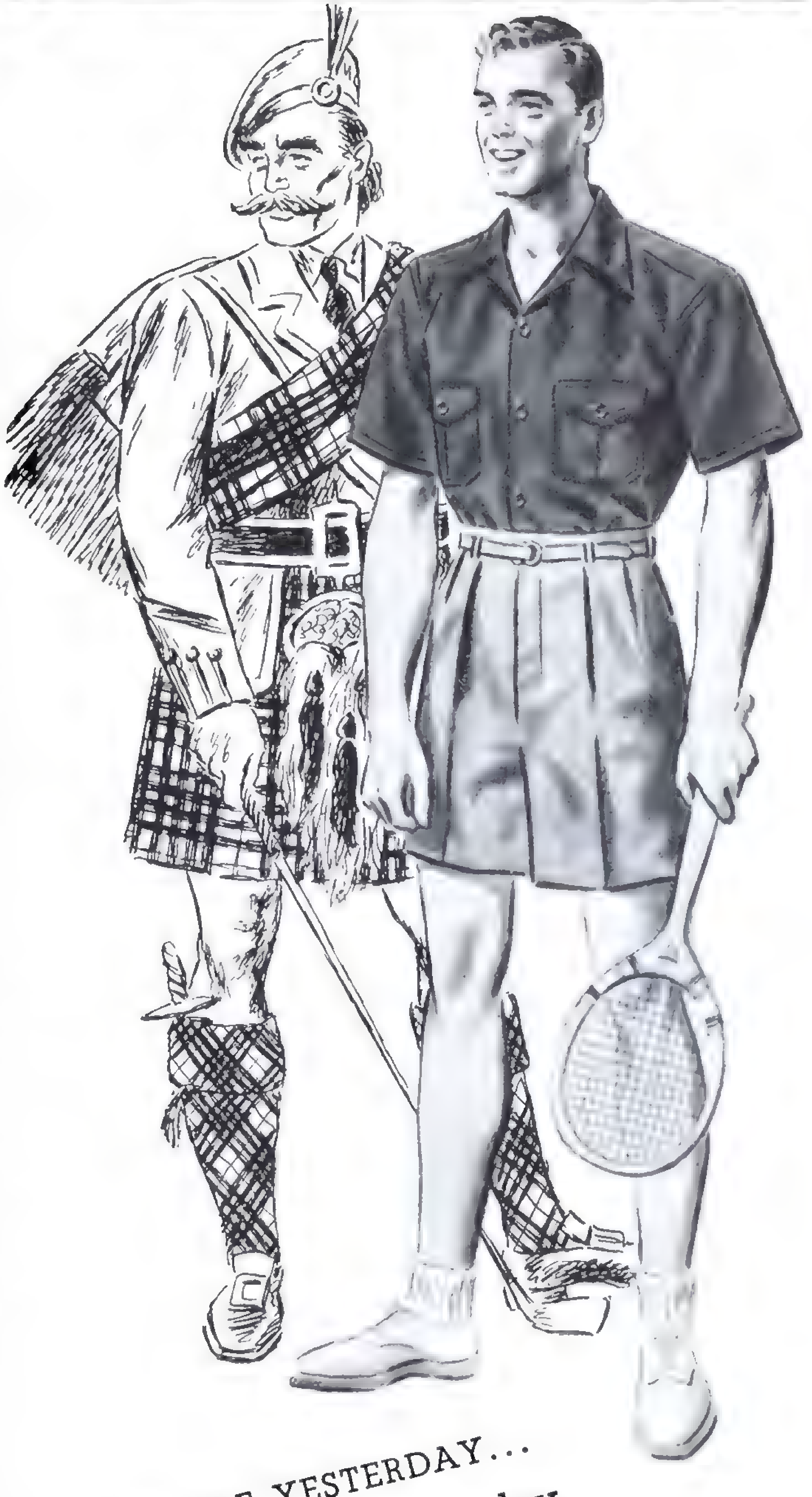
—It was the piano. It was that funny little man—

—Listen, let's get this straight. In the first place this picture with this scene was in Technicolor, I remember because Ann Sheridan had those red red lips—

—The Technicolor one was *Jesse James*. You've got Ann Sheridan on the brain. *Jesse James*, the one where that girl had the baby—

—But that was *Stagecoach!* Ye

Continued on page 162



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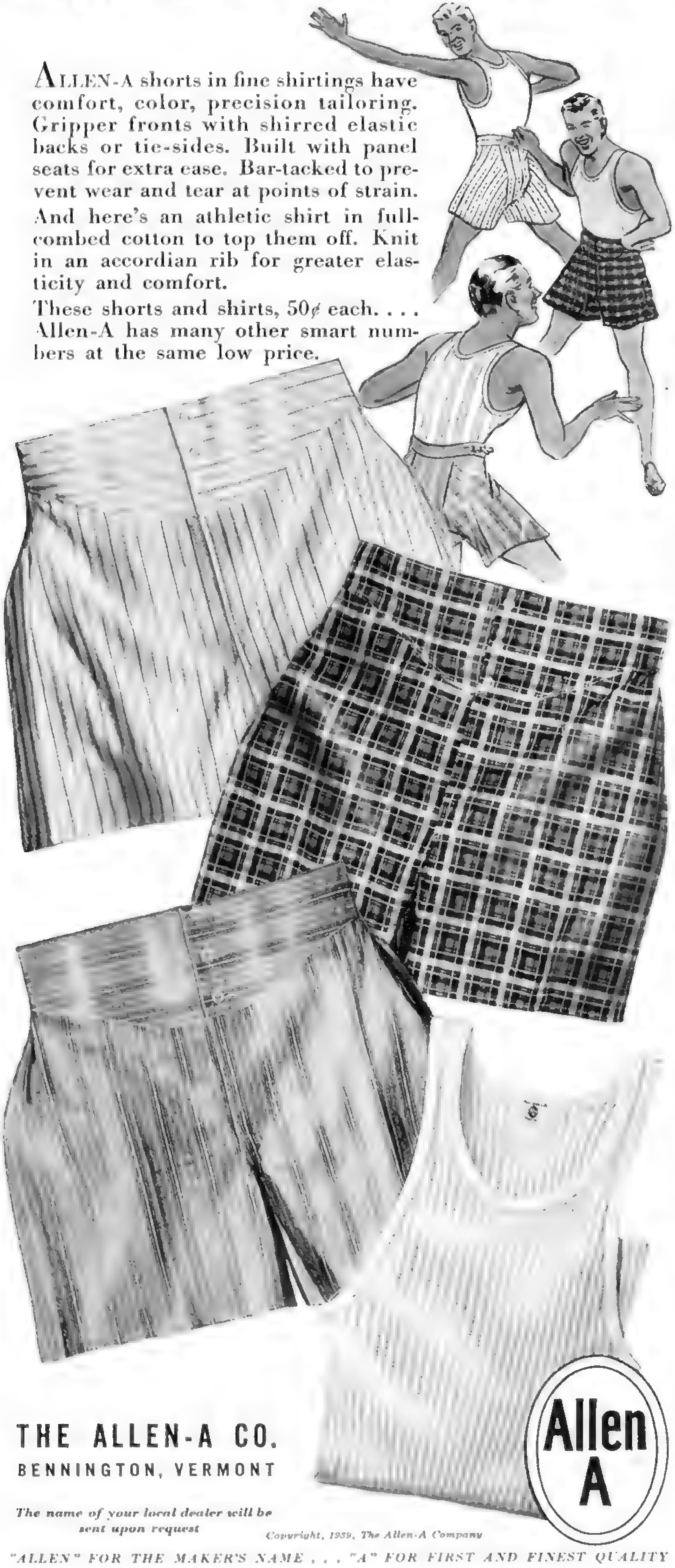


The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 96-161

gods! Don't you remember anything you see? It was only last night.

—*Stagecoach* is the one where they shoot the driver off the seat, and the horses run away and that cute little boy, poor thing, he tries to stop the runaway horses, he wraps the reins around his arm and they drag him through the dust—

—That was *Dodge City* I tell you!

—Once and for all, *Dodge City* is the picture where they build the railroad. There aren't any Indians in it.

—*Union Pacific* is the one where they build the railroad. We haven't even seen that yet! You can tell that's the one where they build the railroad because that's the name of the railroad—Union Pacific!

—All right. You know everything. But I'll bet you twenty-five cents if you go back and see that picture again you'll see Jimmy Cagney is on a horse and that's the one where he is in the railroad car and it's on fire and they chop their way through and the stagecoach is racing the engine and the Indians sneak up on them—

—And he gets shot in the back hanging up that thing that says Home Sweet Home.

—In Technicolor.

* * *

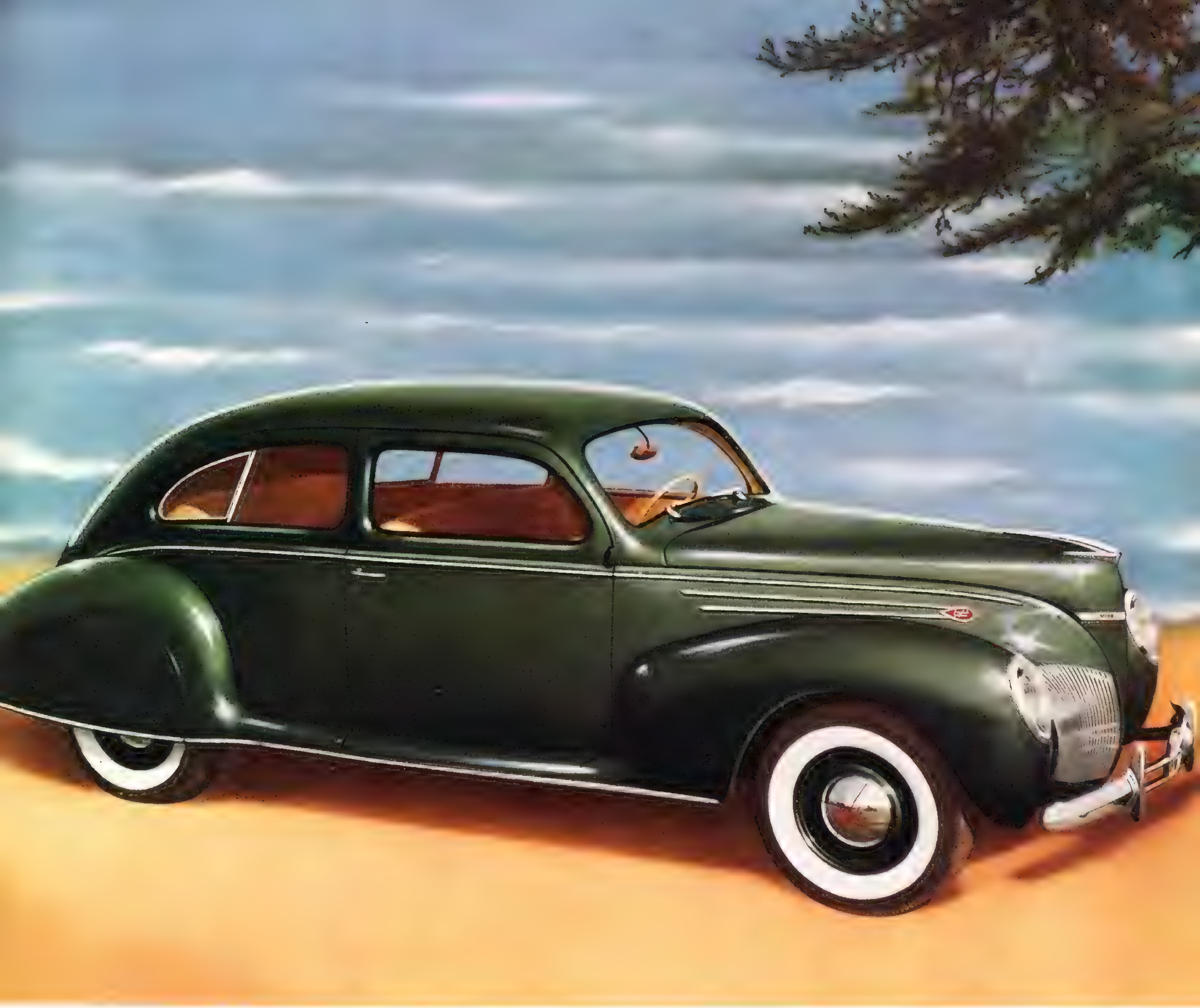
The evils of the double-bill have been exhaustively discussed. But occasionally there comes a perfect pair. For this season, we suggest that *Never Say Die* be double-billed with *Dark Victory*. There is no better antidote.

Dark Victory, remember, is the one where the heroine is an heiress who learns she has a fatal illness and must die within a year, so first she starts out on a round of wild parties and then she becomes very, very heroic and marries a nice guy and lives happily in the country until It happens.

Never Say Die, remember, is the one where the hero is an heir who learns he has a fatal illness and has only one month to live so he marries Martha Raye and they have one wild picnic waiting for It to happen; and these two pictures placed end to end make a complete film commentary on the uses of the idea of death in tragedy and comedy. Only, don't see *Never Say Die* first because you are liable to laugh at the wrong places in *Dark Victory*. ⵌ

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

	Good	Bad
Blackwell's Island:	A few moments in which the big-shot racketeer, sent to jail, takes over the hospital ward and makes it into a combination bookie joint and toy room for himself and gang.	Mr. Garfield, floundering in a straight reporter role, still imitating Cagney.
Dark Victory:	Dialogue and cast with George Brent often topping Bette Davis.	Over-sentimentalization of a hokum theme, squeezing the last tear by prolonged death scenes. Bette Davis's ultra-brittle technique.
Dodge City:	The frank wild-west melodramatics. The stagecoach racing the first train. The free-for-all to end all barroom free-for-alls, so skillfully built for comedy that it could be used as a two-reel travesty on westerns.	Picture is too long.
Ice Follies of 1939:	The Technicolor sequence, a pot-pourri of Cinderella and other nursery tales done as an ice pageant; quite like the dream sequence in Shirley Temple's latest, in style, but with Joan Crawford instead of Shirley Temple.	The rest of it.
Midnight:	Atmosphere of relaxed sophistication.	What goes for Joan Crawford in the sermon on falling in love with movie heroines goes for Claudette, too. We got over it long ago.
Never Say Die:	Comedy situation about a hypochondriac, and the name Bad Gasswasser for a health spa.	Forced gag situations, such as Martha Raye's kissing the bear.
Prison Without Bars:	Introduction of a French actress named Corinne Luchaire who has everything, but everything. Like *Henry the VIII* this is a British-made picture which will bring a whole flock of new gals to Hollywood.	Quickie atmosphere; and the one male in the cast is awful weak.



WHY NOT VACATION IN THIS "TWELVE"?

A HOT SUN rises in the summer sky, but roads point to cooler places. Owners of the Lincoln-Zephyr, eager to test it on long journeys, will travel to mountain, seacoast, or the blue of a lake. However far they go, they will not be disappointed in their car!

For a short ride promises, a long ride convinces, that the Lincoln-Zephyr is *different*. All driving now becomes smooth adventure. Miles go by with an ease you had not dreamed of. You cover greater distances, but do not tire.

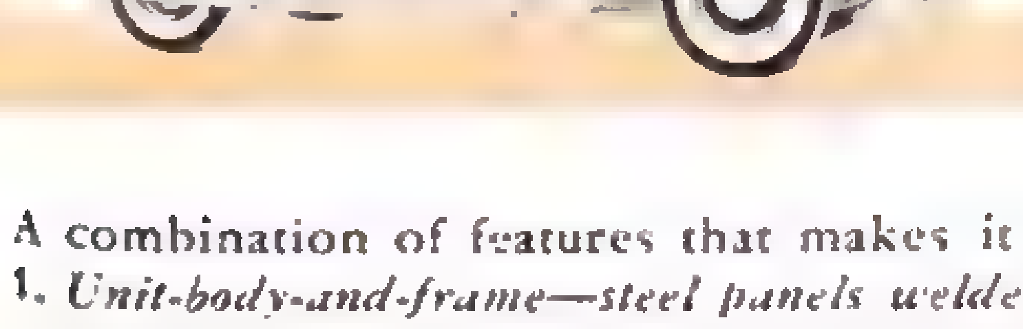
The flexibility of the V-type 12-cylinder engine is a new joy. Power in reserve obeys your slightest bidding. A smooth, confident rush of power is ready for emergencies. And this is a thrifty "twelve"! Across the continent and back, owners report unusual gasoline mileage.

The construction of the Lincoln-Zephyr is different, also. Body and frame, in closed types, are one—an unyielding framework of steel trusses. Steel panels are welded to this unique structure, and the whole is gently cradled on transverse springs 136 inches apart. Light in weight (for increased efficiency), the Lincoln-Zephyr is great in strength (for increased safety). Peace of mind rides with you on all roads.

Other features that make the Lincoln-Zephyr the outstanding value in the medium-price field include spacious interiors . . . chair-high seats . . . passenger position "amidships" . . . high visibility through wide windshield . . . low center of gravity . . . curb-level entrance. These, too, say "Enjoy your vacation!"

You have admired the Lincoln-Zephyr as style leader of its times. But beneath its outward beauty are features not to be matched. *Drive* this "twelve"! It can make traveling one long vacation in the years ahead! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.

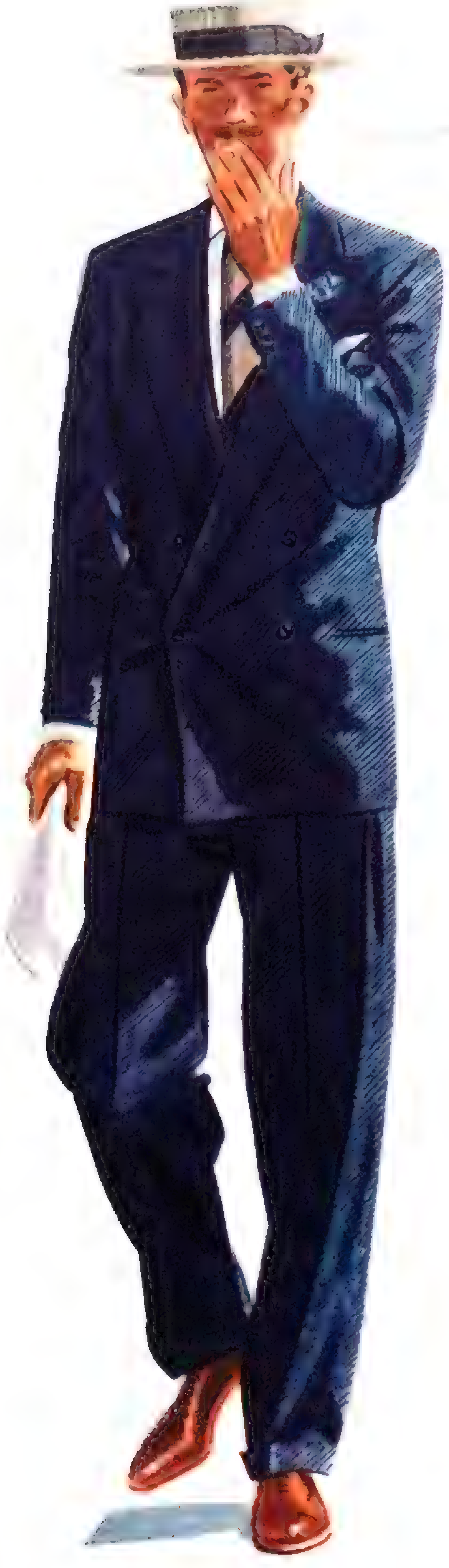
BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY



A combination of features that makes it the only car of its kind. 1. *Unit-body-and-frame—steel panels welded to steel trusses.* 2. *V-type 12-cylinder engine—smooth, quiet power.* 3. *High power-to-weight ratio—low center of gravity.* 4. *Comfort for six, "amidships" in chair-high seats—gliding ride—direct entrance—high visibility.* 5. *Hydraulic brakes.*

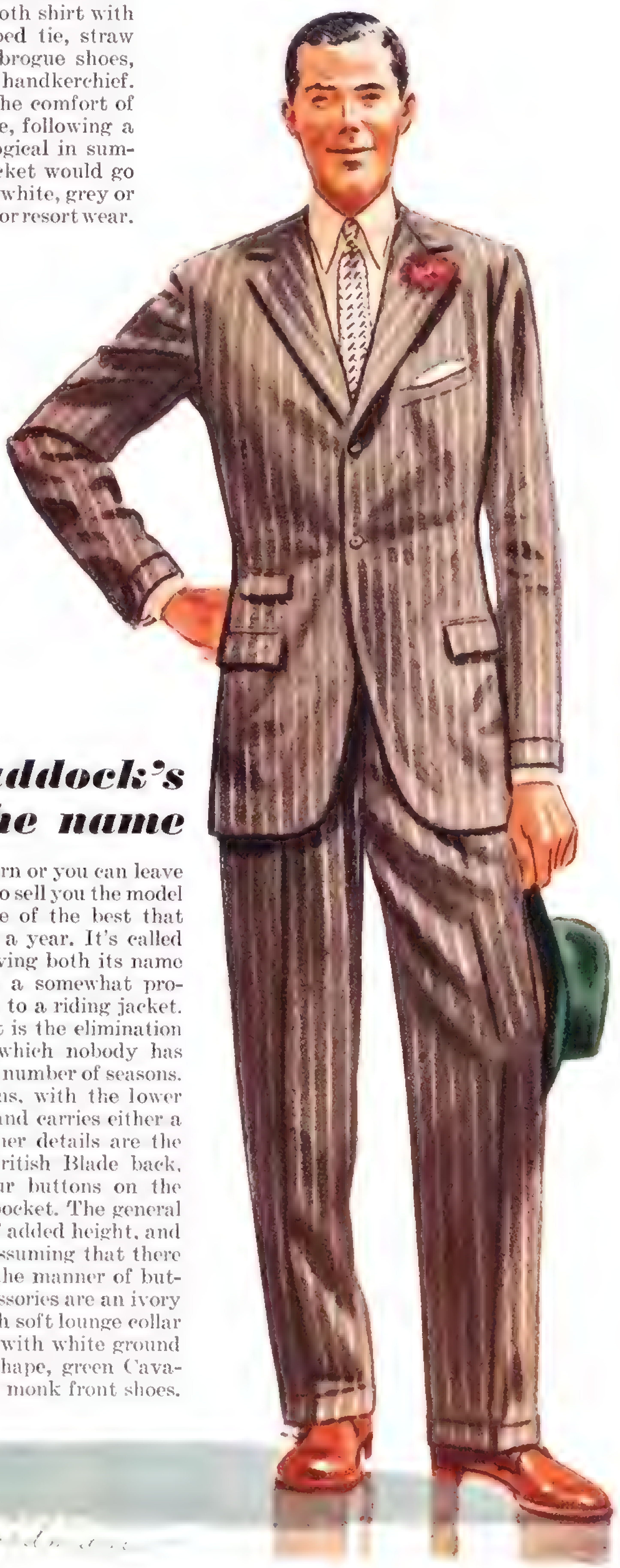
Lincoln-Zephyr V-12

THE STYLE LEADER



Deceptively cool . . .

The ice-cream suit is out, but the summer comfort it brought is fortunately still very much with us. The idea now is to reserve the extremely light shades for resort and vacation wear and hew to the darker colors for town wear. But the fabrics are, if anything, lighter in weight than ever. This outfit is in what might be called the Wall Street manner, but don't let that deter you. The boys on the Street are at least conservative in their dress. The suit is a tropical worsted, double breasted with the lapel rolled to the lower button. The jacket has the British Blade back, providing fullness at the shoulder blades and chest, and the trousers are cut full. The accessories include a lightweight white broadcloth shirt with cutaway collar, silk striped tie, straw hat, brown calf quarter brogue shoes, and linen breast pocket handkerchief. The vest contributes to the comfort of the wearer by its absence, following a trend that is especially logical in summer. Incidentally, this jacket would go well in combination with white, grey or even colorful odd trousers for resort wear.



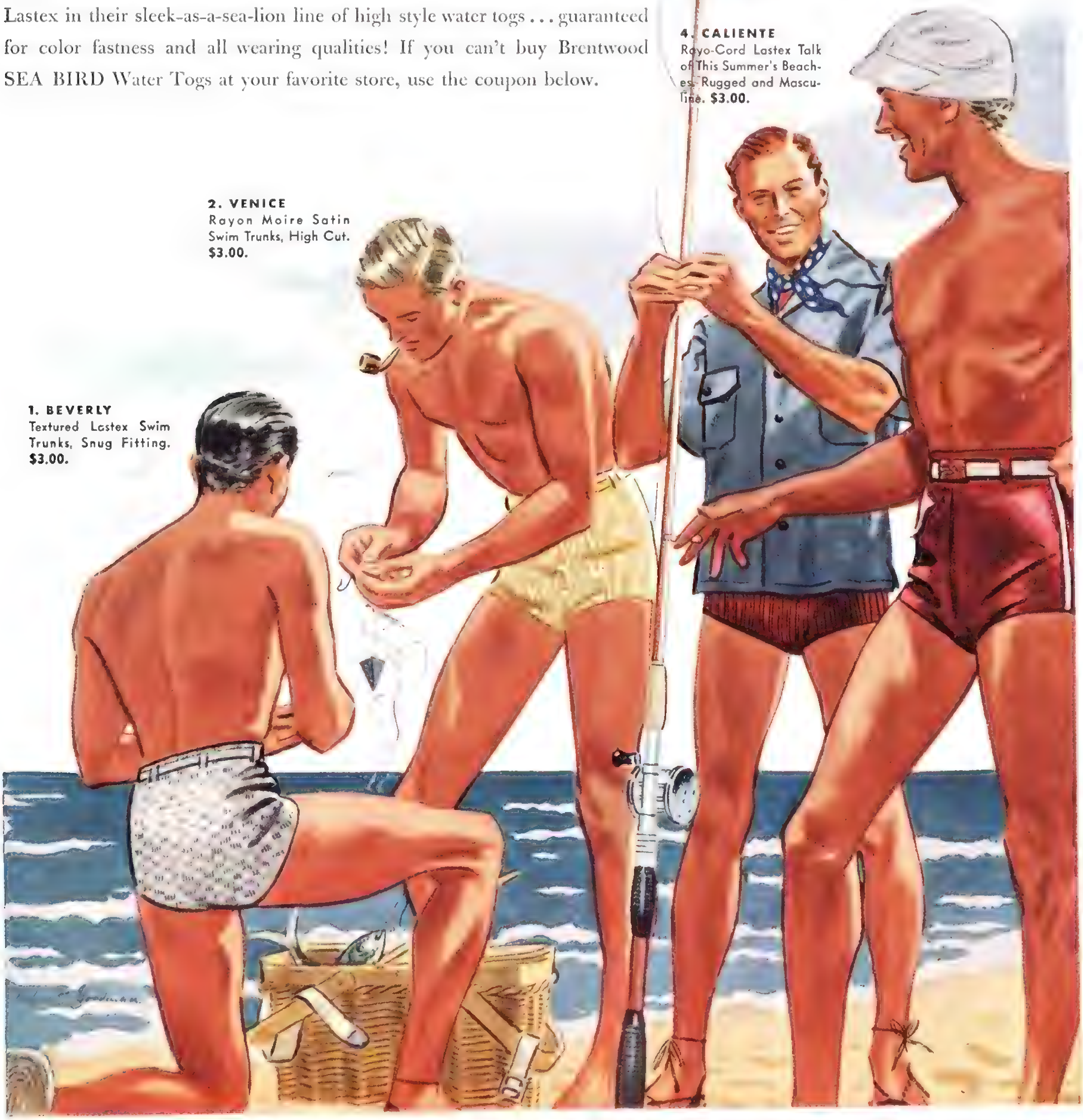
Paddock's the name

You can take the pattern or you can leave it, but we would like to sell you the model because we think it's one of the best that has come along in many a year. It's called the Paddock model, deriving both its name and its inspiration from a somewhat pronounced similarity in cut to a riding jacket. The feature of the jacket is the elimination of the bottom button, which nobody has worn closed anyway for a number of seasons. The coat has two buttons, with the lower button at the waistline, and carries either a center or side vents. Other details are the higher notched collar, British Blade back, turn-back cuffs with four buttons on the sleeves, and the change pocket. The general effect of this suit is one of added height, and the necessity of a vest, assuming that there is any, is eliminated by the manner of buttoning the coat. The accessories are an ivory color broadcloth shirt with soft lounge collar to match, Spitalfields tie with white ground in the new narrow bar shape, green Cavalier hat, and polished calf monk front shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

SEA-WARD WITH seabird WATER TOGS BY BRENTWOOD

Play in style! Don't go in or near the water, unless you're completely smart! The Brentwood Style Guild makes this possible—by combining rayon with Lastex in their sleek-as-a-sea-lion line of high style water togs . . . guaranteed for color fastness and all wearing qualities! If you can't buy Brentwood SEA BIRD Water Togs at your favorite store, use the coupon below.



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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

"THE CITY OF TOMORROW"

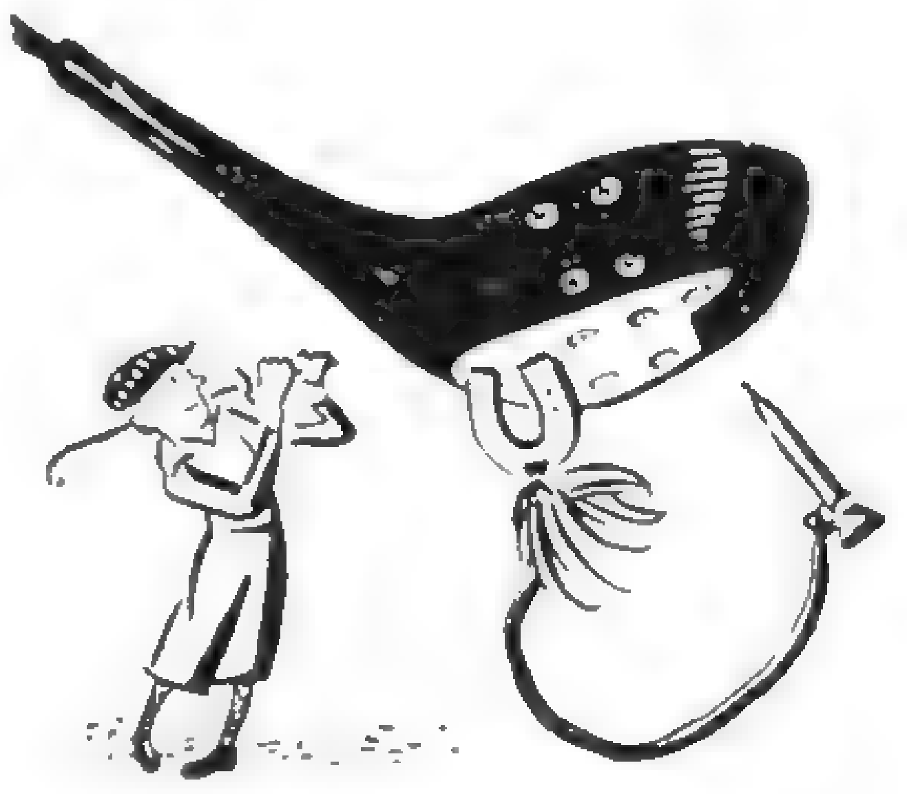
Every five and a half minutes in the Perisphere at the New York World's Fair, visitors hear a recording of William Grant Still's "The City of Tomorrow." And each time they hear it, the music sounds different.

Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra are responsible for the music in the theme building. It was necessary for Mr. Kostelanetz to be more than a musician and artist in perfecting the musical recording. He was a mechanic and engineer, too. During the cold winter months, when the tall building was barely completed, the music conductor had to climb several hundred steps to the top of the structure where the loud-speaker was perched. There, week after week, Mr. Kostelanetz would test the sound of the record; seeing that the brasses, the string instruments and everything was in perfect harmony for sound.

He discovered a unique thing about the acoustics of the building. At no two times, he says, does the record sound alike. Because of the construction of the building, the sound and pitch of the recording varies according to the number of persons who are in the Perisphere at one time. When the crowd is dense, the music is fuller. If there is a small attendance, the effect is different.

TEE RETRIEVER

Inventors are bound to make the game easier from every angle. To put an end, they hope, to that nerve-wracking pastime known as tee-hunting, there is now a magnet tee attached to a powerful magnet with a durable line. The magnet acts as an anchor, and after driving, you needn't stoop over. Simply place the club head near the magnet and it jumps eagerly to the steel shave on the bottom of the driver. Simple? Ordinary tees are used.



ROLL OVER

A new kind of zephyr-light hair brush with plastic handle curved to fit the grasp of the hand, bristles designed in a sunburst arrangement, which, they tell us, produces a natural, rolling movement from hairline to crown in a single sweep of the arm. Bristles reach down massaging and stimulating the scalp in fine style.

FOG, MIST OR RAIN

What with all the emphasis lately on safe driving, manufacturers have come through with a flock of automobile safety accessories. Many of them are highly practical, some almost necessities and a few will probably one day be compulsory by law. For the man who is obliged to do a lot of night driving, there's a road light that takes much of the risk out of fog, mist or rain. It has a special double reflector design, 82 candle power amber light bulb, and prismatic V-shaped lens. It will penetrate the densest pea-soup fog, and if mounted on an inside control bracket can be used as a spotlight. As it is chromium plated, it's good to look at too. There are glasses for night driving which completely shield the eyes from the glare of on-coming headlights, while at the same time giving clear, unobstructed vision of the right side of the road. These are pretty valuable if you're on the road much after dark, and can be worn with and without regular glasses.

DON'T GET A BUM STEER

Quite the thing, they tell us, for leather fanciers to have their key cases, wallets, card cases, etc., made of leather containing the original brand mark of the animal. The full, top-grain leather is tanned with California oak bark, in vats, the old-fashioned way. Healed grub holes, branding iron marks, scratches, wrinkles and scars are natural . . . and give a very "heigh-ho Silver" effect. The leather takes on a magnificent shine and mellows to a nut-brown shade like a meerschaum with use. If you're a racing fan, you can have a cowhide racing program complete with place for betting checks, currency, a program, pencil, etc. Howya, Ferdinand?

COVERING MANHATTAN WITH A COURIER

There's an escort service here in town very like the courier service on the Continent. The bureau will provide a guide versed in any desired language . . . who will meet you at the boat dock and plan your visit with you. If you don't want to see New York in Hindustan, you can be personally escorted in a limousine with a college grad as your guide. He'll tell you all . . . historic and descriptive data, knows exactly how much things should cost and will help you plan to use your time in the city to the best advantage. Even a New Yorker, born and bred, might be stumped by some of the facts these boys reel off.

A Late Cup of Tea

Continued from page 60

came in and reported that there was only one live guard at the curve. Three hundred yards to either side of him, the Japs had put up dummy guards. Scarecrows in uniforms. All you had to do was skylight one, watch him for twenty minutes and, if he didn't move, he was a dummy.

Only one live guard was good. But we still couldn't do any shooting or let that guard get noisy.

The new one would come on at midnight. He would not be relieved until eight.

At eleven forty-five Lee brought over a message from the short wave station. It said: "Mother and baby will arrive your place near three a.m. Important you meet them. Mother has hornets in her hair."

Lin didn't like that message. It was too easy to see through.

At twelve thirty we got moving. Lin sent two men ahead in case we were expected and there might be any machine-gunning.

As far as the rail guard was concerned, he was just standing there, probably wishing he could have a smoke, which he couldn't, in this territory that had been conquered for months. All he could do was move from one cold foot to the other. Maybe he didn't feel very safe out there by himself in the black crawling Chinese night.

He heard a sound. He stiffened. You could hear the soft tap of his gun strap as he raised his gun, and a little click as he cocked it.

He didn't say anything. He listened.

Finally he switched on his pocket light and saw it was a woman, a pretty good looking one. She was sobbing. He flashed the light all around her to see if she was alone.

They started talking. They couldn't understand each other but they talked, and all the time they talked Lin was easing up behind the guard. When he had crawled within twenty feet, he lay on his belly behind a rock and snapped a twig in his finger. The guard wheeled and shot his light around. It took Sing half a second to get set and adjust his eyes to having the flashlight out of them. Then he swung. He swung his lady's leather purse down on top of the guard's steel helmet. There was a four-pound slab of lead in the purse, and the helmet was setting firm and steady on the guard's head. We heard a thud, leather on steel. But at the same time we heard a sharp little crack. That was his neck breaking.

A second later Sing, the tenderhearted, cut the guard's throat to put him out of his pain.

Lin came up and took over. First he put the guard on a slope so that the uniform would not be soiled. He told me to get things moving while he put on the guard's uniform.

I did. I had eight men pulling spikes out of the track and two more putting wooden spikes back in the holes. We had quit just taking them out. Either a track walker found them gone, or the light engine they sent ahead to test the rails spread the track. But wooden spikes painted gray-black held up the try-engine and couldn't be spotted by the walkers.

Some of the other men were working behind the high side of the cut. This track-curve went around the side of a steep hill. Outside of the curve the ground dropped fast. Inside there was a straight-up wall of hillside about twenty feet high.

It was nice the way we worked. Chinamen can be quick and quiet.

Not long after Lin changed, one of our sentries ran in and said an inspector was coming up on a bicycle. Everybody got out of sight but Lin. He spoke Japanese like a Jap. That's why he wore the uniform.

Anyway it was soon all over. Lin challenged the inspector, recognized him, let him come close, then bayoneted him up under the chin. We went on working.

But there was a hitch. We didn't know what signal to give the engineer to give him the go ahead.

I asked Lin what we'd better do.

Somebody said why not relay the signal of the guard below us with flashlights. But that was complicated and dangerous.

"Have you searched the uniform closely?" Sing asked Lin.

Lin started feeling the pockets.

"If you find a red lens and a green one to fit the light, we'll know," Sing said.

But there weren't any.

"Try the heel of the light," somebody said.

Lin did and found them.

In the distance a train whistled. That thin sound was like a needle of ice running through our veins. I wish I could really tell you what it was like.

"Check everything again," Lin said, and I did.

We were ready. We waited, knowing that we were ready. A few of us might get killed. Maybe all of us. It wouldn't matter much. We were not even soldiers. Just guerrilla fighters, and China was swarming with them.

The little try-engine came into sight.

Only Lin, in his guard uniform, would be visible to the engineer.

Three hundred yards behind the try-engine came the train. Except for the headlight and the fat red lightning of its firebox it was dark.

The wind was with us. We had taken that into consideration in the first place.

Lin was giving the try-engine the green light. I hoped hard it wouldn't spread the track. If it did, everything was lost. It looked heavy when you thought of those wooden spikes. We waited. It came on pretty fast. I'd say thirty miles an hour.

We all held our breaths. It hit the doctored track. And nothing happened. It passed on over.

The seconds separating us from

Continued on page 168

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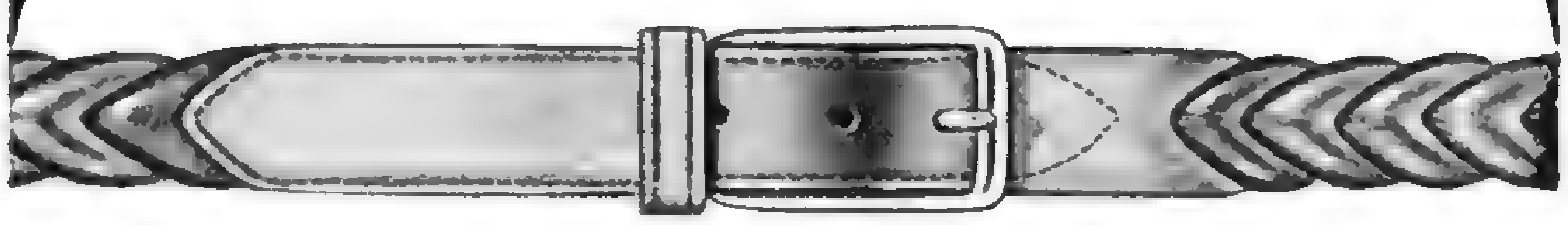

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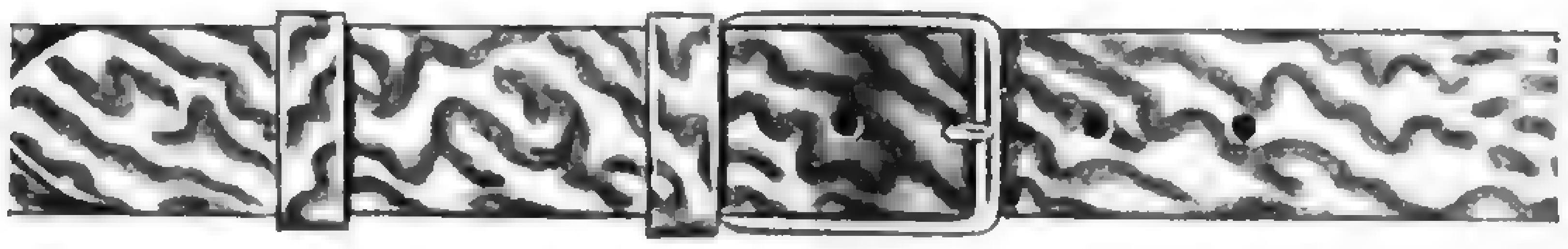

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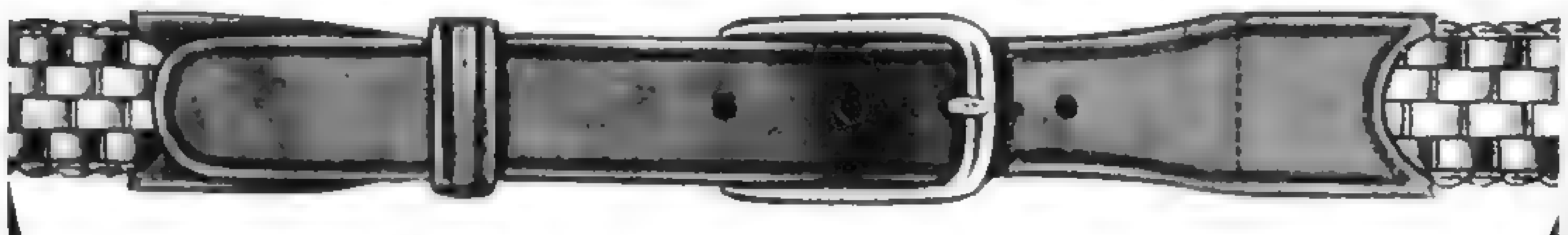

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A Late Cup of Tea

Continued from pages 60-167

our zero second were dwindling fast. The train came on, lumbering along pretty fast. Big and hot and loud. The steam and the clanking and all that weight.

I prayed for our timing, for things to click. That was all we had on our side.

Fifty yards away. Forty. Thirty. God, it looked big. Twenty. Ten. It happened.

The track spread. The engine keeled over and held, hanging on one row of wheels. A few box cars shattered with terrific explosions. A few fell over. I saw the hornets fall out of mother's hair: the machine gunners on top of the train.

There were lots of soldiers in the train. But most of them must have been on the floor or in piles in the corners while we were lighting the first balls of hay and rolling them down the bank on the train.

The rest of us had begun throwing our primitive grenades. Pint bottles and glass jars of gasoline. All along the dump. In that precious nine or ten seconds of utter confusion on the train, half of our men were lighting and releasing hay balls, the others splattering the cars with gasoline grenades. It was afire in eighty or ninety big patches before the first troops came out.

Some tried to fire from the windows of the two passenger coaches. In twenty seconds they saw that wouldn't do.

You've got to get soldiers out of a burning train before they can fall into their manageable groups. Somebody made the mistake of ordering them out on the side where the fire was. I guess to save the train. Maybe the officers knew we weren't many. Anyhow they came out on the lighted side, and when enough came out, about two-thirds I'd say, and when the officers first began calling orders outside the train, then Lin and I let them have it with two old Lewis guns we had got in a previous raid.

I felt a lot while we mowed down those Japs. I was doing something useful but I hated it, because I was not machine-gunning Japanese uniforms but men. They would have done it to me and had done it to the people I was fighting for and I had to do it to them and did, but by God I didn't like it.

It felt good to that part of you that is a wolf, and is in all men and makes them like to kill things—especially other humans when they have a good righteous excuse. Well, I'm part wolf and that wolf part liked all this rich easy killing. When you shoot a gun, even a machine gun, you know when you connect and sense the thud of it, and to that wolf part it feels good every time. But there is also a lot of me that isn't wolf, and that part felt awful.

Some of the Japs tried to get back into the train, and the boys on the dump who were to stay and shoot only if everything was going our way, picked off a good many with their pistols because they were right over the illuminated Japs' heads.

We should have left. Only fools forget the time limits of guerrilla fighting which means hit and run and nothing else.

But it was so easy and they were so confused that we massacred most of them before they finally got a few machine guns to popping. Then we left, fast, and as we spread out through the night, avoiding the troops that were already bound to be coming at the double and in armored cars from the garrison, the train began blowing up, and that sounded good. Not to part of me, but all over.

The rest were to go home at once and get anything worth moving ready to move. Tomorrow the Japs would burn the town. At least that's what they had been doing. Burn a town for a raid.

We ran through the night until we felt safe. Then we hid in a ditch where Lin and Sing changed their clothes. After that we strolled on toward the old kindling man's hut, and talked a good deal on the way.

Definitely, we had the enemy where we wanted it: dispersed. To smile at by day. To hack at by night. Chiang would draw the fire of its army while we nibbled to death its garrisons, its system of supply. Every foot Chiang retreated strengthened our hand, and he must retreat and retreat before their cannon.

"The Japanese army," Lin said, "is on its way to Napoleon's Moscow."

Sing, who was not an intellectual, but just a plain human being and a pretty decent one, said all he wanted was for it to end and China to be free. He said he could not get used to horror and suffering, and that it was killing him.

I knew that. Some of us did get a little hardened to it, but not Sing.

He asked if he could deal with the old kindling man.

"He doesn't understand what he's done," Sing said. "There's no use letting him know he's got to die. It will just happen and he will be dead. Like when you have to kill an old pet dog."

That was all right with Lin.

Sing knocked.

At first the old man wouldn't come to the door. But finally he did.

"Good evening, old man," Sing said. "We are lost. Will you step out here and point the way to town?"

"You are Chinese?"

"Yes."

"Please honor this sty of a house by coming in."

We went in.

Very secretively, smirking a little, he said, "Will you accept a cup of tea from the Japanese Emperor?"

"What is this, old one?" Sing inquired gently, his hand sliding into his pocket for the automatic.

"This day I got five dollars for informing the Japanese where two railroad rails are buried," the old kindling man said. "That enabled me to buy poison for the well close by. You would pass it and might drink. For walking, while not so strenuous as digging, makes one thirsty enough."

Sing turned to us.

"Will you accept a cup of tea from our old friend?"

I nodded.

"With gratitude," Lin said, absently.

We were tired of killing. This little surprise had sent a wave of mild relief over us. But while the old man made his fire, relief faded into exhaustion and then slanted into sadness. He talked and bustled, enjoying over and over again his joke on the Japanese Emperor.

Sing pretended a little to be listening. But mostly we just sat there very quietly waiting for the water to boil. #

Radiant Fatherhood

Continued from page 65

the next booth, and we had to stay and watch. She had never been in the place before, either. It was all for the publicity."

There was a long silence. Then my mother said: "Nevertheless, she was exposing herself, that girl."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"In my day," began mother, and Constance sighed heavily. "A girl was known by the company she kept. We were taught that innocence protects you like an invisible wall."

"You need more than that today," said my father.

"If a girl," mother went on, "frequented a place where she saw and heard vulgarity, she was regarded as a woman of the world, and men conducted themselves—Accordingly."

Constance looked very superior. "Well, there is much less—Accordingly—today. In your day everything was hushed up and nobody knew what it was all about. Now men understand themselves. Men are not so—as they used to be."

Father passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "Perhaps I have been just imagining Things."

The chauffeur rang and Constance jumped up to go to school. "Don't count on me for anything on Friday night," she called back. "I have a date with Jimmy."

Father sputtered around the rest of the week. Constance was under age and he could tell her not to go at all if he wanted to. But he had never done anything that way. Maybe I could persuade her not to go. Maybe mother could persuade her not to go. How could we find out whether they intended to go back to the night club? Should he call on LaTourette and buy him off? Should he at least tell him where he could not take her? A father has some rights, and some duties, too. Maybe something would happen that would keep him from getting there on Friday night. Maybe he would stand her up, etc., etc.

On Friday night when she came downstairs in evening clothes with an expression on her face like a kid at her first Christmas, he could hardly stand it. He said to mother in the library:

"Shall I come out, flat-footed, and say she can't go?"

Mother had just come in from the club. "No, by no means. I found out something when I was lunching with the ladies today. These LaTourettes belong to the *Maryland* LaTourettes! This boy is only nineteen but he is the catch of this debutante season. And to think! He prefers the society of our Constance!"

Father groaned.

He contented himself by telling them they must be at home by one.

Scarcely more than an hour later we were playing threesome bridge when we heard a noise at the front door. But the dogs did not bark. Someone came in quietly and started up the stairs. Father put down his cards, and we all went out.

There was Constance, home so early. Her hair was going in every direction. One shoulder strap was broken, and the orchid on her shoulder had seen wear.

"Before you say a word," Constance began, her blue eyes shooting fireworks, "you can tell me something. You have always wanted to tell me something, father, and now is your chance." She swallowed. "Is it impossible to have a man *friend?* If you speak a kind word to them do they imagine that you care? Do they *all* think you are just craving to be mauled and—and even bitten?" She seemed to be holding my *father* responsible for his whole sex.

"Bitten?" echoed my mother.

Constance pointed to a tiny red mark on her forearm. "Oh, you needn't worry any more, father! I never want to see the fresh Mr. LaTourette again so long as I live. I wouldn't care if I never saw another man!" With a sort of funny, hurt noise she stumbled upstairs in her long dress.

Eventually I followed mother and father back into the library.

Father was triumphant. "I knew," he whispered, "I should just let her go and nature would take its course."

"But, father!" I said, hanging on to my lower lip. "Mother, how can you deal another hand when Connie has just given up—everything. She's through with men! That's the wrong slant; it's not natural!"

"Oh, she'll get over it," said my mother, looking reminiscently into space. Father moved back toward the door. He always seemed to sense when mother was going to say Something. "I remember! I made that same speech, once. A young man that I trusted implicitly tried to—to take Liberties with me."

"And you gave him up? Forever?"

"No," said my mother. "I married him!" #

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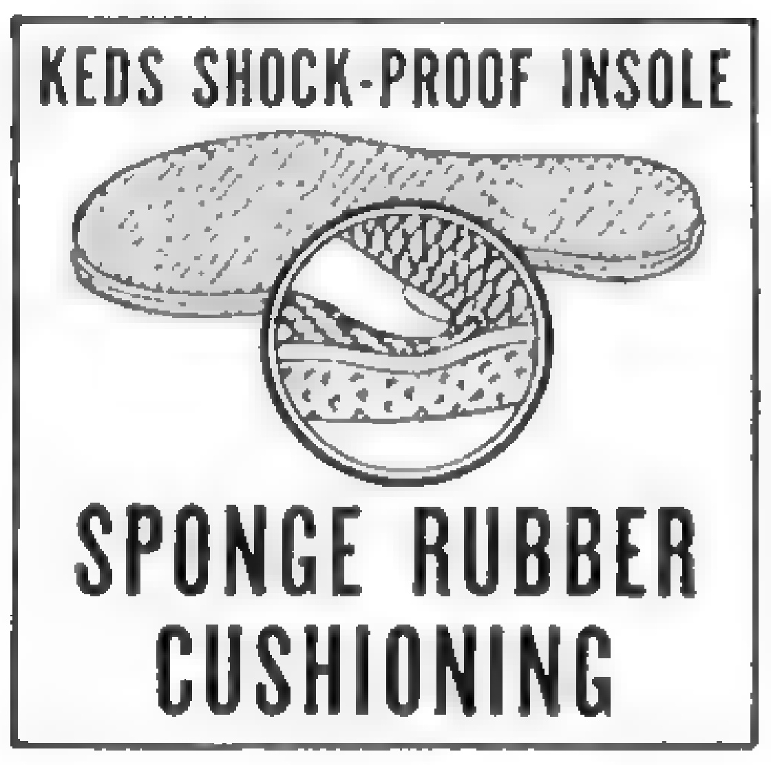

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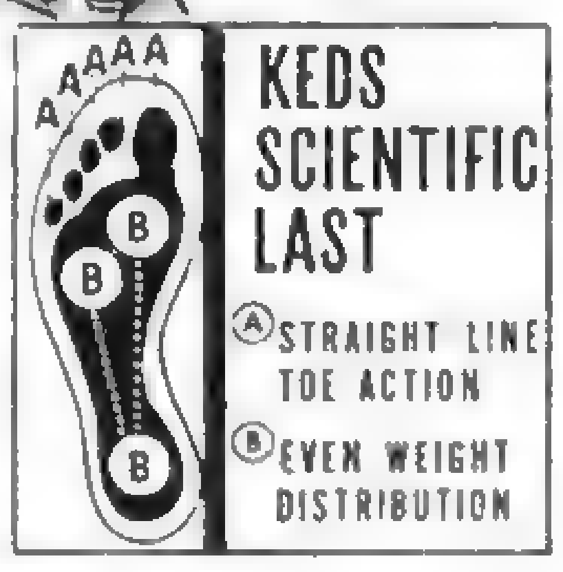

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My Life With a Stuffed Sailfish

Continued from page 82

height do you need? Our living room's only ten feet."

"That's plenty," I assured him. "That'll put his tail about three inches above the sofa. And if it's not enough you can bore a hole in the ceiling and have him sheathe his sword. We only had nine feet in our first apartment."

"How'd you work it?" he asked.

"Easy. We kept the fish in a vacant apartment. Only cost us two dollars a month."

George laughed. "Just wait till Charley Wade sees it. Boy, oh boy! Him and his five-pound brown trout." He reached out and retrieved the photograph of himself and fish and gazed at it as though he and the fish were planning to be married on the first of the month. Then he climbed off the desk. "So long," he said. "I suppose I'd better go do some work."

"Nice to have seen you, George. And listen, old man, I really am sorry. By the way, better let me give you the name of that warehouse; they'll board your fish for ten cents a month less than anyone else in the city."

"Did you know they have to paint them entirely by hand?" he asked. "The minute they die they lose their color."

I said, "Yes, I know." A couple of minutes later I glanced up and saw him in the outer office. He was showing his photograph to the girl at the information desk. ⋕

Abe Rattner: Senso-Realist

Continued from page 73

to and live here in America."

Abraham Rattner's is an art which declares that the painter has absorbed and orchestrated the most potent influences of the School of Paris, notably of Picasso, Matisse and Braque. Only a bad artist is incapable of being influenced by the generative esthetic forces of his time. Purely as a draughtsman Rattner is a wizard. Emotionally, he is richly endowed, so that he would never be content merely with stating on canvas the reduction of the forms in life to planes, spheres and cubes. He has shown and is showing man interpenetrating his environment and interpenetrated by it. Without becoming so intensely subjective as to sever the lines of communication between himself and his audience, he has painted into canvas his own intense and sensitive reactions to the subject matter before him. He has incorporated into canvas even the memories harmonious with the sensations evoked by the scene of nature that has served as the point of departure for the painting. His present work is based on the theory which he has evolved of senso-realism, about which there will be a fuller attempt at exposition later, but which may at the present moment be summed up roughly as a way of painting into the object, the figure or the landscape before the artist, the more or less intense emotional reactions (of which memory is a part) evoked by still life, figure or landscape. Study of the paintings reproduced is essential to the understanding of what the artist has been doing and is attempting.

The comprehension and appreciation of art such as Rattner's (and indeed of any first-rate modern artist) must start from the premise that painting is a creative procedure remote from that of impersonal camera-eye representation. The point of reference in, for example, an academic portrait painted to please and flatter may be the sitter and even in the most slavishly executed of such jobs the artist's temperament or individuality may declare itself in a brush stroke or two, but in a work of art such as Rattner's the point of reference is the painting itself and not the object which may have set off the artist. His is an art in which thought and feeling have not only not been suppressed; they wield the reins. An artist with less skill in draughtsmanship and less knowledge of paint would be unintelligible and his vision would be interpreted in a manner so private as to make the possibility of communication unlikely. Mad, or primitive, painting based on symbolism requires literary footnotes and is therefore no more self-sufficient than the academic portrait or the sentimental reporting of an anecdote. The knowledge and control of his medium which Rattner possesses makes it possible for him to create self-sufficient works of art based on human material with the passion of the sensitive.

Rattner is not a coterie painter, one who belittles all schools but his own and regards the past of painting as only a foundation for the present. He has the love and understanding of all schools possessed only by the great teachers. From the young art student previously quoted, the writer received perhaps the most moving tribute that student ever paid to teacher, part of which I quote: "The basis of Rattner's inspiration as a teacher was first his genuine love of all fine painting and, secondly, his understanding of the formal elements in a work of art. These formal elements for the painter are perhaps of the greatest enrichment to the individual's work, no matter how great his native talent. . . . I *always* found Rattner enthusiastic, open-minded and appreciative of the valuable achievements of a particular school or of a particular painter, no matter whether of the modern school, the classic or whatever. I wish to stress this open-mindedness because it is not so common in an artist as one might suppose.

"When looking at a still life

which I had set up in my studio and was working on, Rattner gave me the sense of the unlimited creative effort that was possible; he would indicate the necessity of achieving in painting always and first of all the essentials of that experience, and one felt perfectly free to forge ahead in whatever mode at the time seemed the logical solution and expression of the visual experience. . . . He knew innately what attempt was genuinely right in its formal direction. When I had been painting still life for a few months, he gently urged me to try composing and with his insight he passed on to me the essence of figure composition, movement, balance and unity of color and light. He was always interested in starting from the simplest terms, from one's visual experience, from the elemental demands of expressing that experience. And for this reason no theory was ever forced on one, no attitude toward reality necessarily the most right. . . . He was interested in conveying in a canvas the essence of his subject, and that is why he would, if he was interested in movement, at once associate with it dancing and gaiety; violent, quiet and flowing rhythm, light greens and rose, and transparent gay blues and the sense of springtime. . . . Rattner was constantly adventuring and discovering his own self in reality and building a personal and convincing world of his own vision."

Abraham Rattner was born of a Roumanian mother and a Russian father about forty-two years ago in the city of Poughkeepsie, on the banks of the Hudson. Early he manifested the inclinations of a dreaming solitary and the promise of an artist. He enjoyed wandering by himself along the banks of the river and showed a zest for exploration which twice showed him the face of peril. Once he fell from a bridge onto the railroad tracks right in the path of an oncoming train; switch wires hurled him to safety just in time. On another occasion he fell from a precipice and only the deflection of his fall from the rock saved him. In early boyhood he loved to draw and paint and was absorbed in art on the level of amusement. He had no ambition to use art, but as he developed, it became the thing he loved most to do for itself. He was rated a prodigy at eight, by which time he was making portraits of friends and neighbors, as well as drawings from Nature. So little did it occur to him that art might be a way of earning a living as well as a way of life that he made up his mind to become an architect. This ambition was involved with a dream, that of rebuilding the city and the ugly bridge that then spanned the river at Poughkeepsie. (A new, and handsome, bridge has since been built, but much of the city is far from being an architect's dream.) This aspiration for beautiful reconstruction Rattner shared with a chum who was scheduled to become the engineer who would execute young Rattner's dream city designs. For a summer at least Rattner worked in an architect's office and his friend with a construction engineer. But the friend showed such aptitude in first-aid treatment that he was persuaded by a doctor friend to study medicine instead. After leaving high school, Rattner, faithful to his dream, went off to George Washington University to become an architect.

He remained in the architectural course for a year and obtained a grounding in the subject that remains useful to him to the present day. But part of the architectural course was a class in free-hand drawing and the pleasure he felt in it was so keen that he let his proper instincts lead him out of architecture into art. From the university he moved to the Corcoran School, also in Washington, which was connected with the Corcoran Gallery of Art. His inquisitive spirit led him to take part in the dissection of corpses at the medical school of George Washington University. While at the Corcoran he met an American painter recently returned from Paris and listened to his enthusiastic talk about that new movement, Cubism, and about those new painters few Americans had heard about — Picasso, Matisse, Van Gogh and Cézanne. The student Rattner was more than interested; this was yeast to the dough of American art instruction of that time. Lacking perhaps in the mature skill to absorb the elements of this new movement, which he was receiving at secondhand, after all, young Rattner became so wild in his work that pedagogical fingers of warning admonition were raised; he was told that he was influencing his fellow students the wrong way and that if he didn't pipe down he would be thrown out. It must have been around this time that Abe Rattner determined that, come what might, he would find his way to Paris.

But for anything that he did there was at least one pair of sympathetic eyes, those of the old director of the school who even came north to Philadelphia occasionally to see what Rattner was doing, after the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts had given him a scholarship on the basis of his drawings. Rattner reached Philadelphia in 1916 and there also became a leader among the students, executing the decorations for the annual academy ball which made peppery Joseph Pennell mad.

The next year the talk was of war and in April, when America became an ally against the Entente, Abe Rattner became a soldier and a pioneer camoufleur. He served in Washington and in Europe, as mural painter, front line fighter and head of a camouflage section until his discharge in 1919. At Washington, where he was assigned to the 40th Engineers, Camouflage Section, his superior, Homer St. Gaudens, now

Continued on page 172

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Abe Rattner: Senso-Realist

Continued from pages 73-171

of the Carnegie Institute, commissioned him to paint a mural for the regimental office in the State, War and Navy Building on the subject of camouflage, about which Rattner then knew next to nothing. Abroad, he took part in the Battle of Siecheprez, between Metz and Verdun, and afterwards was given charge of an experimental camouflage station at Nancy. With a force of forty men he organized a series of valuable camouflage constructions for the purpose of concealing artillery from plane and camera observation.

Thereafter he went to Chateau-Thierry, taking part with the artillery in the second Battle of the Marne and continuing in that advance up to the Hindenburg Line on the Vesle River. Toward the end of the advance, Captain St. Gaudens sent a scout into the thick of fighting to bring back Rattner. Both returned along a road the Germans were heavily shelling. The man who replaced Rattner was killed the next day. The artist was then dispatched to Camp Souge, near Bordeaux, where he served as instructor in camouflage to incoming artillery officers from the United States. Rattner seems to be no worse for his war wear.

Upon his discharge from military service early in 1919, he returned to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts which, in June of that year, awarded him a traveling scholarship abroad. He arrived in Paris in the fall of 1920 by way of Italy, at whose Primitive and Renaissance masterpieces he had long looks, particularly those at Florence and Rome. At the École des Beaux Arts he studied under Cormon, in whose class he won the reputation of being the best draughtsman and the craziest student. From the Beaux Arts he went to the Ranson Academy, in which his teachers were Berman, Berard, Beaudin, Denis and Jaulmes. Like his fellow students from Philadelphia he might have returned to America at the end of the scholarship period, but he determined to starve it out on the line of art if it took ten summers.

Not to retreat until he had achieved an understanding of art in the atmosphere of art was his main problem. He felt that if he returned to the States before he had reached a terminus, he would only run into difficulties which staying on in Paris would amply solve. These were the years of short rations and of actual destitution. It was a period during which hunger almost defeated the artist's main purpose, for the arduous task of keeping alive often left too little time for satisfying work in school. With two fellow Americans Rattner rented a place outside of Paris near Giverny. By pooling their meager resources the three were able to buy more food than they could have purchased singly. At the end of their lease, they had to give up the house and the three dispersed, Rattner returning to Paris where he lived, at best, on a ten cents a day average. To his folks in Poughkeepsie he wrote only in terms of optimistic generalities. "It was a miserable period," Rattner now describes it, no longer eager to relive the past in minute recollection.

There were occasional crumbs of comfort. Once in a while someone would buy an early Rattner. Painter friends would bring collectors to his studio and from these visits sales flowered. There was an English connoisseur who was particularly interested and who kept on buying.

Richard Tully, moving picture director, came to town to shoot scenes for a version of *Trilby* and during the three or four months of that chore Rattner was his art director. When the shooting was over, Tully dangled a Hollywood art directorship before Rattner but the artist refused on the ground that he had other fish to fry.

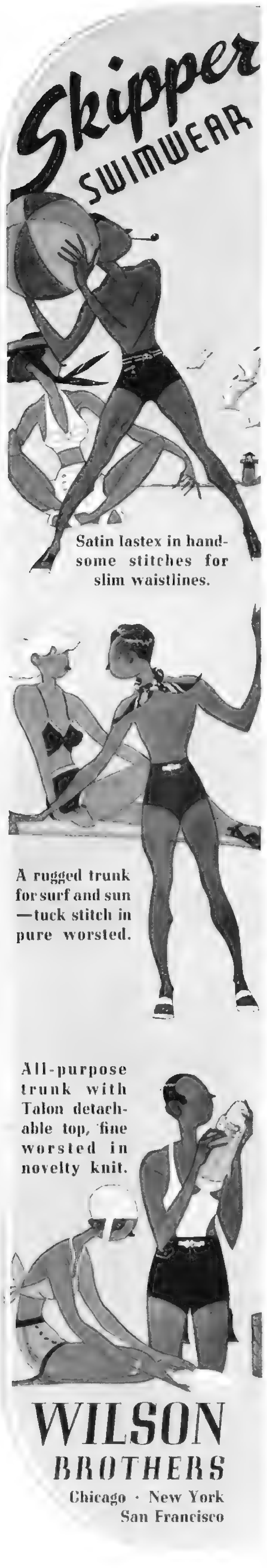
His work was becoming known in an exhibition way. A painting of his already had passed the jury of the *Salon National*. Next year at the *Salon d'Automne* he had a picture which was admired by none other than Paul Jamot, art critic, and Robert Rey, then an official of the Louvre and now Inspector General of French art museums. About 1924 he was invited to exhibit in the *Salon des Tuileries*, in which it was a privilege to show as the exhibition was limited.

He was proposed as *Sociétaire* of the *Salon d'Automme*. This was an honor which the artist's ignorance of French electioneering methods did not permit him to consummate. At the *Salon des Indépendants* in 1925 he hung two paintings, one of which, *Shooting Gallery*, was highly praised. A new gallery then in process of formation invited Rattner to become one of its artists, and he might have profited from this connection but at the last moment, just as he was about to enter the gallery with half a dozen of his pictures, with which he had trudged miles from Montmartre, a revulsion against dealers and their heartless manipulation of the market (as in the case of Utrillo) forced him to retrace his steps.

By this time he had struck his stride, sounded his individual note. It was of course to be developed and strengthened. We have already reported that Abe Rattner has been called founder of the dithyrambic school in art and has been credited with evolving the theory of senso-realism, at least in application to his own characteristic painting.

The time has come to incorporate an explanation of this theory, derived of course from the artist's own exposition.

When he tried to paint the



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beauties of Nature he sometimes wondered whether he was not in error in discarding the reactions that developed inside him in relation to his subject matter. That doubt first arose when he was trying to paint in the manner of the Old Masters. Reactions would arise which, dutifully, he would attempt to suppress, but after a while he began wondering whether the suppressed reactions to the subject matter were not as valid as the reality. It was around 1925-26 that he first made up his mind to include a statement, within the painting, of his personal reaction to Nature, or to the object. But he did not have the full courage of his conviction until about 1930, up to which year he gave hostages to tradition, so to speak, by working from Nature in the realistic, representational way. But he was discontented and seeking the reason for his discontent.

"One analytical day," Rattner reports, "I became very conscious of things that were happening in me." There had been a period of sleepless nights caused by perturbation over something that was missing in his work. That day he was working from a nature morte —a still life—and he became conscious that as he looked from object to canvas and back again "new sensations developed." There came into being "changes in my perception of the object due to something I could not analyze." He was working on the canvas with a definite idea and yet the object itself seemed to undergo changes. He was working with a fixed notion that did not seem to contain the changes that were occurring in the object and in himself.

"I tried to introduce into the canvas the element of flux that was entering the object." He had a deep sense of satisfaction as he felt that he was getting closer to the reality of the object—the reality that included the intangible element.

"I observed that the apple was part of the plate, that apple and plate were part of the table, and the table part of what was underneath and around it." In the painting all of this had to form a unit, which gave him the conviction that there was more to the reality than the objective reality, that the subjective also was part of the reality. "My course then was to try to capture the completeness of the reality."

This is to state an instinctive theory in self-conscious analytical terms. Art is produced in terms of art and not in those of phraseology. Art is a very deliberate, self-conscious, intellectual procedure, but we judge the value of the procedure by the result, and Abe Rattner's contribution to art consists in the paintings that embody the theory of senso-realism, and not in the theory. His theory is his way of organizing the perception of the universe, but it is a private convenience rather than a public fact. No other artist using the theory would produce paintings superior to his potentialities operating through any other theory.

By his paintings, however, Abe Rattner is judged by the hard-boiled critics of France in terms so ecstatic that they almost burst the bonds of prose. Maurice Raynal, for example, in his foreword to Rattner's latest one-man show in New York last January, wrote, among other things:

"Rattner's emotion would have smothered in the shackles of formulas, canons, schools. Consequently the color forms which he creates, the plastic signs he invents to produce an air of reality, move impatiently within the limits of their frames and blaze out with real life. Never are there any straight lines, never any stops, never any angles in his work. There are only inflexions, parabolas and sinuosities; rings and halos, aureoles, corollas, ellipses, ovals, wreaths. The caress is always curved. Abraham Rattner, like another Don Juan, feels within him: 'A heart to love the whole world.'

"From that feeling springs a barely controlled burst of expression which makes the invention of Rattner akin to the hyperbole of skyscrapers; to the immoderate rebound of the gestures of Harpo Marx; to the infinite moan of Armstrong's trumpet; to the everlasting flow of waves and clouds."

Comment such as this is typical, not extraordinary. Pierre Reverdy, French poet, writing for the catalogue of Rattner's one-man show in Philadelphia some years ago, made the following summation: "We feel that Rattner, with passion not unalloyed by pain and even an obscure torment, cuts the knot which reason is unable to disentangle, with a hand that is shaken uniquely by his own sensitive faculties."

In 1934 Rattner showed his work to the Parisian public in his first one-man show at the Bonjean Gallery, as a result of which he entrenched himself in the esteem of critics and painters, the friendship of Picasso, Miro, Beaudin, Bores and Roux dating from that event.

The following year, at the Julien Levy Gallery in New York, he had his first one-man show in the land of his birth, the exhibition later moving on to Philadelphia and Chicago. He had revisited America in 1929 for the first time since setting sail for France, via Italy, in 1919, and he has since paid his native land more frequent visits.

The prospect of once again making his home in America does not in the least terrify him.

The French government bought his *Jeu de Carte* for the collection known as the *Jeu de Paume* and his pictures are also in the Kansas City Museum and in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, as well as in many private French, English and American collections. He is an artist not without honor in his own country, as well as elsewhere. ###

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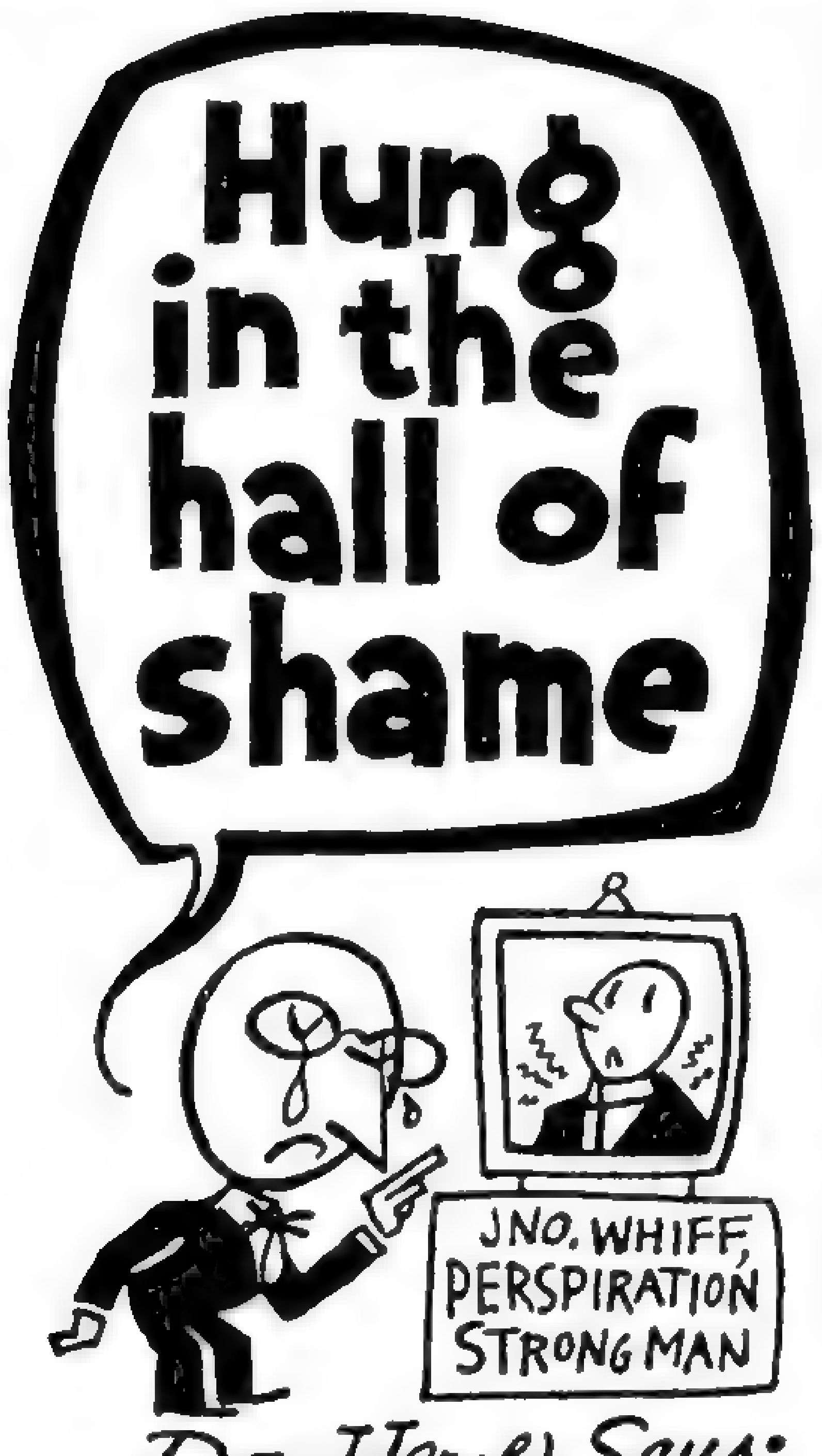
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Don Herold Says:

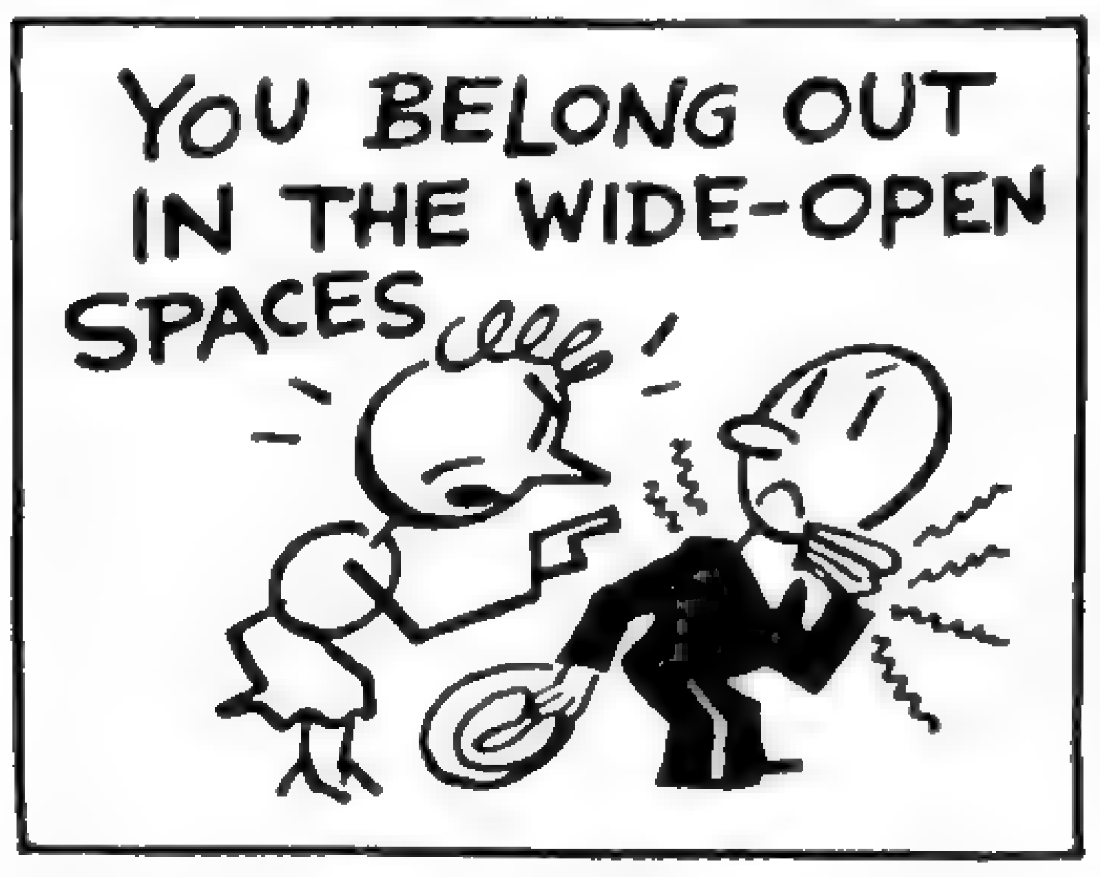
Voted a pest by his ex-friends

Otherwise a swell guy. But there's one thing people won't take long off of anybody, and *that* is carelessness about perspiration fumes.

Into the social dog-house promptly goes the man who forgets this just once or twice.

Cruel and everlasting is the verdict of your associates if you once come among 'em with this curse upon you.

You may think you bathe so carefully, so regularly, that you can't be guilty. Baths are good, but they soon blow off. It takes Mum to insure the good effects of a good bath. Mum—a pleasant, fragrant cream, harmless to skin and clothing—definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.


YOU BELONG OUT IN THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Censor Marches On . . .

Continued from page 42

publishing firms or even the firms themselves; as a rule complaints were filed only against booksellers. For another, Mr. Brainard had had nothing to do with *Madeleine*. In accordance with the usual practice at Harper's, the manuscript had been referred to and accepted by a literary conference composed of certain officers and employees of the firm. Mr. Brainard had not been a member of the conference; he had had no knowledge of the submission or the approval; indeed, he had been out of the country at the time. And yet he now found himself faced with a criminal charge.

The source of the animus behind the prosecution was soon revealed. It seems that Mr. Brainard had been a member of a Grand Jury that had been investigating Mayor Hylan's administration on charges of political corruption. The action of the Grand Jury had aroused the displeasure of Mr. Hearst, who happened to be championing the Mayor just then. The appearance of *Madeleine* was, for reprisal purposes, manna from heaven. The Hearst papers were instructed to make a *cause célèbre* of the case.

Let it be said in justice to Mr. Sumner that when he found himself an unwitting party in a private grudge fight, he tried to get out. He expressed his willingness in open court to drop the case if Harper's agreed to withdraw the book. The Hearst papers rose up in arms. There were, they said, apparently two obscenity laws: one for the rich and one for the poor. If a poor man sold a dirty book he went to jail; if a rich man did it, he was let off. Mr. Sumner was in a quandary. In the face of such righteous clamor he had to go ahead.

Both Harper's and Mr. Brainard were convicted in Special Sessions in January, 1920. On appeal the convictions were reversed by a divided bench in the Appellate Division. Speaking for the majority, Judge Smith said:

> Section 1141 of the Penal Law makes it criminal for a person to have in his possession with intent to sell, lend, or give away, or to show "any obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting book," and such is the information upon which these defendants have been convicted.

He pointed out that Section 1141 was similar to Section 317 of the Penal Code, of which the Court of Appeals had said that it was "directed against lewd, lascivious and salacious or obscene publications, the tendency of which is to excite lustful or lecherous desire." He went on:

> It (*i.e.* the book) contains the autobiography of a prostitute, but without the recital of any facts which come within the condemnation of the section as thus interpreted. I can see no useful purpose in the publication of the book. I cannot agree that it has any moral lesson to teach.

But the absence of moral content was not enough, the court ruled, to condemn a publication. The legal test did not concern itself with sermons. So Judge Smith concluded:

> I venture that no one can read this book and truthfully say that it contains a single word or picture which tends to excite lustful or lecherous desire. Upon an examination of the book I am satisfied that neither defendant has been guilty of the offense charged in the information . . . .

There can be little doubt that the Appellate Division was influenced in its decision by the *Mademoiselle de Maupin* case. The old definition of obscenity was dead. The legal frontiers of decency were expanding.

WORDS VERSUS THEME

About eleven years ago Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* appeared inconspicuously in England.

It was a long and somewhat tedious novel. Although its theme was Lesbianism, it was not a pioneer in the field. It seemed destined to slip into oblivion. The editor of an obscure English periodical took it upon himself to denounce it. The British Home Secretary stepped in; the novel was declared obscene, and all copies were ordered destroyed. When publication was undertaken in this country, the censor took the novel into court.

The case was significant because the prosecution sought to inject a new principle into the obscenity law.

Up to that time only offensive words and expressions had been held criminal; no theme, as such, had been proscribed. Now an attempt was being made to suppress a book simply because it dealt with a questionable subject. An adverse adjudication meant that it would be impossible to discuss a grave social problem in print.

The Magistrate before whom the hearing was held was convinced that it tended "to debauch public morals," and that the subject matter of sexual inversion was "offensive to decency." The Court of Special Sessions disagreed with him, and exonerated the book.

BOSTON "CLEANS UP"

When D. H. Lawrence died, Heywood Broun said: "A first class writing man is dead, and I can't help feeling that the yapping of the censors had something to do with driving a flaming spirit out of a frail body."

The "yapping" had been mainly the British censor's doing, but Lawrence's works had found no haven in this country either. Both *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* had run into trouble; *Lady Chatterly's Lover* met the full fury of the protectors of New England morals.

The general censorship wave that swept Boston in the latter part of 1929 resulted in the memorable wholesale book holocaust. When the wave subsided, it was found that something like sixty-eight books by prominent authors

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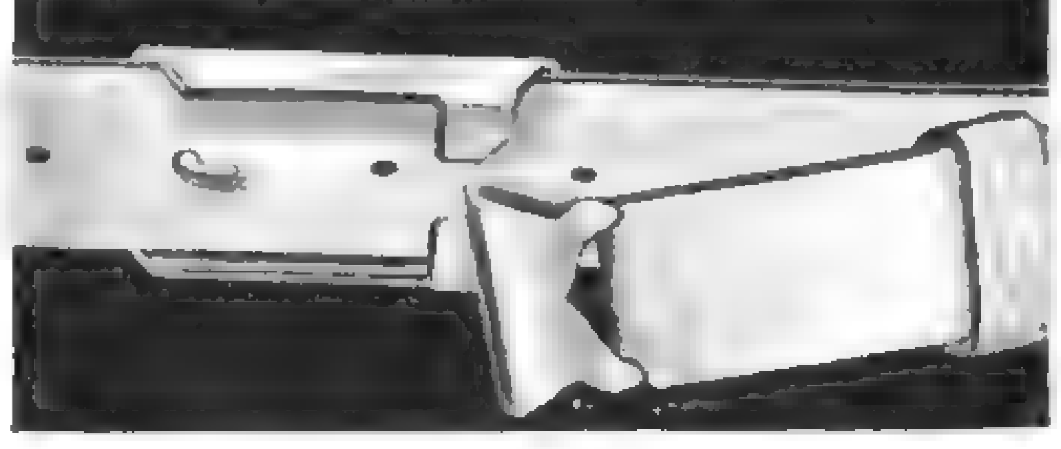


had been swept away, among them the following:

Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson
The Wayward Man, by St. John Ervine
Blue Voyage, by Conrad Aiken
The Irishman, by St. John Ervine
What I Believe, by Bertrand Russell
Circus Parade, by Jim Tully
Oil, by Upton Sinclair
From Man To Man, by Olive Schreiner
Nigger Heaven, by Carl Van Vechten
Power, by Lion Feuchtwanger
Twilight, by Count Keyserling
Black April, by Julia Peterkin
An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser
The World of William Clissold, by H. G. Wells
Ariane, by Claude Anet
The Hard-Boiled Virgin, by Frances Newman
Elmer Gantry, by Sinclair Lewis
Doomsday, by Warwick Deeping
The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway
The Allinghams, by May Sinclair
Bad Girl, by Viña Delmar
Antic Hay, by Aldous Huxley

In May, 1930, the full bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court upheld the conviction of Donald S. Friede, New York publisher, for the sale of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. (It was not a novel experience for Dreiser. *Sister Carrie* had been suppressed in 1900, *The Genius* in 1916). In the course of the trial the lower court had permitted the prosecution, over the objections of the defense, to read to the jury only such portions of the book as were claimed to violate the statute. As a result the jury had not had an opportunity to judge the work as a whole. This formed the main basis of the appeal, but was rejected by the Supreme Court. At the same time the court overruled the appeal of James A. DeLacy, the Boston bookseller who had been entrapped into and convicted for selling a copy of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* to an *agent provocateur* of the New England Watch and Ward Society.

These convictions served to focus public attention on the Massachusetts obscenity law. The statute forbade the public sale of any book "*containing* obscene, indecent language . . ." Accordingly, the presence of a single objectionable paragraph in a novel was enough, in the eye of the law, to corrupt the entire work. An attempt was made to liberalize the law so that a book would have to be considered as a whole. The attempt was only partly successful. In 1930 the law was changed to read: "A book which *is* obscene, indecent . . ." Presumably the new law requires a book to be read in its entirety, but until the highest court of the Commonwealth says so, the question remains open.

SCHNITZLER CONDEMNED

The holocaust in Massachusetts was more or less paralleled by developments in New York. In 1929 a bookseller was convicted for selling a copy of Schnitzler's *Reigen* (Hands Around). The book consisted of a series of related dialogues. Written with delicacy and restraint, it was a psychological study of the effect of sexual satiety on the two sexes. Dr. Otto P. Schinnerer, Professor of German Literature at Columbia University, summarized it as follows:

> In *Reigen* Schnitzler is exclusively interested in analyzing the psychological reactions of his characters before and after the gratification of their desires, and never in their physiological experiences. The *Reigen* scenes are a ruthless unmasking of the animal instincts in man which often parade under the guise of friendship and love. *Reigen* is on every count superior to *Anatol* (another work of Schnitzler which is universally considered inoffensive and which has been published in the Modern Library in this country without interference), both as a work of art and in its unerring observation and its almost uncanny dissection of human motives. In writing the work Schnitzler simply obeyed the dictates of his artistic conscience, without ulterior motives.

Since it emphasized the futility of carnal passion, the book was in essence, a moral tract. Mr. Sumner did not think so, and the Court of Special Sessions of the City of New York agreed with him.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upheld the conviction, basing its decision not so much on the contents of the book as on the lush exaggerations in the introduction, which spoke of the "exquisite handling of the licentious." Schnitzler had had no part in the composition of this introduction, had not even heard of it. The book had been privately printed without his authorization, and the anonymous publishers had indulged in an orgy of extravagant verbiage in order to stimulate sales. The Appellate Court chose to pick random excerpts from the unfortunate introduction to damn the work itself.

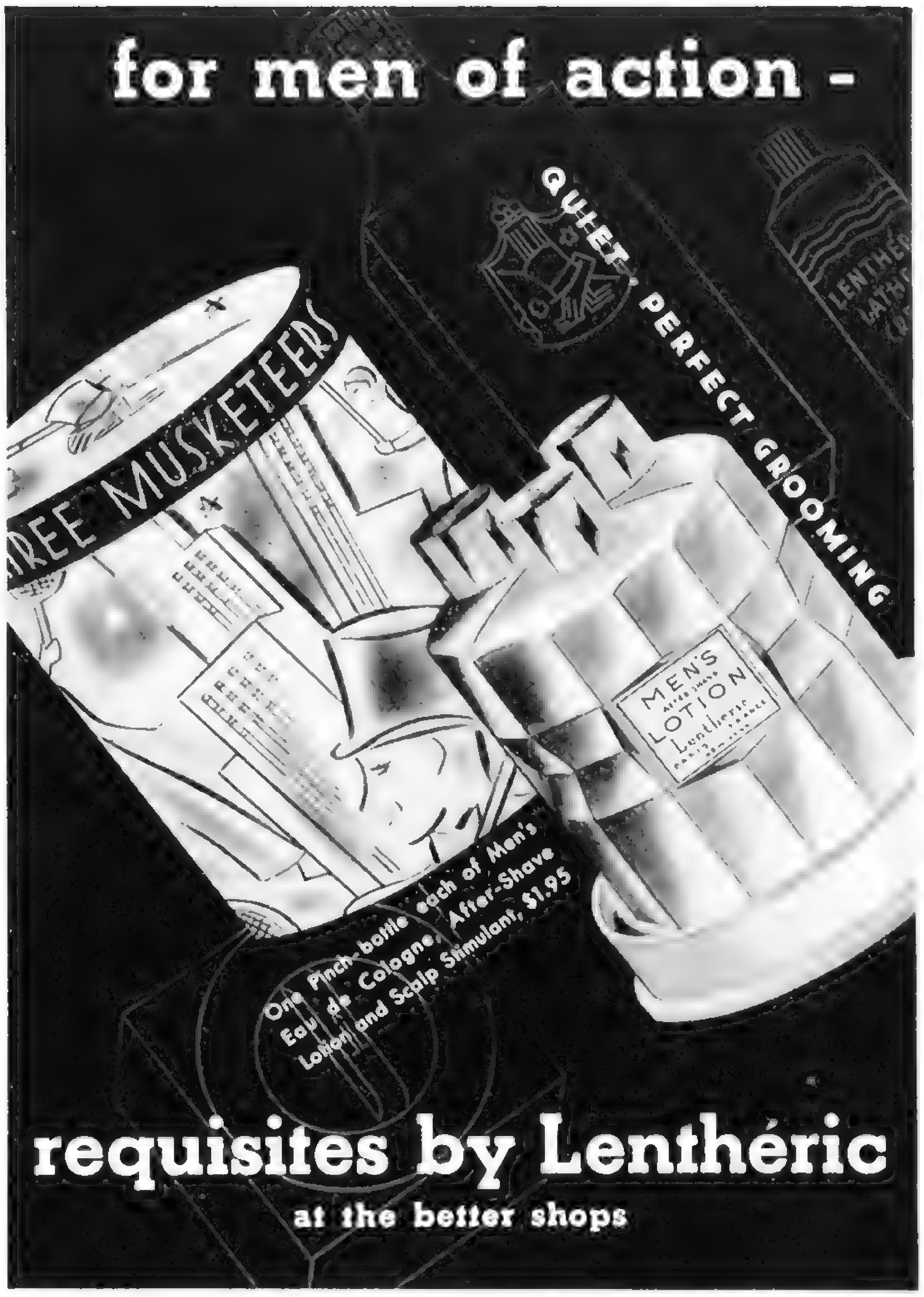
> It is very clear (said the court) that the author of the book now before us for consideration was not thinking of the spiritual but devoted the whole book to the animal instincts of the human race. His efforts were not a lesson in morality nor an attempt to uplift the mind of the reader, but an attempt to depict in a manner that might possibly be called clever, adulterous relations vulgar and disgusting in the extreme. While some people may think this quite smart, a book of this kind which has nothing to recommend it and dealing wholly with such details is properly held to be disgusting, indecent and obscene . . . . No better appraisal of its value is needed than that given by the introduction.

The court saw fit to ignore the enlightened principles laid down by the Court of Appeals in the *Mademoiselle de Maupin* case. It gave no consideration to the fact that Schnitzler had for many years been recognized throughout the civilized world as a distinguished man of letters, and that his novels had been translated into every major language and were being studied in every college and university giving a course in 20th century German literature.

The case was carried to the Court of Appeals. Schnitzler, nearing the end of a long and honorable literary career, learned of the prosecution and was deeply grieved. A separate memorandum was filed in court on his behalf; the entire history of *Reigen* was told in detail.

What followed was one of those incomprehensible things that re-

Continued on page 176



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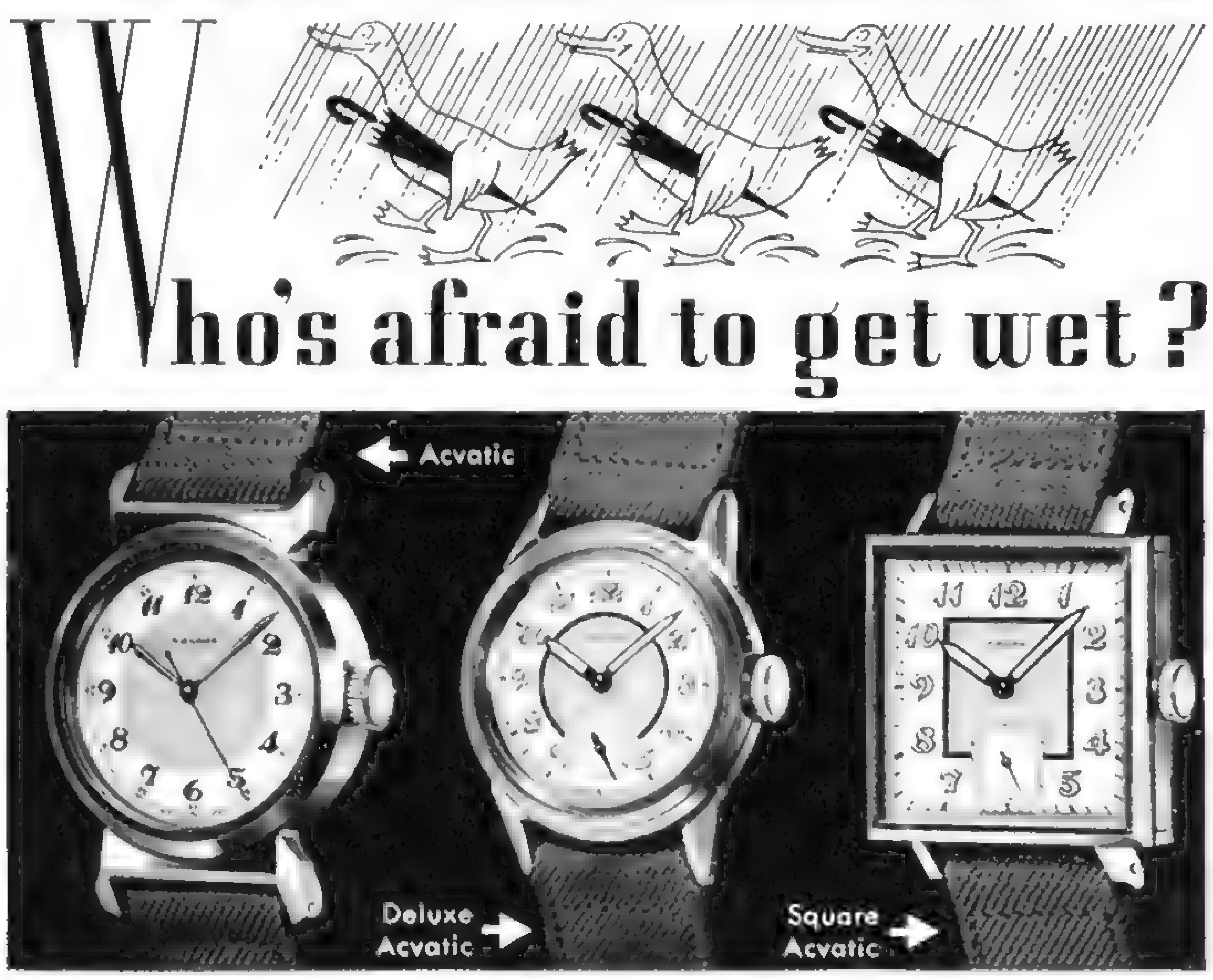

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The Censor Marches On . . .

Continued from pages 42-175

duce to futility any attempt to extract order, sanity or consistency from the welter of obscenity cases. The court that had weighed Gautier's work with such cleareyed detachment became unaccountably apathetic. It turned a deaf ear and permitted the conviction to stand.

Curiously enough, all was not lost. The courts had had their say, but—as often occurs when legislative mandates or court decisions are at variance with popular feelings—society rejected the result. *Reigen* was published by the Modern Library, and was widely sold. No attempt was made to suppress it; it may be found on the shelves of reputable bookstores today.

SCHNITZLER ABSOLVED

There is good reason to believe that *Reigen* would not have engaged the censor's attention had it not been for the tribulations, six years before, of another Schnitzler book. *Casanova's Homecoming* first appeared in this country in 1923. It was attacked by Mr. Sumner, who failed to obtain a conviction. The Magistrate before whom the case came up wrote a decisive opinion in exoneration. Not satisfied, Mr. Sumner secured an indictment. The publisher moved for a dismissal before Judge (now Senator) Wagner. The Judge refused to grant the motion, handing down an opinion which was a model of priggish self-righteousness.

> I am asked (he said) to consider as evidence of current opinion that the book in question is a distinct contribution to our literature and as not savoring of obscenity that it has been accepted in other countries. And I am asked to consider also a number of comments made by literary critics that the work has distinct literary merit. Acceptance in other places than our own of a publication is of no importance to us unless the moral standard of these other countries is a replica of our own . . . . We, therefore, cannot accept a book's adoption by another land or the approval of critics as conclusive of non-obscenity under the statute, for we may assert with pride—though not boastfully—that we are essentially an idealistic and spiritual nation and exact a higher standard than some others.

The novel was withdrawn from circulation, the case never went to trial, and the indictment was ultimately dismissed. All this was in 1923. In 1930 the book was reprinted, and was once more assailed by Mr. Sumner.

This persistent molestation was difficult to comprehend. The book was in truth a tract on the vanity of human desires. The Casanova of Schnitzler was not the Casanova of the *Memoirs*. He was not the young and dashing duelist, wit, gamester, master of intrigue, destroyer of virtue and despair of cuckolds. He was a broken old man who, because he would not acknowledge he was senile and no longer attractive to women, knew frustration and shame. The story was not a narrative of amorous escapades; it was a pitiless portrait of a dotard who refused to be his age.

What Mr. Sumner really objected to was two brief episodes. The question the court had to decide, therefore, was whether a few paragraphs, which constituted integral parts of a full-length novel, could so "infect" it as to warrant its condemnation. The court had no hesitation in deciding the question. There is nothing within its covers which tends to impair the morals of anyone reading it.

CENSORSHIP AT THE CUSTOMS

Prior to 1930, Customs Inspectors exercised complete and unquestioned surveillance over books and pictures sent here from abroad. Some idea of the soundness of their judgment may be gleaned from the fact that they seized as obscene such works as Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, Defoe's *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana*, the Mardrus-Mathers *Arabian Nights*, Pierre Loüy's *The Songs of Bilitis* and *The Twilight of the Nymphs*, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Balzac's *Droll Stories*, and Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

Things came to a head in 1929, when the Collector of the Port of Boston detained a copy of Voltaire's *Candide* sent here for use in a Harvard classroom. A month later a copy of Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, imported by A. Edward Newton, the eminent bibliophile, suffered the same fate at the Port of New York.

The seizures caused a stir. The unwholesome situation which had long existed was exposed. Customs censorship was shown to be particularly vicious because it operated by means of bureaucratic *fiat*. If a Collector deemed a book salacious, he simply confiscated it; he was not legally required to submit his conclusion to a court for approval or rejection. The person to whom the book was addressed could, if he wished, go into the Customs Court for a review, but as a practical matter, this was a scant safeguard. The burden of going forward was on the addressee, not on the Collector, where it should have been; the Customs Court, disinclined to take on the work of supervising the material that came to our shores, laid down the principle that it would not disturb a Collector's decision unless a substantial abuse of discretion was shown. A seizure in most cases meant confiscation.

As a result of the efforts of the late Senator Cutting, the Tariff Act was amended in 1930 in two important respects:

(1) The new law assured a jury trial in the federal court whenever a seizure was contested, and required the government, not the addressee, to press the proceedings.

(2) The Secretary of the Treasury was permitted, in his discretion, to admit the classics or books of recognized literary or scientific merit, even if obscene.

The new law had an immediate

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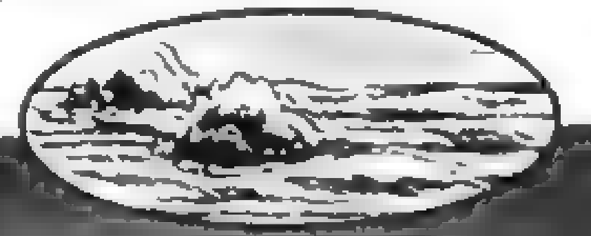

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Johnston & Murphy
Newark, N. J.

salutary effect. The customs people were brought to their senses. They lifted the ban on Voltaire, Rabelais, Boccaccio, and hundreds of others without judicial compulsion. And the court cases which have arisen since 1930 are persuasive proof of the sound social philosophy implicit in the law. As long as we have obscenity statutes, full court review of administrative rulings is an essential safeguard against bureaucratic blundering and bigotry.

PICTURING LIFE IN THE SOUTH

There had been a time when the censor had found New York Magistrates receptive, when it had been a simple matter to have defendants held for trial in Special Sessions and convicted there. Many a defendant, short on money or courage, had been persuaded to plead guilty without further ado. Now Mr. Sumner was beginning to encounter stiffer opposition.

In 1933, he brought criminal proceedings against Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, an authentic study of the poor whites of Georgia. It was an important piece of literature. It was dragged into court because here and there on its pages references were made to certain sexual practices. After an extended trial it was dismissed.

> This is not a book (said the Magistrate hearing the case) where vice and lewdness are treated as virtues, or which would tend to incite lustful desires in the normal mind. There is no way of anticipating its effect upon a disordered or diseased mind, and if the courts were to exclude books from sale merely because they might incite lust in disordered minds, our entire literature would very likely be reduced to a relatively small number of uninteresting and barren books. The greater part of the classics would certainly be excluded. Those who see the ugliness and not the beauty in a piece of work are unable to see the forest for the trees.

BOOKS AND MORALS

The forward march was not without setbacks. Donald Henderson Clarke's *Female* furnished a serious one. The novel was the story of Margy Kane, a child of the slums, whose liveliness and beauty carried her by successive steps from the squalor of a New England mill-town to New York's Park Avenue. One reviewer found it to be "a strong indictment of the present social system with its bootleg gin, free love and laxity of morals"; another compared it to Defoe's *Moll Flanders;* a third described it as "a plain book about honest-to-goodness, breathing people. It seems impossible to imagine any ordinary mortal not reading and enjoying its reality." Lewis Gannett of the *New York Herald Tribune*, always an able critic, said that it was "essentially a Sunday School lesson for this gin-soaked age."

There can be no doubt that *Female* was a frank and unreticent record. It may have been offensive to the sensibilities of some persons, but in this respect it was no better or worse than thousands of other novels which were published at the same time. For some obscure reason Mr. Sumner singled it out for attack. He proceeded against the publisher in Manhattan. The Magistrate there considered it carefully for more than two months and finally handed down an oral opinion dismissing the complaint. He said: "I have read this work with a great deal of care, and I have reached the conclusion that it does not violate any of the laws laid down with reference to obscene books."

Prior to the *Female* case, it had been the uniform practice, whenever a book was assailed for obscenity, to submit the issue to *one* tribunal for determination. In connection with *Female*, however, two prosecutions were instituted: one in Manhattan and the other in Astoria almost immediately afterward. When the case came up in Astoria, it was pointed out that *Female* was already under judicial consideration in New York, and it was urged that the Astoria case be held in abeyance pending decision in New York. The Astoria Magistrate refused to do this and held the defendant for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. This was followed by the favorable decision in New York. At this point, therefore, *Female* was legal in Manhattan, and *prima facie* illegal just across the Queensboro Bridge.

We need not dwell on the inherent viciousness of a practice which makes a many-headed hydra of a test case, and which permits the censor, by bringing wholesale complaints on the same book, to go shopping for a conviction. Such random buckshot practice is bound to yield preposterous results.

The Court of Special Sessions held the book was obscene. It was "neither humorous, entertaining nor instructive," the court found, nor did it "attempt to guide the footsteps of the unwary from the pitfalls of life." The case was carried to the Appellate Division, and there again *Female* was subjected to excoriation. And then the Court of Appeals which in the *Mademoiselle de Maupin* case had stated explicitly that a book did not have to be a moral preachment to be lawful, doubled back on its tracks and upheld the conviction.

THE PENDULUM KEEPS SWINGING

Flaubert may have been the father of the modern novel, but Mr. Sumner had no use for him. In 1927 he prosecuted *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, without success. He then attacked *November*, but Magistrate Goldstein cleared it, saying that the obscenity law was armed against "dirt for dirt's sake." The same judge held Jim Tully's *Ladies in the Parlor* for Special Sessions, where it was adjudged obscene. André Gide's *If It Die* was exonerated, but a bookseller paid a $250 fine for having a copy of Pierre Loüy's *Aphrodite* in his possession, and Special Sessions condemned the *Kama Sutra*, an Indian classic.

Despite the setbacks, the trend of court decisions was unmistakably liberal. The stage was set for *Ulysses*. ⧺

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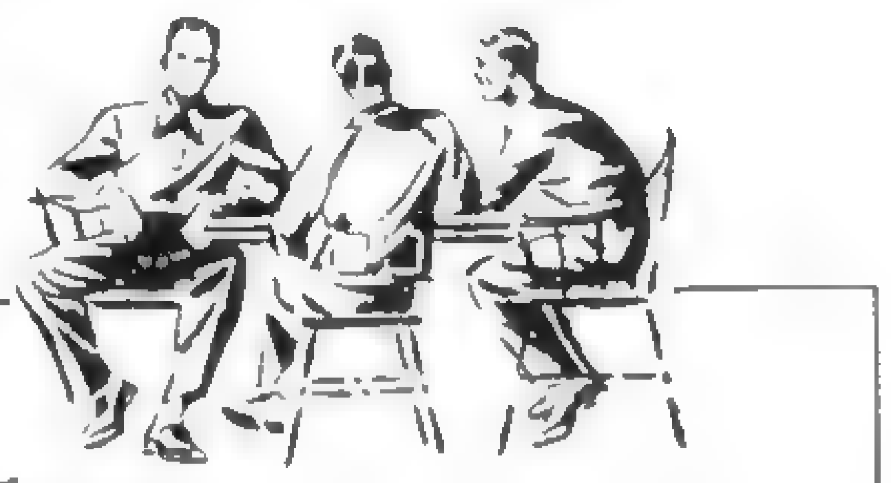

THREE top-flight pros—one American and two former British Open Champions—were sitting round the 19th hole. One remarked that nobody had ever made a *real* golf shirt. So they undertook to design one—and here is the result.

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Them Was the Days

Continued from page 51

was congregated, "fully 5,000 people being within the enclosure, of which a large proportion were ladies. Carriages were inside to the number of over a hundred, while on the hillside the road was blocked with vehicles. The scene presented was the most picturesque ever seen in Syracuse." The reporter highly commended both teams, notwithstanding the fact, which he mentions in the most casual way, that "Smith muffed nearly everything that came to him, and Pearce was not far behind him in general play." But they comported themselves well, and that was a prime requisite.

In reports of games played in the Middle West, we frequently find the visiting club drawing up a resolution of thanks to the home team for their courtesy and hospitality. In one instance the resolution declared that "to them belongs the honor of a double victory, won by superior skill on the field and by an exhibition of those qualities which constitute perfect gentlemen." At a game in Davenport, Iowa, in 1867, "fine plays by the members of either club were greeted by loud applause from the gentlemen and bouquets by the ladies." What could the players do but try to follow the patterns of courtesy thus set them? Even when Boston was playing at Cleveland in 1872 and "Walters while running for a fly, had the misfortune to swallow a quid of tobacco which was in his mouth," he did not lose his poise, though the chew made him so ill he had to leave.

Even in those days the pleasure of attendance at baseball games was marred by lowbrows who insisted upon doing loud partisan rooting and jeering the umpire. There was a way of keeping them out, which was demonstrated at the game in Brooklyn in October, 1866 between the Atlantics of that city and the Athletics of Philadelphia, supposedly for the championship of America. A huge crowd was present—over 15,000—but "The general character of the assemblage was decidedly the most respectable we have ever seen on a field, the rough scuff boys who generally cause all the disturbance at large assemblies being kept out by the tariff of admission"—which was twenty-five cents! Naturally, they couldn't raise such a sum.

New York was a pretty tough place in Civil War times, but when the Gothams and the Mutuals, two metropolitan teams, played there in 1862, the comment was, "Taken as a whole, we do not remember seeing a game in every respect more creditable to the contesting parties; for the spirit in which the game was played was as commendable a feature of it as was the degree of skill shown by each club . . . In regard to the umpire, we have also to speak in terms of praise for the prompt and efficient manner in which he performed his duty."

On another occasion, "The umpiring was excellent and gave general satisfaction. Flanly is so well known for his conscientious regard for honorable play that he gives satisfaction even if he errs at times, because all are aware that he is thoroughly impartial. It is this integrity of character which makes P. O'Brien and Grum popular umpires. When either makes mistakes, the fraternity knows him to be mistaken and nothing else . . . Character is what does it all."

Who nowadays ever heard of praising an umpire? Who ever heard of an umpire giving "general satisfaction?" Who ever heard of a "popular umpire?" A present-day baseball audience can scarcely believe that an umpire is human. A foul tip which knocks him groggy draws a roar of laughter; it is one of the comedy high spots of the afternoon. There are times when his intelligence is rated as lower than that of the orang-utan. He is the target within two hours of more abusive epithets than a Gold Rush mining camp editor could think of in a lifetime. But the time was—and it continued up to the end of the 1880's, when competition in the major leagues grew bitter, and we recall seeing Ren Mulford of the *Cincinnati Times-Star* list the umpire at the end of the box score as "Jesse James Emslie"—when the arbiter was a highly respected official, named in the score as "Mr." So-and-so.

Sometimes there were delicate complaints that "Mr. Taylor was too lenient" in the matter of balls and strikes, and when Mr. Kelly umpired a game at Lowell in 1869, the reporter hinted that he "favored the Bostonians in the way of giving them bases on called balls, they receiving three when they should certainly have had but one, a certain player of their nine evidently refusing to strike in order to obtain his base in this manner. There is an honorable and honest way of playing ball," flared the scribe, indignantly, "and a dishonorable, tricky style. We must say we prefer the former."

When Vinton, Iowa, played Cedar Rapids in 1867, the umpire "received the thanks expressed in three rousing cheers of both clubs for the able, efficient and impartial manner in which he discharged his duties." Try to grasp that, you modern fans. But there were inevitably times when he failed to give satisfaction. The Cincinnati Reds reported in 1869 that "In August an unpleasant experience was had with the Haymakers (of Troy, New York) who, at the end of the fifth inning, with the score 17 to 17, rebelled against a decision of the umpire, Mr. Brockway, and withdrew from the field." The indignant Cincinnati management refused to pay the Haymakers their share of the gate receipts, about $1,000, until they consented to offer an apology—not to the Reds, not to the Cincinnati public, but to the umpire! ⧺

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-14

AUTHOR'S CHECKMATE

May I shatter precedent and address a line to the *Sound & Fury* department concerning my own story, "The Extreme Airiness of Duton Lang"?

Either you or I or my typist—I cannot say which, because I am on a vacation and far from my files—dropped a line or two, making Duton Lang a Princeton professor, which I did not intend, and making him (which is worse) board the subway in that city and emerge from it at Bronx Park.

I realize that Princeton could do with such a subway: I spent two recent years there, and should have been delighted to use it; and perhaps I will be the first to write in and explain that I myself well know there is none.

From Princeton Duton Lang went to New York City, either Columbia or N.Y.U. at the reader's option. The subway is but a step from either of those institutions.

In the interest of historical accuracy I hasten to give you this information.

Faithfully,

Miami Beach, Fla. Percival Wilde

FROM A SMELLER-OUT

As a steady customer of the movies, it behooves me to comment on Mr. Wolfe Kaufman's article "Smelling Them Out" which appeared in your March issue. It seems that Mr. Kaufman underestimates the intelligence of the paying public and bases their acceptance or rejection of a motion picture on some mysterious sense of smell rather than common ordinary horse sense which is developed to a great degree by past experience.

I attend the cinema on the average of three times a week, agree with the majority on the merits of a show and also side with the critics 8 times out of 10. Because I enjoy the movies I can modestly claim to be a swell smeller and as such will you allow me to speak for the nice people that make up the movie public?

We "smell" out our hits and flops through the medium or agency of four diversified phenomena—viz:

1. Theater advertising
2. Motion Picture magazines
3. The Cast
4. Critics' opinion

Taking them in their order let me state that in most theaters in the "sticks" or cities outside of New York there is always shown a preview of coming attractions. This preview is the greatest swayer of public opinion regardless of the high pressure advertising which goes with it or the ballyhoo from the main office. If we don't like the shots that are shown in this preview we stay away, and vice versa. The "Maid of Salem" which Bro. Kaufman mentions had tragic, dull, and unentertaining snaps shown in advance and we wouldn't go to see it on a bet. Similarly "Zaza" will prove to be poor box office in spite of gorgeous Colbert who is often miscast. Now "Zaza" is an old story which might have been steamy 10 years ago but we like our stories modern, our costumes modern, especially in this era of short skirts, and our dialogue snappy and full of breeze. I suppose a preview of Colbert doing the can-can in black stockings was supposed to entice the multitude in droves but that kind of thrill is terribly tame for this age of slick bathing suits and bubble dancers. Then the "stills" which are shown on the theater billboards also influence our minds. We admit that they are often misleading and that the scenes are never shown in the movie but on the whole we do go by these shots that the theater pastes up in front.

Our typical fan reads many of the countless "Movie" magazines which flood the racks today and from the stories and pictures in these opinions are formed which along with the other agencies either keep us away or drive us to the show. The women especially go for the magazine stuff as it shows the dresses the stars wear and action shots which are supposed to be interesting.

We can almost tell the kind of entertainment we are going to get by looking over the cast. Temple means singing, dancing, sweetness and light. John Beal, sad, weak, big brother stuff. Kay Francis, mostly talking and no action and no thrills as Kay has no figure and never shows it. And so on indefinitely. We always go to see Sonja Henie because she is in bright modern stories and she has a cute figure. We seldom miss Alice Faye—her close-ups are easy on the eyes and her voice mellow as the harvest moon. We patronize the younger stars too because we always hope there will be another "Ecstasy" to thrill us and none of the old established stars will show a dimpled knee. Ginger Rogers is sure fire—Eleanor Powell is rather horsy. We have been waiting years for Jane Withers and Edith Fellowes to be spanked but in movie land if kids are bad they are given a medal. I could look at our departed friend Simon Simone for 2 hours without yawning but instead of having parts which suited her—more or less sexy and chesty—she had to take demure parts of which there are hundreds of gals that can act. Richard Greene has a homely lower lip when he talks and has not the build of Robert Taylor. So you see there is nothing "smelly" about this—just plain fact.

The good old critics usually have some bone to pick. I sometimes feel that they are paid either by the local theater or the producing company to boost their product. It also depends whether the critic is a man or woman. Elinor Hughes of the *Boston Herald* doesn't like Rogers and Astaire because they can't act like Barrymore—thank God—and bases her criticism on that premise. She likes Dick Powell whom most men consider very pansyish. Altogether too many of the critics fail to judge on the entertainment quality of the film and delve into the defects in plot, gowns and dialogue, as well as the acting. The acting should be taken as a matter of course as a lousy script can be well acted and still be poor box office.

Now you take these four items and you will find that every movie fan uses all or most of them in deciding whether to lay down his hard earned 4 bits or not to see the latest masterpiece. It has always puzzled me why the motion picture tycoons produce so many flops when they must know by now the formula for successful box-office. *Robin Hood* had everything—beauty, excitement, romance, humor and plenty of action. *You Can't Take It With You* will draw twice as many as *Marie Antoinette* because it had humor and romance. *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was sensational because of grand music, swell singing and good cast. Paul Muni is homely and without humor—none of the office girls want to be in his arms—and he should be sent back to Jerusalem or some place.

Submarine Patrol, a picture that came along with no ballyhoo whatsoever is the best picture of the year. It had tense excitement, a cute gal in Nancy Kelly and good boisterous dialogue. We steer clear of the overpress-agented films as we figure that the good ones will draw anyway by word of mouth. *Dawn Patrol* was poor—someone was drunk all the time. Why waste Gable on *Idiot's Delight?* We will never forget Maureen O'Sullivan in the first of the Tarzan series when she wore little or nothing. Why not ease out the censors and try a few nudes—they are the greatest cure for red ink in history.

We take our movies seriously hence the gabbiness of this letter but we couldn't let Mr. Kaufman get away with that "smelling" business.

Sincerely,

Keene, N.H. Richard E. Winslow

Continued on page 180

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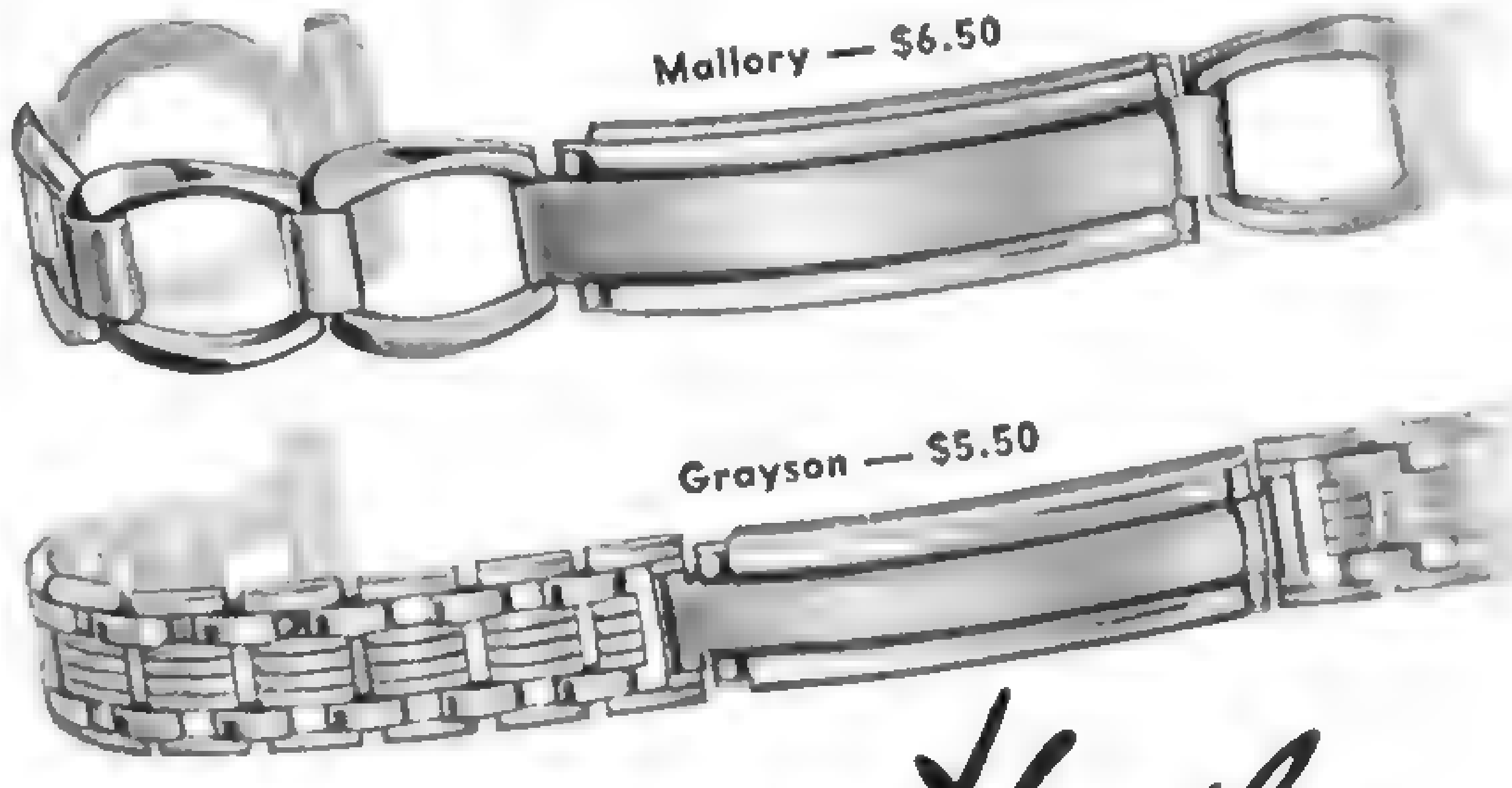

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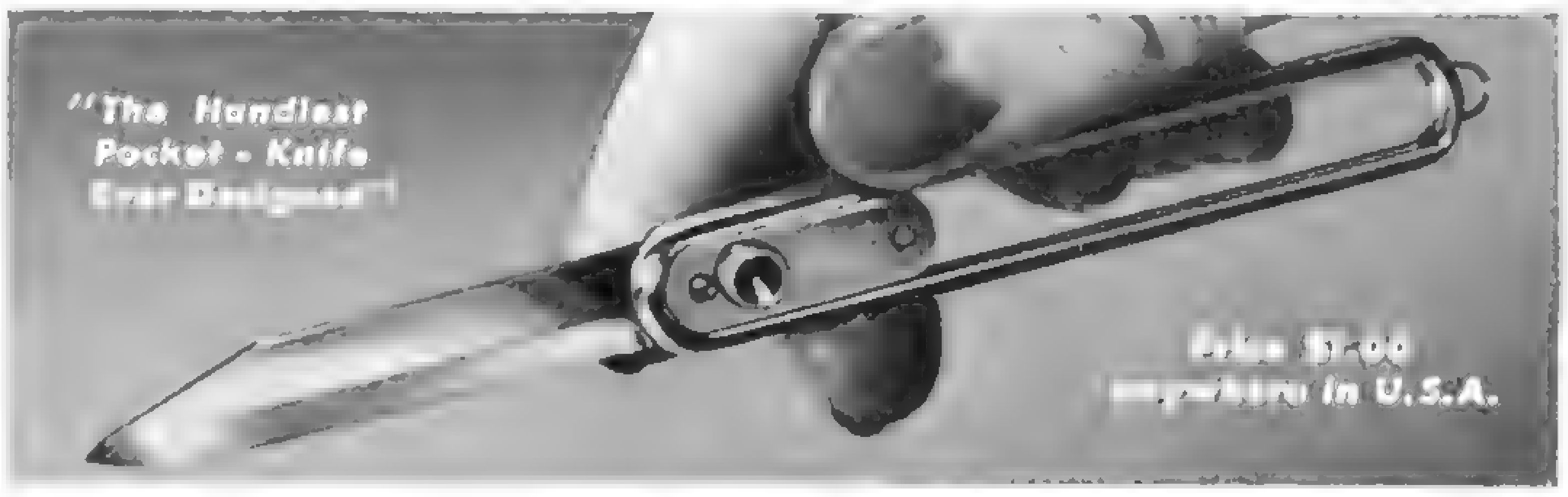
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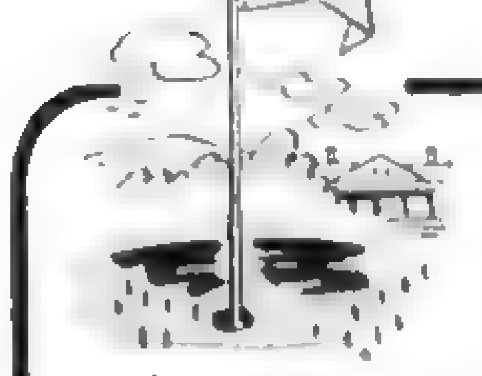
Golf to Win
ON FEET THAT GRIN



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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-14-179

PARDON OUR SWAHILI

Far be it from me to cavil at the armchair Nimrods who down a Bengal tiger with one hand (on the typewriter) while downing a Scotch-and-soda with the other. Don't even mind them shooting bull-elephants occasionally but it does raise my dandruff to see them shoot Ferdinand, the pansy bull, with bird-shot. All of which is apropos and directed to the title "bulamatari," of Gatti's splurge in the March issue. In case he doesn't know, or if perhaps his Encyclopaedia is to blame, the correct way to spell the name is something like "Bulamatadi." You see, the first Belgians to infest the Congo, or so the fairy tale is told by the dusky aborigiines in Swahili, the trade-language, were geologists who traveled around knocking little pieces off of big rocks. Matadi being the native name for rock and kubula the verb for hit, most naturally the cognomen hitter-rock, kubulamatadi, was first given the Belgians, to be later shortened to Bulamatadi. Howsomever, Gatti came so close to the correct name that I guess it's mean to bawl him out. So we'll just say "buala nasha" (no matter, to you) and let the whole thing die a natural death.

Washington, D. C. MOYA———

WITH MALICE TOWARD SELDES

A friend of mine told me recently that Americans welcome candour: he did add a second sentence but it only qualified the first. Anyhow to-day I've seen the February issue of "ESQUIRE" and after reading an article by one Seldes, I began to wonder if this was candour or whether—I've heard that words get different shades of meaning across the Atlantic—it might be satire.

In the table of contents, I actually found this word but Mr.-Miss Seldes article was labelled a "department," not even a "departure" which I feel, though elliptical, might be truer.

I wondered too if Americans really like to read this sort of thing or perhaps whether, having read that the British think "that nothing is worth doing if it fails to win the approval of the vicar and his wife," they don't suspect that there is a catch in it after all! But perhaps this is the very point: but if it is, isn't it a bit too satirical to carry the satire into the index?

Will you be indulgent enough to allow me to say just what the article indicates to one of the pilloried—an ordinary Britisher, and one old enough and normal enough to have been at St. Mihiel? It is this, that the author seems to find two classes of "movie-fan" in the English-speaking world, the British intelligentsia on the one hand and the American people plus the British lower classes on the other. This of course is not true but is what Miss Seldes would like to have us believe.

You see right from the first paragraphs one is reminded of the impression common to almost the whole of our vast middle class concerning Americans, that they are the sort of people who invent atrocities like "salesmanship." You see, we *like* our mother tongue and don't consider it smart to have it "improved" and returned. We *like* the first italicised sentence and loathe the blatant second phrase—all capitals, inaccurate, and without a verb!

You see too, we ordinary Britishers know what is wrong with our cinemas; it is their "non-Englishism." We know that "the natives of Houndsditch" (Harrowgate doesn't exist) are not representative of us, and we know that what our film makers lack is the ability to force their products on the people of nations, by owning all the picture-houses!

The patronizing way your readers are told that some of Alfred Hitchcock's success is that "he has had the luck to *start* with some first-rate stories or novels (and he has taste)"—brackets are mine, and again that our "full-length comedies are blighted by gentility" is confessedly rather galling, but still I suppose that anyone who could produce such a phrase as "blighted by gentility" in such context, must deserve all that is coming to him in life.

No, Miss Seldes, our films are not "doing their best to be genteel"—not at least to us: they are just being true to the old traditional customs of the race, which are the antithesis of superficiality and hence so hard for a foreigner to appreciate.

When we meet Americans—and I've one quarter of my family in the U.S.A. —we think them charming and they think our police wonderful. We pay them a tribute too, rarely bestowed on any non-English person, of having delightful manners. Shall I risk then, tearing the heart of such a race by recounting that in our local town there is a "palace" (English for American cinema) to which whim or forgetfulness occasionally takes us; it is owned by some Californian mass-producing film company and just sullies our ears without a spice of English for hours on end.

I say ears, for to our eyes, the figures dash about at such speed that - the language being incomprehensible - the impression produced is exactly like that of the earliest silent films on reels which are occasionally run through the projectors nowadays at double speed.

Yes ESQUIRE, O self-confessing scion of gentility, the sample broadcasting programme given in the article is just what we ordinary listeners like: our programmes are chosen and paid for by a people expert in representative government, not by canned-goods purveyors, so logic alone insists that we get what we want.

In the same way we deplore the fact that Silas Gram Swing can't talk to us *every* evening and assure you that nothing in our eyes could be more damning to your readers than to note that your contributor queries whether a day's programme of our state broadcasting service contains two per cent entertainment for the "plain man."

As Miss Seldes says, we mayn't be much of a democracy but we do specialize in nationality.

I admit I may have got quite the wrong impression from her article for American magazines love having their own vocabulary, print so much slang without acknowledgment, employ so many of our words in different meanings and so many parts of speech in exchanged characters!

Still I sincerely hope I've got enough to maintain that we do thank heaven we've so far not added "radio-comedian" to "salesmanship"; that we recognize the natural law which tends to make public *audience* educational rather than comic, but that we try to relegate public entertainment to television (in which incidentally we run a one-way broadcast to America); that we dine most excellently in our clubs (which of course have no parallel in the U.S.A.), and that Americans dining there are usually most properly clothed and *never* have things stuck in their buttonholes.

Miss Seldes has been dabbling too much in The Masses! "Odi . . . . . et arceo."

You will see I've taken a leaf from the book of the youth who wrote your editorial on that—Cecil Beaton and have sought refuge in a typically national effervescence.

"MILES"

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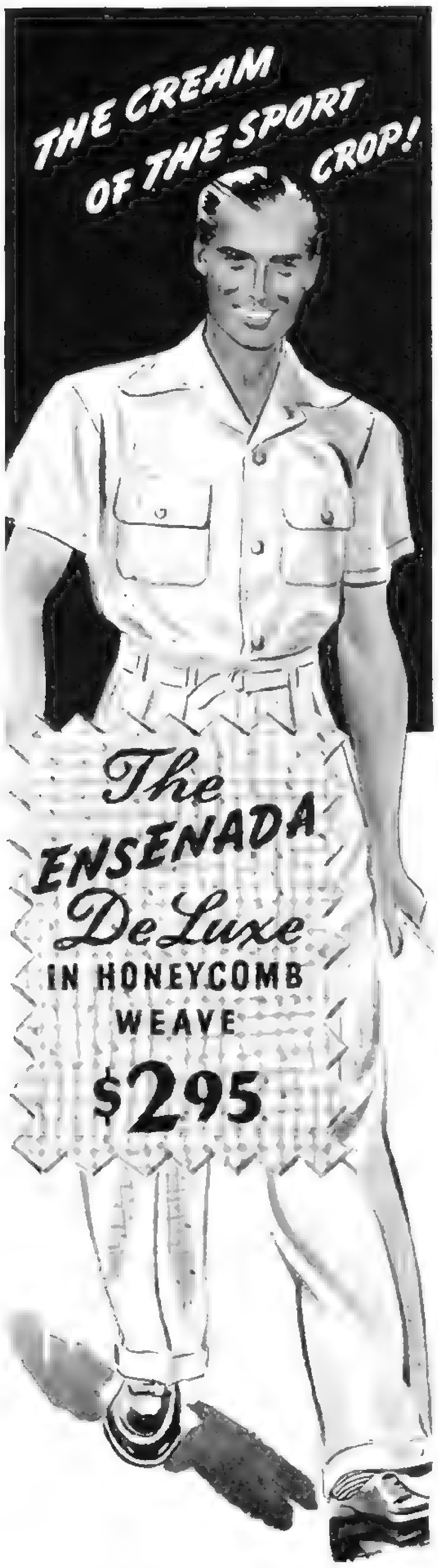

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What Men Don't Like About Women

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because I had just come from the beauty parlor, so don't argue with me."

THEIR USE OF LETTERS AS GOLD-DIGGING INSTRUMENTS

A woman will sometimes write her darling from, say, Auburn, N. Y. like this: "Oh, darling, I am having such a wonderful time at Alice's, but I do miss you so much, and there is no Schrafft's here, the only stores, as you know, darling that carry the kind of chocolate covered nuts I like. And, darling, another thing, I do miss the Superior-Ultimate Hosiery store. The stores here don't carry my size, 5½." The dear lady hopes that her sweetheart will get the hint and send her the Schrafft candy she likes and a few pair of stockings, her size, from the Superior-Ultimate store. If, Heaven forbid, he doesn't get the hint and does nothing, she will remember it and weeks later denounce him for not loving her enough: "All right, you say you love me. Maybe you do. So why didn't you send me candy and stockings to Auburn, when I was at Alice's? You knew how badly I needed them. I even lowered myself by writing to you about it, because I thought if you loved me you would be interested in everything about me. Now, I know how superficial men's feelings are."

THEIR USE OF LETTERS AS MONEY ORDERS

Women almost invariably use letters when asking men for "loans," for in letters they can lie more comfortably and do not have to run the risk of answering the man's embarrassing questions—or, what is even worse, having to reply to that strange, doubting look in his eyes. A woman will write: "My darling . . . There is something I have meant to tell you for the longest time, but I never could, so now I write. You know my sister Nancy in Ohio. I told you about her. Well, she is having the most terrible trouble with her appendix, and Henry, that's her husband, is out of work. So you can imagine how I feel. And I don't know how it happened, but in my own life, bills have piled up. I know it was careless of me, but you know I don't understand figures, and bills have piled up, and I haven't enough to pay them all, and that, with Nancy's trouble, so you can imagine. I thought if you could lend me—and I will take it only on the condition that it be a *loan*—$400 for three months, I will pay it back. In money matters, you know, and I don't have to tell you, how strict I am. I know you know it, but I just wanted to tell you. And *please, please,* if for any reason you can't do it, forget about it and don't even mention this letter. We'll be just the way we were, darling. I hope your cold is better. Bette." . . . Al Capone never made a more peremptory demand for money than this letter, the general tone of which is familiar to every man over voting age . . . The "*loan*," of course, is practically never repaid.

THEIR INCURABLE SAVING OF ALL LETTERS

Women save all letters from men as trophies of war. If a woman finally captures John, she can use his love letters to her as a reminder of his more tender and considerate days, and if he gets too rambunctious she can flaunt the letters of her other sweethearts (before John was awarded the palm) as a threat: "You're acting up. Well, John dear, this shows you that other men were crazy about me before you married me – and I did it only because you begged me—, and if you leave, you can do as you wish, other men will be just as crazy about me afterward, I mean after you leave, if you really will leave. That's all I have to say." . . . Men have a habit of disposing of all letters and other reminders of former sweethearts after marriage. They consider it the minimum requirement of good taste. Will women ever learn to do likewise?

THEIR APPRAISAL OF THE TEN-WORD TELEGRAM

It is risky for a man to send a woman a telegram less than or exactly ten words. Since the ten-word telegram is the wordage allowed by the telegraph companies, the woman demands that you add at least one or two words—just to prove your love. She doesn't care what the extra words are, so long as they're there, proving that you were willing to spend another six or fifteen cents for her sweet sake. Those extra words take a long time to think up, especially if the man really can say all he wants to say in six words. He becomes irritable and says all sorts of short, angry words to himself—not one of them to the greater glory of the beloved.

THEIR METHOD OF NOT PAYING

If it's a holiday, and a man is walking with a girl, she will sometimes say, "Oh, dear, I really should send a few holiday wires to my relatives in Chicago and Detroit, but, it's so silly of me, I have no small change." The poor man is forced to say, "Oh, that's all right. I have plenty of money." He thus is roped in to the tune of a few dollars—and for what? . . . Women employ the same method with regard to sending flowers to sick friends. . . . This is one of the most flagrant forms of highway robbery, but men can't do anything about it: the poor saps are so eager to please.

THEIR STRANGE DEMANDS

(*a*) If a woman's darling is a traveling man, she will demand of him that he prove and register his love, like a cop on a beat, by sending her a telegram from every hamlet he visits. This puts a ter-

Continued at top of page 182

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What Men Don't Like About Women

Continued from pages 54-181

rible burden on him, and he does not forget to get even by being nasty to her when he returns.

(*b*) A woman looks upon a day letter or a night letter as a personal insult. She wants her darling always to send her straight telegrams, no matter how long and how expensive. She also demands that an expression of love—darling, dearest Mabel, loveliest Myrtle—appear in each telegram, even if there are three of them in one day. Women apparently don't believe that it is possible to be in love without yelling about it and affirming it several times a day. Are they so fearful of competition? Are they so unsure of their holding power? Don't they know that repeated affirmation breeds doubt? A man who has to tell his girl morning, noon, and night that he loves her begins to wonder, soon or late, whether she is worth even one "I love you."

THEIR GROSS DISCOURTESY

A woman will think nothing of answering a man's seven-page letter with a brief telegram of acknowledgment, demanding another long letter. A few such treatments from his darling, and the man becomes so busy that he has time enough to write to her only on picture postal cards. In the field of finance, bad money drives out good money. In the realm of love, bad manners drive out good manners—and love follows soon after. ⧺

Obituary Note

Continued from page 57

he said, "All right, my boy, I'm warning you! Self-improvement is just like playing the market—you win a few times and, first thing you know, the time will come when you aren't satisfied to keep within your means. Sooner or later," he said, "the feverish fascination will lure you on until you begin *pyramiding* your self-improvement, and that is always the beginning of the end. Finally, Wilbur, the whole top-heavy structure will collapse with a crash, and then where will you be?"

Serious as the situation was, Wilbur couldn't break himself of being a good conversationalist just in a moment. And the colonel could not resist the opportunity to begin one of the long-winded yarns his wife was always interrupting at the supper table. The upshot of the matter was that Wilbur little heeded a warning which, taken in time, might have been the means of saving him.

For a while, of course, he showed more self-control. He dodged down the alley whenever he sighted Eddie or Pop, and he put in overtime at the bank to make up for mornings when he was late. Left to himself, Wilbur might have had a fighting chance. But right at this time the whole country began going in for self-improvement after a couple years of the depression; and it soon got so he couldn't glance at a newsstand without having temptation placed in his path.

It was a pity, too, for he had just taken up culture in a big way, and the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* ought to have kept him out of harm for months. But Wilbur hadn't any more than reached page 156, with 4,178 pages yet to go, when he discovered a whole flock of little magazines that saved their readers the trouble of getting cultured.

It seemed that all the big New York intellectuals were enthusiastic about these magazines. In their recommendations they said anybody was a sap to read classics in the raw which hadn't been properly condensed and digested. So where they had been wasting time on Gibbon and Voltaire and such, now they kept well-posted in a few minutes a day without straining themselves.

All this was ducksoup for Wilbur, who believed that everybody should budget his time. He got a big bang out of reading a story by a French writer, Guy de Maupassant, which still made sense after being cut down from six minutes' reading time to four and a half. Wilbur saw that sooner or later one of his little magazines would bring out the *Decline and Fall* condensed into snappy novelette length, saving him almost a year.

With all this extra time on his hands he wasn't satisfied just with improving himself. Every month, when the new issues of his magazines came out, Wilbur got all worked up about some new courageous crusade to improve everybody else. Pretty soon it got so that Pop and Eddie were ducking down the alley themselves, and even Colonel Buchanan took to shutting the door of his office.

Syphilis and sudden death were Wilbur's favorites. When he got to denouncing them, all the time looking you straight in the eye, he gave you a guilty feeling that you were somehow to blame. But nobody, no matter how cynical they were, could have been in favor of syphilis and sudden death after listening to Wilbur. The trouble was that he kept on convincing you after you were already convinced, until finally you began wondering why nobody ever started a courageous crusade against people like him.

This made you feel all the guiltier, because there wasn't any getting around the fact that Wilbur was always right. He was so right that he smelled; but people were fond of him, in spite of everything, and they figured he could still take his self-improvement or leave it alone. They didn't suspect, any more than Wilbur, that it already had a grip on him like the drug habit.

By this time, if we had only

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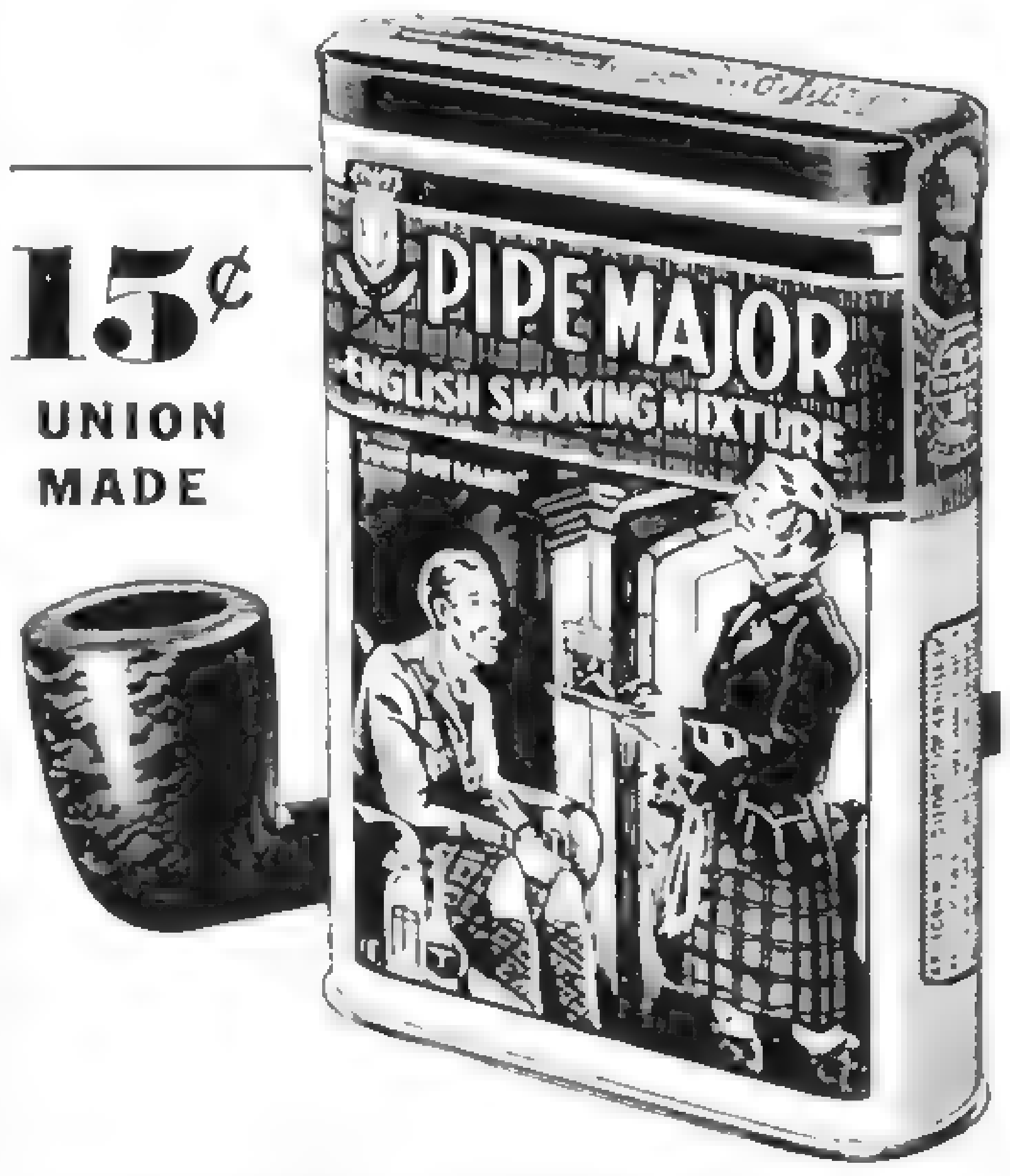

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realized it, he was so far gone that he couldn't help believing everything he read, provided that it was of an inspiring nature. He might glance at a newspaper story and say "Pfooey!" Or he might even snort at something he saw in a popular magazine. But just show Wilbur a new book about getting the most out of life and he was hooked by the time he read the blurbs on the back side of the jacket.

As long as such books did not appear too often, and as long as they agreed with each other, Wilbur was O. K. But the time was bound to come when two best-sellers would be on opposite sides of the fence; and it was just Wilbur's luck to get *Come Alive!* and *Watch Your Nerves!* in the same day's mail.

One said that most of us are not alert enough, that we should leap out of bed with a smile, do our setting-up exercises and keep driving hard the whole day long. The other said that we Americans already push ourselves too far, and if we do not relax we will soon be caught and placed in the nut hatch.

Wilbur fell for both theories and the results got people in Morton City to thinking he had turned a little simple. One minute he would be hopping around like a jumping jack with a jittery hang-over, remembering what it said in *Come Alive!* Then, all of a sudden, you could tell that *Watch Your Nerves!* was running a neck ahead. A dead-fish look would come into Wilbur's eyes, he would begin sagging at the wrists and shoulders, and soon he was so limp that he might have spilled if his clothes hadn't been holding him together.

All this was bad for business. People do not like to trust their money to a bank in which the teller cannot decide whether to be alert or relaxed, and Colonel Buchanan had to give Wilbur a final warning.

If he had been merely a drunkard it might have been possible to save him. The liquor stores could have been warned not to sell him any more of the poison that was ruining his career, and his friends might have chipped in to send him to a sanitarium. But there is no way to aid the helpless victim of self-improvement when he is so far gone that his name is on the sucker list of every publisher in the country.

Being worried about his job, Wilbur naturally became an easy mark for books about how to get on the good side of the boss. Most of them agreed that the way to forge ahead was to offer your employer suggestions from time to time which would show how interested you were in improving the business. It would have been better, of course, if Wilbur had kept out of Colonel Buchanan's sight as much as possible, but instead he was always popping in the office with some new idea. Pretty soon the Colonel himself was keeping out of sight, but it wasn't any use. The minute he sneaked back to his desk he found it all littered up with memorandums.

The Colonel stood for them patiently until he read the one suggesting that he get rid of the cracked spittoon that had been beside his chair since he founded the bank in 1897. He was fond of that old gobboon, even if he did overshoot most of the time, and the hint made him so hopping mad that he gave Wilbur two weeks' notice.

Losing his job was bad enough, though Wilbur had always been of a saving disposition and didn't have to fret about money for a while. The danger was that now he had the whole day on his hands for so much more inspirational reading.

Still, there was always a last hope that the love of a good woman might straighten him out. He had been keeping company with Effie Barker for a year or so, and everybody supposed they were as good as engaged. Effie taught the beginners' Sunday School class at the M.E. Church; and considering that she was going on thirty, people figured she wouldn't muff this chance. Besides, she was the only girl Wilbur had rushed since he got over the shock of Madge eloping with the barber.

What we should have remembered was that Wilbur would never commit himself without sending away for a couple books. And the minute he turned the first page he saw how up-to-date sex had become since he was engaged to Madge. Now it seemed that the masculine sex was not being criticized any longer for unbridled lust, but homes were broken up every day due to the husband being a poor lover. Thousands of wives were suffering nervous breakdowns or going away reluctantly to Reno, all because their mates had not read some good book by a lady doctor.

These needless tragedies could be avoided, Wilbur learned, if every engaged couple would only sit down quietly and have a nice frank little talk about their future sex life together. In this modern day and age there wasn't any excuse for reticence, and it was a person's own fault if his romance ended in heartbreak.

Maybe things would have turned out better if Wilbur had waited until some rainy afternoon instead of a beautiful June sunset down by the old mill pond. Maybe Effie had been thinking he had a nice surprise for her in his briefcase—flowers or a box of candy—when he pulled out his charts and diagrams and statistics about their future sex life together. Some of the diagrams were of a very interesting nature, but Effie did not listen long enough to be interested. She told Wilbur he was a fool, and people did not suspect she had another string to her bow until she married the widowed M. E. preacher in September.

From then on, Wilbur just seemed to let go. He didn't even make a pretense of moderation any longer, and every mail brought

Continued at top of page 184

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Fifth Avenue — *Where the Park Begins* — Eugene Voit, Mgr.

Obituary Note

Continued from pages 57-183

some new book which addled him all the more.

Now he had reached the stage where ordinary inspiration and self-improvement did not satisfy. They went down like so much milk and water, leaving him still with a craving feeling. It was only another step to books about popular psychology, and Wilbur soon saw why everything had gone wrong with him.

Considering the kind of heredity and environment he'd had, it was a wonder that matters hadn't been a hell of a sight worse. If a person scared easily, for instance, the book said it was because they'd probably had an old Scotch nursemaid in their childhood who frightened them with stories about the bogey man. Wilbur hadn't had any Scotch nursemaid when he was a kid, but he could think of lots of other things that were just as bad. He could recollect all the times his old man had paddled him instead of encouraging him to do something constructive like modeling in clay. He could look back and see how his folks thought he was plain ornery when there wasn't anything wrong with him except a negative attitude that would have responded to the proper treatment.

Now, of course, it was too late to do much better than a patching job with his neglected psychology. But Wilbur never quite lost hope. He hardly ever stepped out of his room any longer, yet he always had a sad, brave smile when you asked him how were tricks.

"Don't worry about me," he'd say. "I'm doing my best to keep a stiff upper lip."

He was bearing up so well the last time I saw him that you could have knocked me over with a toothpick when I heard he had committed suicide. People said the cause was losing his job or being twice disappointed in love, but I knew it went a whole lot deeper. And only the evening after he was laid away, I discovered the real reason why Wilbur Beevis had concluded that life was no longer worth while.

All during the services I wondered about it. The big turnout of mourners was a tribute to Wilbur's memory, and the Baptist Church was filled with many beautiful floral offerings. After officiating as pallbearer it was my sad duty to go up to the room and dispose of the last effects of the deceased. Everything was orderly—poor Wilbur had kept neat and tidy to the last—but it struck me there was something queer about the book lying open on the table. It was the latest book about the international situation, and the minute I read that underlined sentence I knew why Wilbur had made away with himself.

"The aftermath of another world war," it said, and a shaky line had been drawn underneath, "must inevitably result in the downfall of Western Civilization."

Anybody else might have read it and gone about his business. But not Wilbur Beevis! Poor Wilbur took as much personal pride in Western Civilization as another man might take in a new wrist watch. He figured that he owed a lot to Western Civilization, and the idea of its downfall made him so blue that there wasn't anything left except to go jump off the bridge. ##

Sport Goes to the Dogs

Continued from page 77

and extend from back of the toes to back of the knee.

Far too often, the Doctor points out, bad shoes on the young athlete prevent proper development of the foot's intrinsic muscles. When the intrinsic muscles give out, the extrinsic muscles have to take over. That accounts for the athlete's hunch that he is gone because his legs are gone. What really causes his deterioration is that the intrinsic muscles of his feet gave out three or four years before the extrinsic muscles of his feet gave him signals in the calves of his legs, that he is near the end of his effectiveness.

That's what happened to Babe Ruth. That, according to the Doctor, is what will be the chief element in the eventual passing of Joe Louis. Joe's inability to catch up with the fleeing Bob Pastor was one tip-off. Another was the ruinous effort to adjust Joe's footwork prior to his first fight with Schmeling.

Extensive examination has been made of Negro athletes' feet in an endeavor to discover a reason for the muscular ability of the colored lads. No structural or muscular differences, predominant to the extent they could be regarded as a valid explanation for athletic proficiency, have been found in the feet of the Negro track stars. In the majority of cases, it was learned that the Negro performers have bad feet, hence are shorter-lived in first-class performance than are the white boys. As long as the extrinsic muscles of the feet stay strong and young enough to handle the excess burden placed on them by improper functioning of the intrinsic muscles, the colored boys stay as stars. When the effect of the ill-fitting shoes they wore during childhood and adolescence catches up with them, they are finished as competitive threats.

The two athletes who have lasted longest in the big time are Tommy Armour, the golfer, and Bill Tilden, the tennis player. Harold M. Osborn, holder of the A. A. U. standing high jump record for more than ten years, is well in his forties and still able to leap above five feet, although he is no longer in competition. The three of them have superb feet. Armour, a Scotsman, attributes the durable excellence of his dogs to the Scotch practice of making the youngsters wear thick stockings and heavy shoes the year around. Tilden also got that sort of pup culture when he was a boy in Philadelphia. Both these perennial competitors, it will be noticed, are heavy sock addicts. The thick, wool socks acted as cushions for the developing feet of these worthies, when they were lads.

Tilden, playing every kind of a court surface and continuing to cover territory with an agility baffling younger stars, is probably sport's finest in footwork.

Comparing the athletic longevity of these luminaries with the span of athletic life of baseball players, the Doctor makes a pertinent suggestion.

"Instead of the ball club buying the players' uniforms and the players buying their own shoes," he proposes, "the club and players would be better off if the club would make the heavier investment in shoes, instead of in uniforms. The players are too inclined to buy improper shoes for themselves. They cut their performing life short by not spending money wisely for shoes."

However, as the physician and surgeon hastens to add, the businessman cannot be hasty about rebuking the ballplayer for being penny-wise and foot-foolish. The Tired Business Man who spends eighty-five dollars for a suit of clothes frequently is stubborn about spending ten per cent of that amount for a pair of shoes that may greatly alleviate the TBM's fatigue.

Reference to the ballplayers brings up the case of Dizzy Dean. The Dizzy One's arm trouble dates back to a foot injury. An injury to the foot unbalanced Diz' entire swing. In an effort to readjust, he put an unduly heavy and awkward strain on his arm, shoulder and back muscles. The history of bad arms in pitchers can frequently be traced to foot troubles. Sacroiliac injuries, too, are commonly caused by foot defects. Golfers and tennis players are most often the victims, due to faulty anchorage of feet when shotmaking.

Tom Creavy, winner of the Professional Golfers Association championship in 1931, had a brilliant tournament record brought to an end by persistent sacroiliac trouble. Horton Smith, at one time, seemed to be through as a tournament golfer because of an injury in the same spot. Henry Picard, keen analyst of the golf stroke as well as a highly proficient player, maintains that he can tell by the placing of a golfer's right foot if that golfer is going to be the victim of back trouble. If the right foot is at a right angle to the line of flight, the player won't be able to make a full backswing without causing dangerous tension in the back. The preventive, says Picard, is to point the right toe at an angle away from the ball. He is by no means the only expert who holds that golf is from the ground up. Armour declares that the first movement in a golf swing is a slight lift of the left heel which starts the pivot.

With most sports motions going from the ground up—and even in polo, from the stirrup up—it's bewildering to anatomical experts to see how sadly neglected are the feet of the athletes; especially those of the youngsters.

This neglect, so the authorities assert, is generally the reason why American athletes "burn themselves out" early while the performers of other nations have much longer performing careers. In this connection, the mention of the Scotch lads' strong, heavy shoes and thick, cushioning socks, may be recalled.

American basketball youngsters get better treatment in correctly designed and fitted athletic footwear than do the kids in any other sport, according to high school athletic authorities. This development is comparatively recent and was brought about by the tremendous toll of injuries plainly traceable to faulty footwear. The swift and shifting character of the game, sometimes too slippery floors on which the game is played, and the serious nature of injuries when the kids lose their footing and crash to the boards, focused coaches' and trainers' attention on footwear.

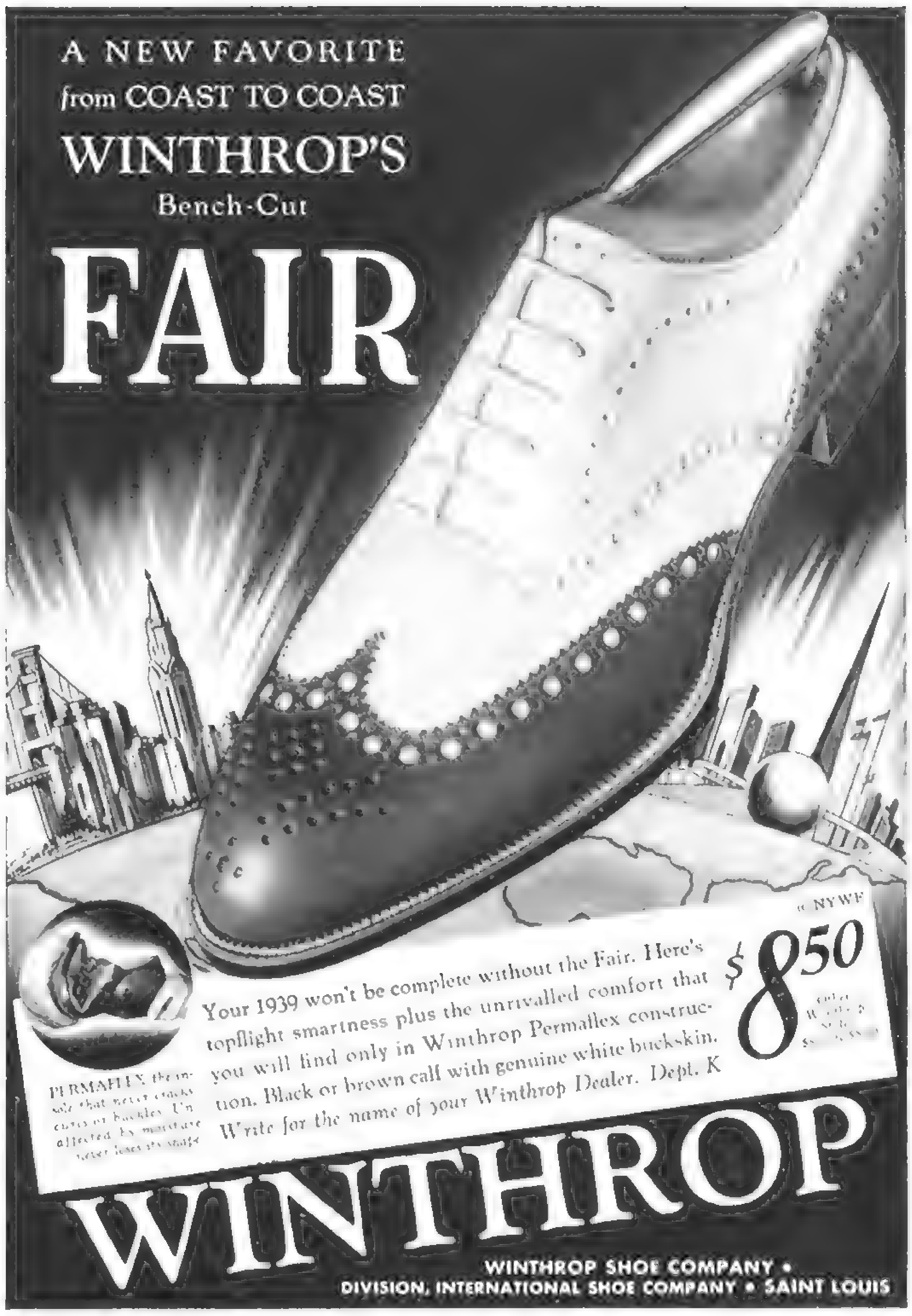
The result is that in a magazine like the *Scholastic Coach*, which is a holy writ for high school athletic directors, the basketball shoe advertising is twice the volume of other athletic equipment advertising during the fall and winter months.

A somewhat pathetic phase of the aging athlete's ability going with the dogs occurs indoors. The Tired Business Man becomes irritable and loses his punch. He decides he needs gym workouts. So he gets himself a one-sixty pair of gym shoes and grunts himself into a sweat.

He exhausts himself and soon after he's out of the gym he is grumpier than before. He does not get the results he expects from his workout and wonders why. The school coach who pays from three-fifty to six dollars for basketball shoes for his kids and has these shoes expertly fitted, could explain things to the out-of-sorts parent.

"What the grown-up seldom realizes," says the Doctor who brought this subject up, "is that the foot, with its nerves, muscles, tendons and bones, is as magnificently and delicately constructed as the eye. A fellow doesn't pay much attention to his feet until it's late in the game. If men only knew it, the middle-age spread of the feet is probably a more serious physiological matter than the middle-age spread of the fanny. The man probably doesn't have the slightest inkling of what's wrong with him. That's where these foot doctors and many of the bone setters who get publicized as getting athletes back into shape,

Continued on page 186



Your 1939 won't be complete without the Fair. Here's topflight smartness plus the unrivalled comfort that you will find only in Winthrop Permaflex construction. Black or brown calf with genuine white buckskin. Write for the name of your Winthrop Dealer. Dept. K

PERMAFLEX the in-sole that never cracks or buckles. Unaffected by moisture never loses its shape

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Get your new pair of Miracle Elastic Paris at your dealer's today—and be happy! They'll stretch around your waist—they're amazingly comfortable and they fit perfectly.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Ask for No. 184 or No. 116—they're best sellers . . . and cost only 50c per pair. Your money back if you're not well pleased.

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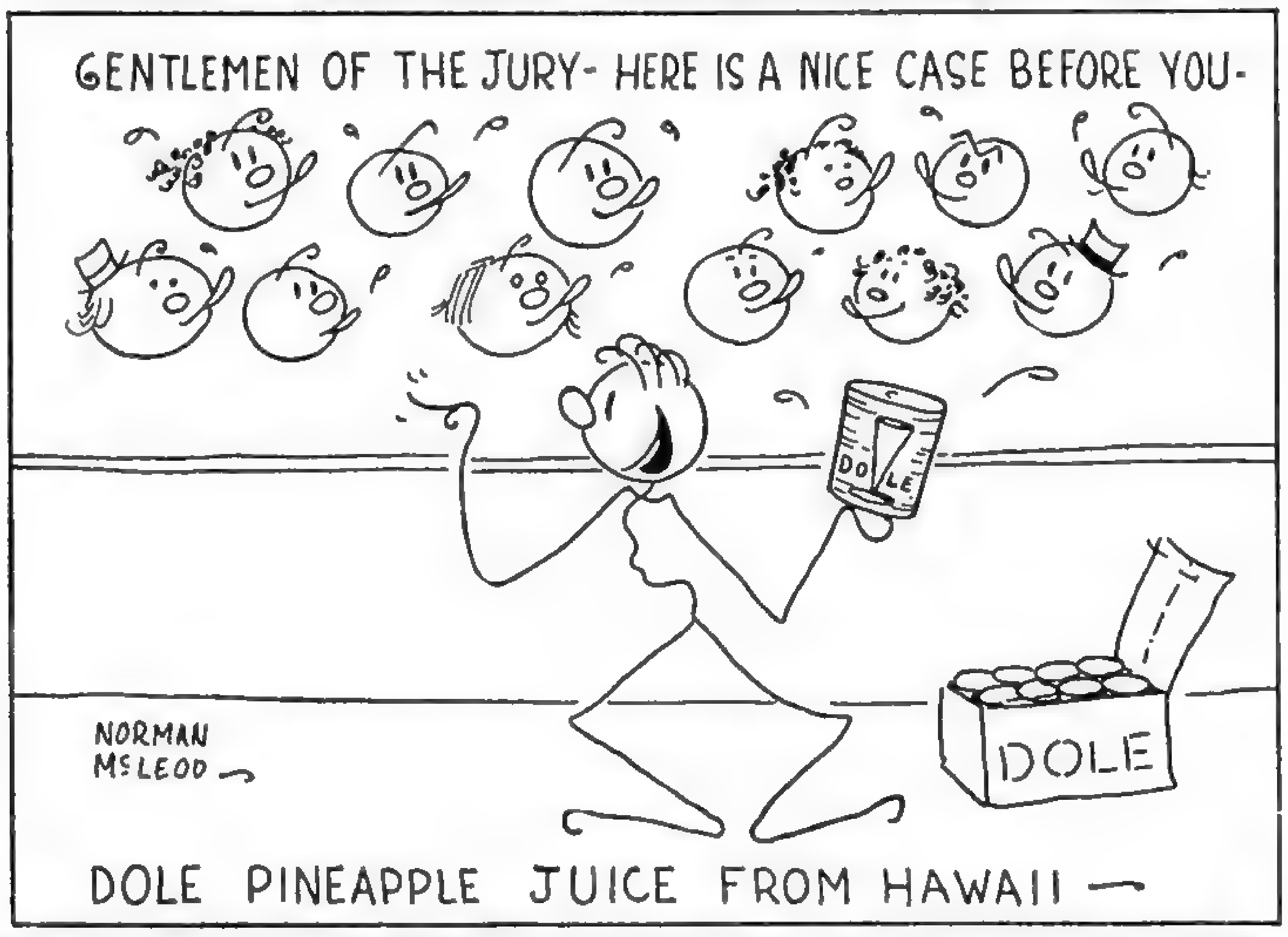
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63 PROOF

Sport Goes to the Dogs

Continued from pages 77-185

can make a good guess at the cause of the trouble.

"The man himself may be tired all the time or sharp-tempered enough to make himself anti-social, and he isn't helped any when he is around a wife who's ailing or who has a temper of a smoke-snorting, cloven-hoofed, spear-tailed sister of Satan. Bum dogs have fixed her, too. They account for the brief meteoric careers of women athletes."

The Germans, when they really relied upon science, took into cognizance this matter of athletic performance being based on the feet. The goose-step was designed in a scientific anatomical way to exercise and strengthen the intrinsic and extrinsic muscles of the foot. Now, insane forced marching of the Nazi *jungvolk* has resulted in an abnormal increase of flat feet. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that of every hundred conscripts for 1936, 37 or 38 were suffering from flat feet.

Last year, when the A.A.U. sent a star track and field team on a European tour, it was noticed that the prospective athletic talent had not developed in Germany at the rate usually observed in any country quickly after the nation has been host to the Olympic Games. Athletic authorities were baffled by this failure of the Germans to show a promising crop of athletes, inasmuch as the regimented exercise had been for the purpose of cultivating prowess in runs and jumps having, potentially, military training value.

John W. Taylor's *Defensive Sport* as quoted in Erika Mann's *School for Barbarians* presents marching schedules of the Hitler Youth. Ten-year-old youngsters have a five- to six and a quarter mile-per-day march routine in full outfit. Kids of fifteen years are scheduled for thirteen and one-half miles a day, or an average of eleven miles a day on longer marches, burdened with an eleven-pound pack. This explains to the Doctor what the athletic investigators didn't fathom. Their dogs are being broken down by overwork and instead of having a Hitler Youth able to march tirelessly, der Fuehrer may have to have his kids towed into battle on roller skates.

But, to get back to our own rapid athletic deterioration from the ground up, let our M.D. speak again:

"If a university wants to do the right thing by its football graduates, it will give them pairs of shoes instead of lettered sweaters. A boy who plays two to four years of freshman and varsity football in the poorly designed boots furnished for gridiron use can be reasonably certain that he's taken enough out of his feet to cut his normal athletic life at least five years shorter than the average — and the average is well under 30.

"Trainers and doctors who've examined the feet of thousands of football players say that the best exhibits of the few good feet found, are the feet of Bronko Nagurski, Joe Savoldi and Gus Sonnenberg, all of whom became professional wrestlers. The feet of most football players become as flat as pool tables. That's what the kids give for glory."

Trainers and doctors who appraise the feet of athletes aren't the only authorities who are astonished by the scarcity of good feet, and the damage done entire physiques by poor foundations. Such noted conditioners of businessmen as Artie McGovern and Charles Postl, attribute much of the misery—both physical and mental—to which the tired businessman is heir, to neglect of real groundwork in health.

The canny Postl remarks: "Our shoe shiners could tell a lot of men what's basically wrong with their health." Although the average businessman is almost completely out of athletic competition, his broken-down flat feet slow him up even when he's operating from his wide, flat fanny. Subconsciously, he becomes inert because of the unwillingness of poor feet to undergo and normally absorb nerve strain. His belly droops because his feet don't aid maintenance of a proper, upright posture. He comes home worn out, and gets into his slippers to recuperate.

His wife suggests the kids need shoes. "What's the big idea? Am I supporting a tribe of centipedes?" he complains. "Get 'em cheap ones; they go through any kind, quicker than I can pay for them." What he doesn't realize is that poor shoes wear out the kids quicker than the kids wear out the shoes, but damage doesn't become evident until years later.

It's the doctor, rather than the athletic authority, who discovers how the damage has been done.

What makes tardiness of athletic authorities in foot care difficult for the M.D. to understand is the emphasis that coaches always put on balance. Football backs run in and out of staggered boxes; hurdlers, runners, jumpers, boxers, golfers and baseball players are tutored for hours and days to attain perfect balance. The foundation of balance, of course, is the feet. But the athlete is supposed to be born with them and keep his dogs cosily, correctly kenneled without any fraction of the expert care that's devoted to the rest of his development.

For years he's ignorantly guilty of cruelty to his dogs, and when he comes to the day when the spring is gone from his form, when there's a dull ache in his legs and his shoes feel like ovens, he mournfully admits he's finished; his legs have gone the way of all flesh.

The poor dope doesn't know it, but his trouble is that, as an athlete, he went with his grievously abused dogs, years before. He's been riding to the end of the line on a pass.#

Racing Luck at Epsom

Continued from page 85

any grown-up Britisher would forego the pleasure of a little bet on Derby Day.

But I have been talking of chicken feed; the small bets of the millions. On this same Derby, there are placed probably the largest bets in history. Not quite a hundred years ago, for instance, there was a lord who drove to Epsom Downs in his magnificent coach, carrying with him a leather case that contained one hundred thousand pounds in cash. He informed the bookmakers that he had sold all his possessions and that he was willing to risk the entire fortune and the equipage in which he was riding all on one particular horse if the bookies gave him fair odds. They did, not only because the nobleman's choice was a *chimère* of a horse, but also because they already had the body of his lordship's money in their satchels and saw no reason why the tail should not find its way there too. As usual, the bookies were right: the lord's hunch was beaten by a nose, and he probably had to walk home from the Downs.

There is no pari-mutuel here. Bookmakers take care of the betting, and aside from the gypsies, they are the most picturesque lot in Epsom. They are fat as a rule, the color of their faces resembling underdone roast beef, and they wear dotted bow ties, bowler hats and gaudy suits; some of them look positively "Pickwickian." All of them shout at the top of their voices, offering their odds, and they nonchalantly thrust the banknotes handed to them by the bettors into a leather pouch slung from their necks. However, many Englishmen have their trusted family bookmakers; they ring up the old chap in the morning to place their bets, before they start out for the Downs.

All in all, Derby Day is money day. Many sweepstakes have been organized, and the biggest of them, the Calcutta Derby Sweepstake used to amount to $1,250,000 in its heyday, the Stock Exchange Derby Sweepstake being only slightly less. Everybody I ever knew in England had a ticket either for the Calcutta or the Exchange sweep, or owned a part of one. For a fleeting twenty-four hours incalculable Fortuna enters and plays an important part in normally well-regulated English lives.

Lord Rosebery was a reserved, shy, extremely good-looking and charming undergraduate at Oxford, who loved and studied nightingales. One can imagine the surprise of his fellow students, when the twenty-year-old bird lover declared that he would be Prime Minister of England, would marry the richest girl in the kingdom, and would win the Derby three times! He set out to fulfill his prophecy by buying a string of race horses, for which he was promptly expelled from Christ Church. Next, he married Hannah de Rothschild, the richest or almost the richest girl in England. Then he actually did become Prime Minister, and finally after twenty-five years of continuous trying, the rose and primrose colors of the noble lord were victorious in the 1894 Derby. He won with *Ladas*, and lead the horse past the Prince of Wales' (later Edward VII) box extremely shyly: as a liberal premier he was a bit ashamed to own a Derby winner. Nevertheless he went on competing and won in 1895 with *Sir Visto*, and in 1905 with *Cicero*. At the breakfast table the morning after the *Ladas* victory, when Lord Rosebery asked his butler, John, what he thought about it all, the man remarked: "You won the Derby because you are Prime Minister, Sir . . ." John's remark, however, had no foundation in fact. A king's horse has never won, and there is only a single victory recorded for a Prince of Wales: the late King Edward, with *Persimmon*, in 1896.

Once, in 1913, George V's horse, *Anmer*, was favorite. In that prehistoric age, suffragettes were in vogue and energetic English women used the tactics of anarchists. They set fire to churches and beautiful country mansions, destroyed mail boxes, smashed plate glass windows all over the place, and cut to bits the Velásquez *Venus* in the National Gallery. But to top it all, on June 4, 1913, Miss Emily Wilding Davison decided to attack the Derby favorite with her umbrella as the horse was approaching Tattenham Corner. She must have longed for martyrdom, for she actually threw herself under the horse's racing hoofs. The lady Don Quixote died, of course, and real indignation was felt by the backers who lost their money on *Anmer*, when *Aboyeur* was declared winner.

A lot of other curious things have happened in the long history of this curious race. Once a horse named *Hermit* broke a blood vessel yet won, bleeding profusely and painting the snow scarlet, for there was a snowstorm at Epsom Downs that June in the 1860's. In 1868, Sir Joseph Hawley entered three of his horses: *Blue Gown*, *Green Sleeves* and *Rosicrucian*, and when *Blue Gown* won the Derby, Sir Joseph was heartbroken and lost interest in racing, because he had wanted *Rosicrucian* to win. Some people are never satisfied. In 1883, *Gaillard*, *Highland Chief* and *St. Blaise* ran a dead heat and the stewards deliberated shockingly long before declaring *St. Blaise* as winner. *Isinglass*, *Donovan* and *Ormonde* were the three most famous Derby winners. *La Flèche*, a marvel of a horse that won everything in sight for its owner, Baron de Hirsch, who gave the mare's tremendous winnings to charity, was a poor second in the Derby. Luck in the Derby is further illustrated by the story of *Holocauste* in 1899. With Tod Sloan, who revolutionized the jockey seat in

Continued on page 188

Make way for
D-X
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THE FRESH
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250
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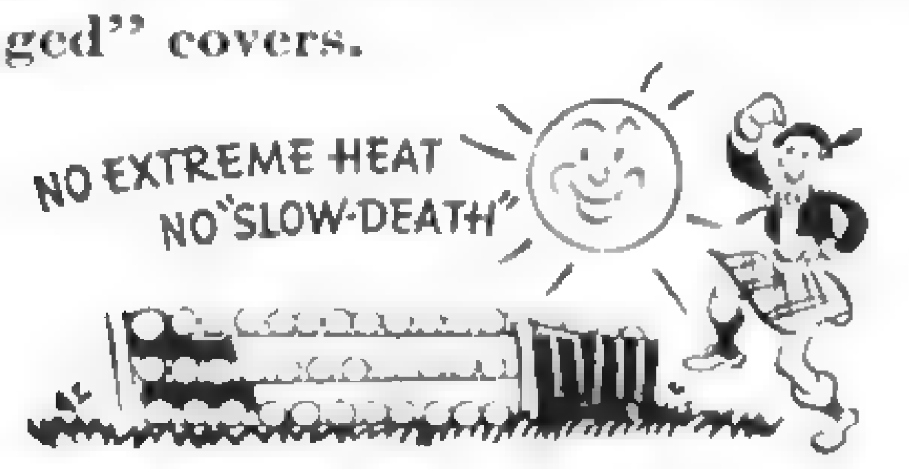
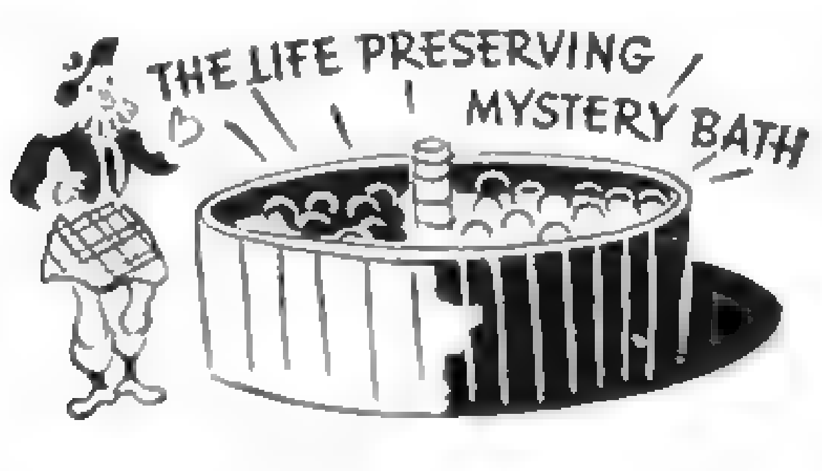
Aye Lads, D-X means distance in radio and distance on the fairway—so make way for D-X *MacGregor*—the ball that's radically different from ordinary balls which have heat "aged" covers.



Different! That's D-X all the way. No extreme heat—no sulphur used in D-X *MacGregor's* "Fountain of Youth" cure. So there's nothing to cause "slow death"—the result of oxidation which eventually causes extreme heat-cured covers to become dry, brittle, and easy to cut. In D-X *MacGregor's* revolutionary secret curing process the *complete* ball is immersed in a life-preserving Mystery Bath—and then exposed to *normal fairway temperatures*.



D-X *MacGregor's* Dyna-Dermic cover becomes an integral part of the high-compression winding to seal in—keep fresh—*and preserve all* the life and power of the super-resilient winding.

Be scotch! Invest in a long term lease on D-X—the ball that merges distance and durability as never before *because* it's fresh power-sealed with the secret life-preserving Mystery Bath.

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Nothing Finer
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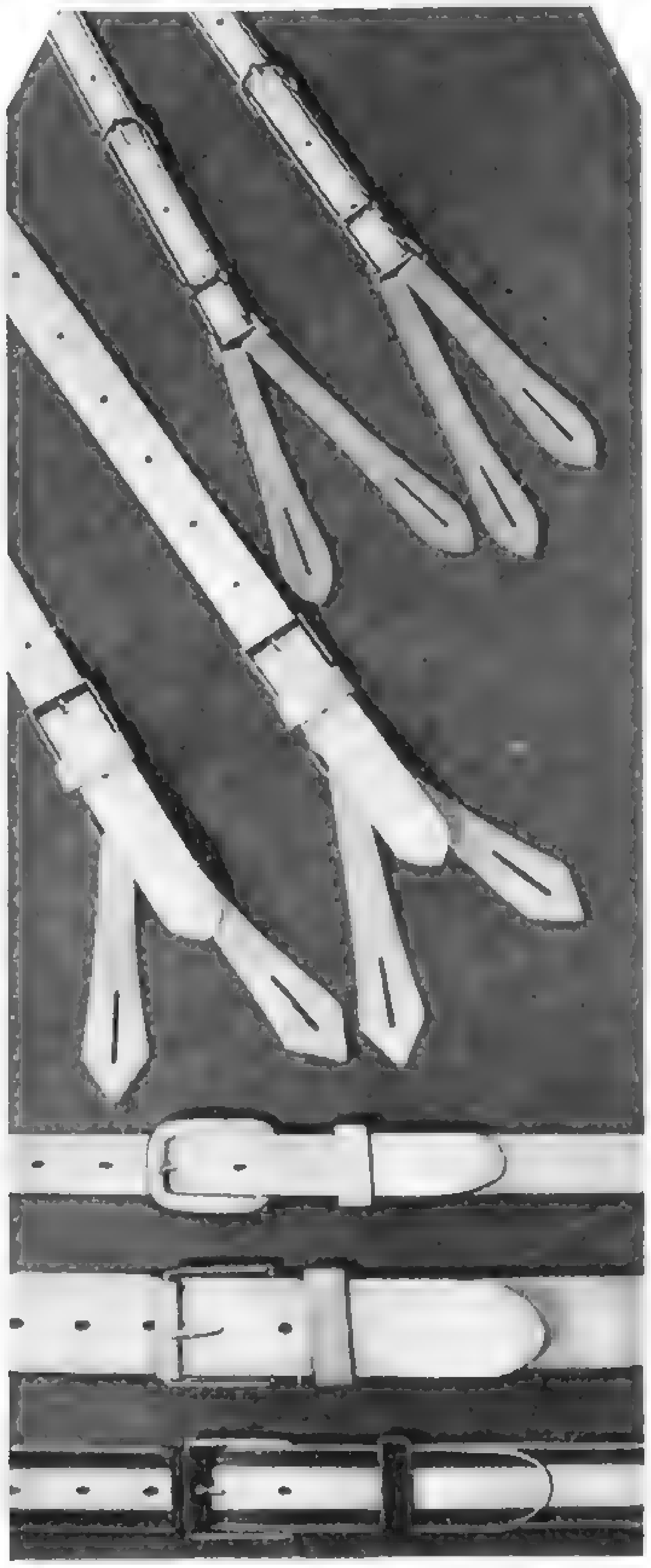
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"Say, you must be in the money!"
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Unless you can afford a special pipe mixture, you'll never find a blend so amazingly different. Yet BOND STREET costs only 15¢!

What's the answer? Rare tobaccos, aged long and mild, painstakingly blended. BOND STREET is smoother... cooler... better! And say, even women approve BOND STREET'S aroma!

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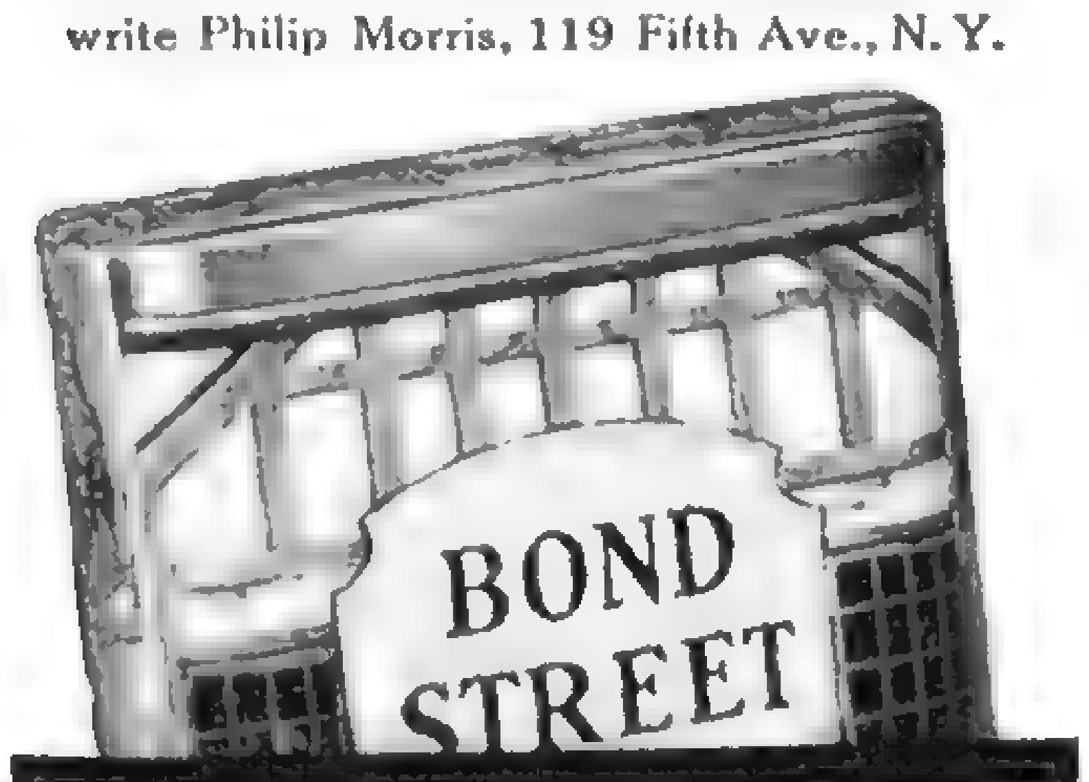

BOND STREET 15¢
PIPE TOBACCO
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

Wear a BUDDY POPPY

Racing Luck at Epsom

Continued from pages 85-187

England, up, *Holocauste* was the favorite; for once it looked as if the favorite would win, but the Derby jinx held good—he fell and broke his leg in the home stretch, and the Duke of Westminster's *Flying Fox* came home instead. *Ard Patrick* and *Galtee More* were also big outsiders; I think one of them paid 66 to 1. A Signor Ginistrelli was flabbergasted when *Signorinetta* won the classic for him in 1908. An American victory marked the year of 1881, when *Iriquois*, ridden by Fred Archer, carried the Cheshire cheese home for P. Lorillard. William C. Whitney also won with *Volodyorski*. Richard Croker, Tammany boss' *Orby* and Mr. Duryea's *Durban II* were two other American victories, and *Foxborough II*, owned by William Woodward, chairman of the American Jockey Club, is favored in this year's classic.

While Baroness Maria Vetsera, the heroine of the Mayerling tragedy was busy writing wonderful love letters to her sweetheart, the Archduke Rudolph of Austria-Hungary, signing them with the cabalistic letters: I.L.V.B.I.D.T., (*In Liebe vereint bis in den Tod*, i.e. "Love till Death") her uncle, Aristide Baltazzi, was occupied with a less morbid task: looking for a future Derby winner. The Baltazzis came from Turkey to Hungary; in Turkey they had made a lot of money building railroads in the company of Baron de Hirsch, and if I can believe my Turkish friends, the Baltazzis and Baron Hirsch are still cursed on the shores of the Bosporus. The Baltazzis invested their money in two ways in their adopted Hungary: buying their way into society and establishing a racing stable. At a time when Hungarian noblemen were still immensely wealthy (the Princes Esterházy, for example, owned over a half-million acres of fertile land with over one hundred castles on it) buying into society was not easy, and the brothers Baltazzi were frequently snubbed by the rich and proud Hungarian nobles. In racing matters, however, the brothers were lucky and their stables prospered. In 1874 Aristide visited Kisbér, one of the State studs and out of a score of yearlings he fortunately or shrewdly selected an ugly colt, also named *Kisbér*, after the place where he was "dropped." He paid eight hundred dollars for the colt. Two years later *Kisbér* won the English Derby. So unexpected was the victory that Aristide was not even present; he was just dressing in his London flat when the news reached him. But the Derby victory strengthened the social position of the Baltazzis because even Hungarian noblemen could not snub the owner of a Derby winner. And after all, was not the horse Hungarian?

Hungarian aristocrats were always Anglomaniacs; each year many of them went to see the English Derby and some of them hoped to win it. One of them especially dreamed of a Derby victory. He was Nicholas Szemere *de genere Huba*—the "de genere Huba" meant that he was a direct descendant of Huba, who was one of the rulers of Hungary a thousand years before. Although he had no title his coat of arms bore the ducal coronet and ducal ermine. Nicholas Szemere was a singular character; he was the biggest gambler in history, not excluding Arnold Rothstein, and, what's more, he was a lucky gambler. Szemere needed money to go after that Derby he had made up his mind to win, so he left his native Budapest for more frivolous Vienna. One night, after his customary supper at famed Madame Sacher's, he settled down in the palace of the Austrian Jockey Club to read his *Simplicissimus*. Along came an Austrian count on his way to the gambling room of the club, and as he was passing the reading Hungarian he addressed him:

."How about a game of *chemin-de-fer*, Szemere?"

The sun was already peering in through a narrow opening in the heavy red plush curtains of the Jockey Club's gambling room when they stopped playing. The count had lost well over one million florins (nearly a half-million dollars), and since he did not have sufficient cash, he gave an I.O.U. for a million. Two exclusive clubs, the National Casino of Hungary and the Jockey Club in Vienna, had secret, unwritten rules at this time, according to which if a member could not pay his gambling debts within twenty-four hours, he had to commit suicide. The Austrian nobleman was one of the rare sensible ones who decided to live in shame: He did not pay the million to Szemere and did not pull the trigger of his reserve cavalry officer revolver; instead, through some relatives he reported the affair to the King-Emperor. Franz Joseph was furious. These crazy Hungarians disturbing the peace of placid Vienna again! While the population had a difficult time eking out a living, the aristocrats were gambling in millions! Szemere received word from the Emperor through a high police official that his presence was not wanted in the Austrian capital and he was invited to leave and never come back.

Szemere left for Budapest at once but he never stopped planning how to make the King-Emperor lift the ban. He liked Vienna and there were so many good chances there! Finally he found out that Katalin Schratt, long standing flame of Franz Joseph, had borrowed some hundred thousand florins on promissory notes because she was sometimes extravagant and did not want to ask the king for more than her allowance. Now they were pressing her for the sum. The Hungarian immediately bought up the promis-

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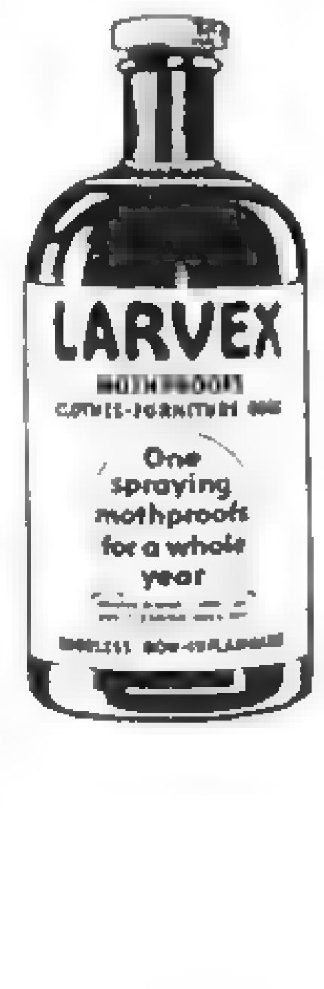

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IS QUICK, CHEAP, SURE

sory notes and sent them back to Mme Schratt, accompanied by a most charming and gallant letter. In two months the ban on Szemere was lifted.

Later—in installments—he even collected the million from the count. But he never won the Derby; although he had the greatest racing stable in Austria-Hungary, he had inferior horses in England, as he kept his best racers on Hungarian and Austrian courses in later years. I knew Szemere when I was a child and was rather frightened by his small, piercing Asiatic eyes, his black beard, and saturnine demeanor. He looked like Attila the Hun, I thought.

The best Hungarian horse, or for that matter, the best horse that ever lived, *Kincsem*, who started in fifty-four important races all over Europe and won all fifty-four, (to the great *Eclipse's* 19 start and 19 victory) missed the Epsom Derby. *Kincsem* was lazy and nonchalant, and more than intelligent; she would drink and eat only if Franz, her groom, would hand her the stuff. She often grazed at the start of a race when the other horses were already off, then she would prick up her ears, race after them and win with great ease. She belonged to a Hungarian named Blaskovich.

Another Hungarian, Prince Tassilo Festetich tried hard for the Derby too, but could not make it. Instead he made friends with King Edward VII, and invited the monarch to Hungary. When Edward got bored with the festivities in the Festetich castle, he asked the prince to take him to the gypsy camp, since every important Hungarian village has a gypsy camp on its outskirts. Edward, a connoisseur of feminine beauty, found the Hungarian gypsy girls very pretty but he noted with astonishment that some of them had one or more fingers missing from their hands. After the inspection, the King of England and the King of the Festetich gypsies got to talking, as gypsies, who get around in the world, speak all known languages. The conversation turned to women and Edward asked the gypsy king with the great civility customary among rulers:

"I hope Your Majesty does not think me too curious, but what is the explanation of the ladies with missing fingers in your Court?"

The gypsy king did not think the question inquisitive and answered readily enough that he personally chopped off a finger of every adulteress.

"The idea is more than excellent," said Edward, "but I am afraid that it comes too late and I would have to start by chopping off lovely arms in my fickle England."

The King of England usually sends for the owner of the Derby winner. After leading the hero back to the paddock, the owner is asked to visit the monarch in the latter's box and then he is usually invited to dinner by the king. It once happened that a South African millionaire won the event and was not sent for. There was no explanation of course, but everyone knew that the gentleman could not be received by the king because according to court etiquette he was not a gentleman: he was a dealer in diamonds.

As a rule a dinner is given in Buckingham Palace on the evening of the great race, with all Jockey Club members present. Everything in the dining room is decorated in the colors of the lucky owner and large papier mâché horseshoes adorn the walls. The king, or the Prince of Wales, proposes the health of the owner first and it is only after this toast that there comes the well-known:

"Gentlemen! The King!"

During the war the Epsom course was abandoned as were all other English courses save Newmarket. There was a sort of a Derby held there, because even the horrors of a World War could not stop the English Derby, but it was not the real stuff. Racing men were happy once more when, after the war, Epsom was opened again. Men of the Turf feverishly started to train for the great racing event after the unhappy intermission. Sir Victor Sassoon paid twelve thousand pounds for a yearling, and they say that the Right Honorable Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah, Aga Khan III, paid even more.

The Aga Khan is the luckiest owner in our present time, although I know that he would very much resent this remark. He invariably explains his successes by saying that he never leaves anything to chance as he does not believe in it. He claims that a man must make certain by supreme effort and then success is inevitable. To prove his point: he won the Derby three times, in 1930 with *Blenheim*, in 1935 with *Bahram*, and in the next year with *Mahmoud*, whose time: 2:33 4/5, was the best in the history of the Derby.

A word about Derby jockeys; Steve Donoghue, the veteran English jockey, rode six winners! His method is to get away in the highest possible speed and maintain and increase it to the end. But then Harry Wragg "waited" on *Blenheim* way back and put the horse in action only on the last quarter-mile. So you never know about riding the Derby either; one system seems to be just as good as the other. No amateur jockey ever rode a winner, although Sir George Thursby finished second twice. Tod Sloan, one of the best jockeys in history, never rode a Derby winner.

Ah, Epsom! The Downs! Dreams, happiness, initial luck, unluck, disappointment, beginning and end of so many people and horses! Where the course of racers is turned so sharply and sometimes gypsies alter the path of princes equally violently. For it was here that the Duke of Windsor, at that time Prince of Wales, was told by an old gypsy woman that he will never be crowned King of England . . . ⧺

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Give Us a Song

Continued from page 75

Music Goes Round and Round, but coming before the radio, the Banana song persisted as a topnotch favorite for an astounding time, and the Music song was nearly dead by the time the movie which snapped it up got to the screen. I have a suspicion that *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was alive all through the past twenty years or so and that *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön* was just a little dead three weeks after it was first played.

People say that you can't force a song on the public, that no amount of playing and singing a number over the air will make it popular. This assumes that songs fall neatly into two categories: those destined for popularity and those foredoomed to obscurity. Most songs come right between: they have some elements of popularity, some elements not too hot. These are the ones which can be made by the careful help of a few good bands. You hear them the first time and think you'll live happily ever after if you don't hear them again; but after a week, you are humming them. (There's a poem about Vice and the way we get familiar with it, which gives you the idea.) The people who think you can't put a mediocre song over, have only to consult the lists of last year's best sellers.

Another thing the song writers do not figure on is that they are composing their songs to be manhandled, not played. A publisher told me that as soon as his house accepts a song, they make a sort of stock orchestral arrangement, which any roadhouse band can play; but at the same time they send the straight vocal and piano score to a number of famous orchestra leaders, so that by the time the sheets have been printed, and the song is set for publication, these leaders have their own arrangements made. Naturally the publisher is pleased if half a dozen rating bands each do an arrangement; and the public gets a lot of different pieces of music in that way. But the original song is often completely lost. You are hearing somebody's "conception"—as true to the original as an average mimic's "conception" of Leslie Howard playing Beatrice Lillie, or vice versa. So long as the composers are willing to send their songs out as raw material for the talents of a conductor and his arranger, they can't complain if their song lasts only as long as the novelty of the arrangement lasts. They could at least get ASCAP, the powerful organization which protects their rights and royalties, to insist that the piece, as originally written, must be played through once, either before or after the arrangement, just to give us the idea.

They haven't, as a matter of fact, even insisted on a simple business-like arrangement of credits. It's only once in a thousand times that the composer of a song is mentioned—and then it is usually because the name adds to the selling value. (At a movie in a village in upstate New York I saw the name of Irving Berlin along with those of Astaire and Ginger Rogers and the producers and the cameraman—and Berlin's name was applauded, alone.) Lord knows I don't want to clutter up any radio program with credits, but it seems to me that a composer is worth at least as much time as the movie for which he wrote the song.

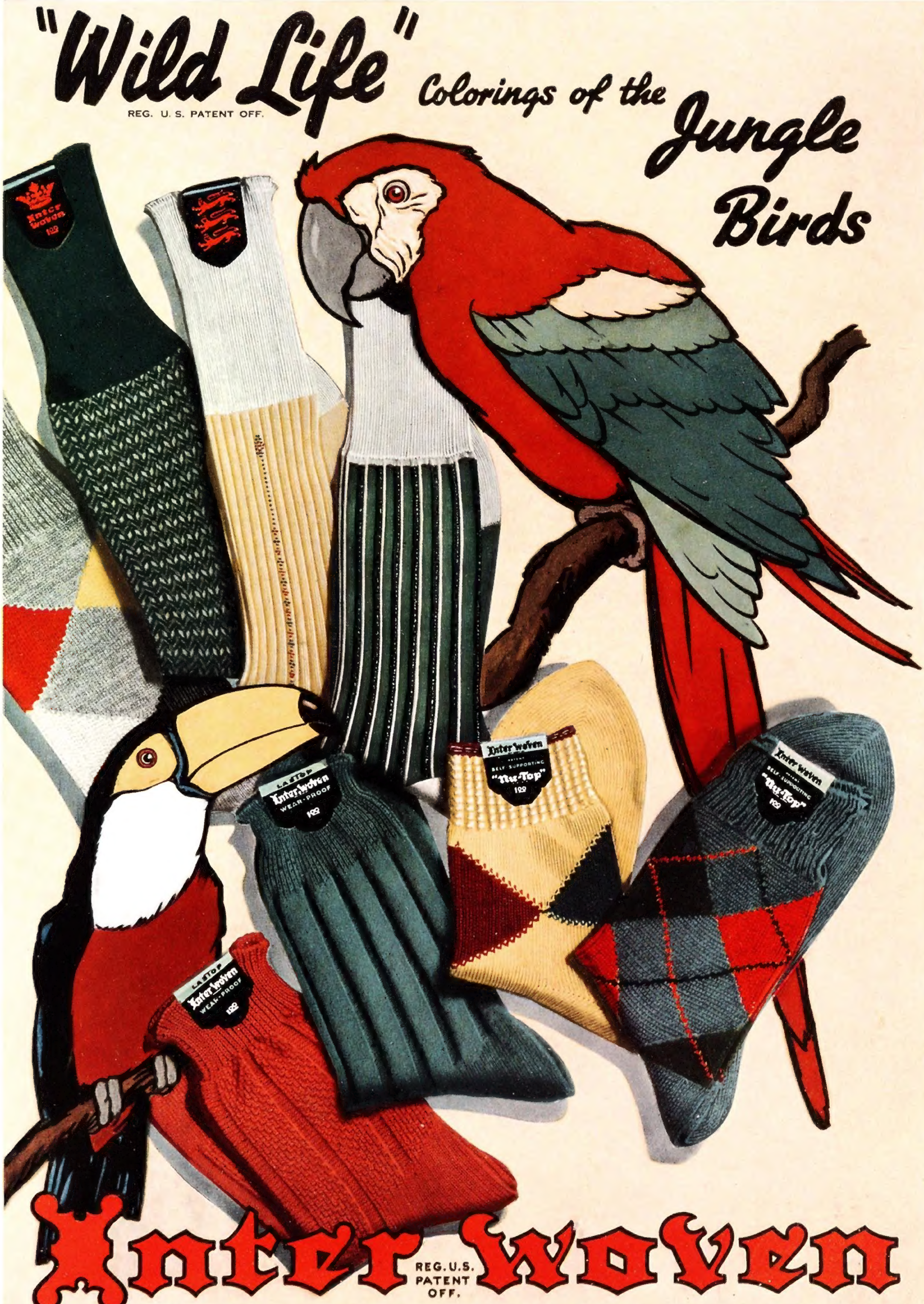
In forgetting the public as people who like to sing, the composers have more or less forgotten themselves and their business. Ask any friend to name the five leading composers of today's popular songs and the list will consist largely of the men who knew how to compose twenty years ago. Among the newcomers, the men who began writing for the stage have made good names for themselves: Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart, for instance, or Arthur Schwartz (the only composer I know of who actually composed for radio, directly—and disastrously); and if they and Kern and Berlin aren't writing the big hit songs exclusively, they are writing them pretty steadily, because they still have the thought in the back of their heads that the words "song" and "sing" have a close connection, not only in etymology, but in fact.

And, as I once growled in these pages, composers occasionally throw in a single song into a movie which sticks in the memory. They are the ones who ought to be encouraged to write, or starved into writing, a lot of songs for sheet music, for taking a chance in the open market. They ought to be jacked or run out of Hollywood and set to work.

Because in the music publishing business they have hit on a classification which explains a lot. They talk about "popular" numbers, meaning songs not written for production, but written for the people; not a song to go into a Henie ice-carnival picture, but a song to go into your heart—or at a minimum, into your ear. Maybe they've hit on the secret.

The old masters can do a production number which stays with you; the youngsters write for a certain star in a certain scene.

They don't know how to write for the people who might sing their songs if they got a chance. I'd rather they learned than have to listen to Debussy.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1 ALL WOUND UP AND READY TO GO. That's John I. Wagner enjoying a Camel cigarette as he climbs into the cockpit of a shining new Vultee plane. He makes about 40 test flights per month, puts the new models through their paces. A big job, yes. But perhaps the hard work and adventure make the enjoyment of life's pleasures all the keener — for he certainly admires Camels! Discussing his work and interests recently with a newspaper man, John Wagner said: "After a test flight, it's swell to let up — light up a good-tasting Camel."

2 HERE HE GOES! Below, the snow-capped Sierras of California. A flier must be sure of his nerves. And Wagner, like Lee Gehlbach, Col. Roscoe Turner, and other famous pilots, prefers to smoke mild, good-tasting Camels.

3 THE CLASSIC TEST of planes and men — the power-dive. The start: 20,000 feet up... nose down...motor *wide open*...the pull-out ...and the dive is over. How would you like to do that 40 times a month... *or once?*

4 BACK ON terra firma, and it tastes good to let up—light up a Camel again. "I changed to Camels and found a new smoking delight," Wagner says. "Camels are milder, non-irritating, packed with full, round flavor."

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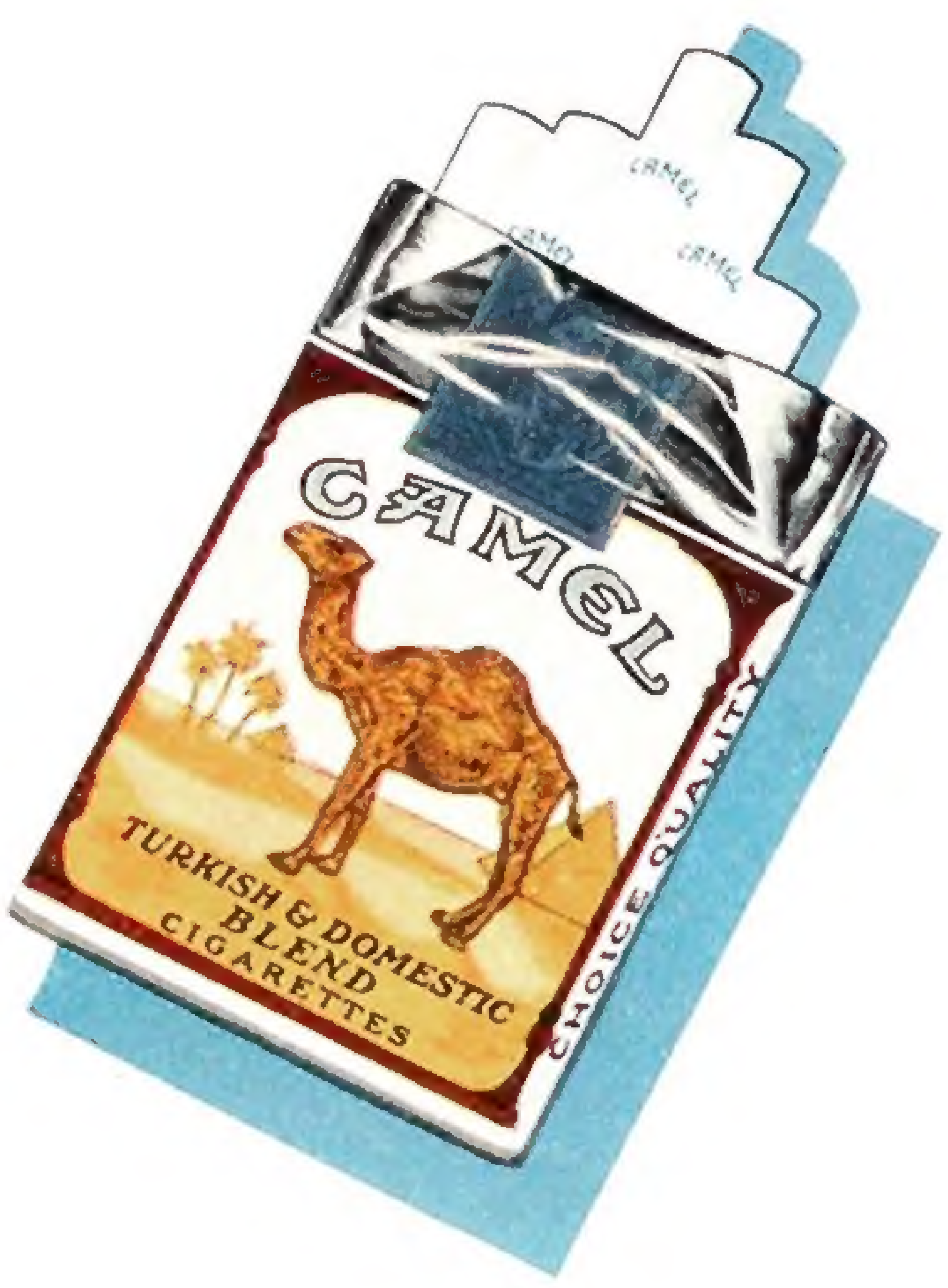
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